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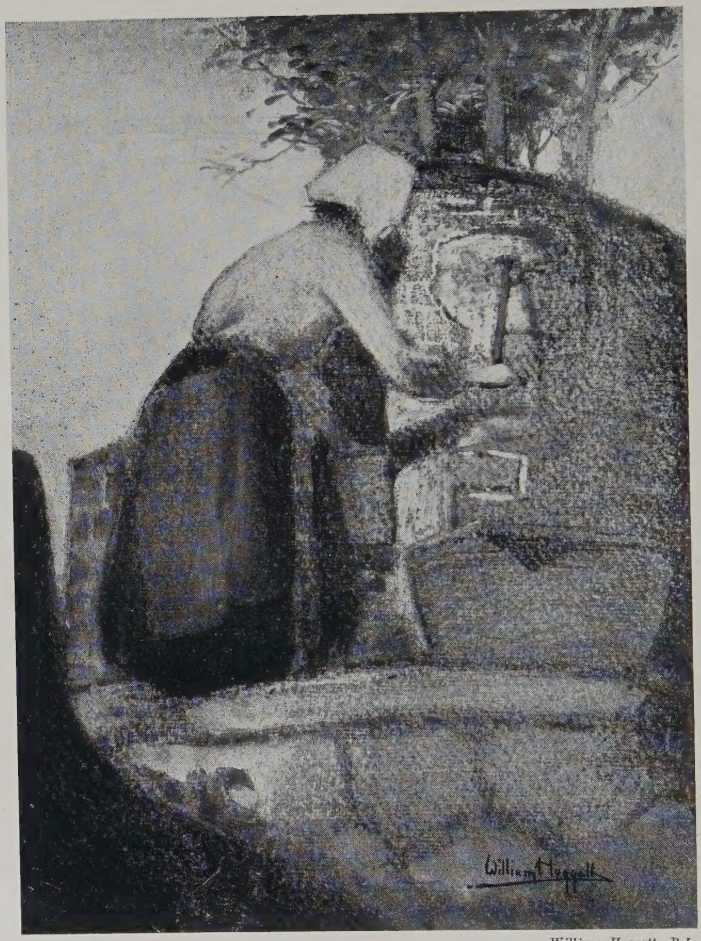

William Hoggatt, R.I.

GLENDOWN WELL, RUSHEN

A MANX SCRAPBOOK

W. WALTER GILL

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PREFACE

"I believe there is no Place whatever in the known World, abounds with more [*Wonders*] *than the Isle of Man."*

It is common knowledge that the younger generation likes to begin where its elders left off. In that spirit the concluding words of Waldron's little work are placed at the head of this one, with reservation of the right to quote them again as often as may be found necessary; for the repeated overstatement of a truth is a capital way of drawing attention to it.

It is less a truth and more an overstatement than in Waldron's time. *Skirra-go-hiffirn*, "Slipping-to-Hell"—*inferni*, the Shades, rather than a place of punitive fire—is the delightful name recorded by Joyce for a deep-plunging Mayo waterfall. It describes with equal accuracy the condition of Manx folk-lore of every kind, now—in its present forms at least—sliding swiftly into the cold night of forgottenness. In its present forms; for the intelligent reader will perceive that a waterfall (to readjust the metaphor slightly), though it may vary in volume, colour and other properties, continues to fall. The intention in the succeeding pages is to preserve a few drops of the

dwindling stream, the springs of which lie hidden in regions still unexplored.

The survivals from a formerly abundant flow of tradition which are here collected are rarely substantial enough to bear much critical comment; but to some I have appended similar and illustrative matter from external sources. With them are associated a number of little known and mostly obsolescent place-names, which, though they are a department of philology from one point of view, from another epitomize many of the motives of a bygone social life, not excepting its customs and superstitions.

Most of the native folk-lore contained in the present volume was come by, more or less casually, in the Island during the last ten years. Its recent date will, I hope, encourage others who may enjoy the advantages of insular kinship and lifelong residence to continue the inquiry, or to communicate what they already know. It may be doubted whether a better acquaintance with the language than I can claim would help them greatly in their search. When Waldron had the good fortune to live in the Island during the first quarter of the 18th century the countryman kept his more intimate thoughts locked up in Manx from the inquisitive stranger. To-day he thinks and speaks in English only, and though he has much less to tell or let slip, it is more easily elicited; yet not so very easily.

In the first chapter I have made use of all the printed references which I was able to find — they are inconspicuously scattered—bearing upon particular

Wells. The oral information embodied chiefly in the last two chapters came from friends, acquaintances and chance-met strangers. It has seemed best for various reasons not to make public the names of members of so small and self-interested a community; in some instances, at least, gratitude expressed in that form would be decidedly unwelcome. This restriction may, I trust, be infringed in the case of Miss Mona Douglas, already well known as a fortunate collector and felicitous translator of Manx folk-songs, whom I have to thank for many items relative more especially to the North Lonan district.

Enough material having overflowed its limits to provide a nucleus for a further collection, I hope to take that opportunity of remedying some of the errors and shortcomings which are sure to be found in the present volume. Communications, therefore, referring to any of the subjects touched upon herein, particularly that of folk-lore, will be welcomed and acknowledged.

CORSLEY, WARMINSTER, WILTS. W.W.G.

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CHIBBER YN GHLION (*recte* Chibber ny Ghlionney), THE WELL OF THE GLEN ; from a water-colour drawing by William Hoggatt, R.I. . . . . *Frontispiece*

Glendown Well, with its circular raised platform and flat-roofed towerlike superstructure, was unique among Manx wells.

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BISHOP'S WELL and WISHING WELL ; from pencil drawings by Wilfrid Quayle 64

THE CROSSAG or MONKS' BRIDGE, BALLASALLA ; from an etching by Harold Whaley 125

Its construction (ascribed to the 13th Century) was evidently intended to convenience the neighbouring abbey of St. Mary of Rushen. It has suffered little alteration.

*ST. PATRICK'S ISLE, PEEL 240

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*VIEW IN UPPER SULBY GLEN 270

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*Laxey Valley from the foot of Glen Roy . . 296

The contrast between the foreground here and its present appearance is very striking. At the top of the valley the summit of Snaefell is visible.

North Barrule; from a water-colour drawing by David A. Baxter, senior 392

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*View in Dalby 464

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Lheeantyn Veggey, the Little Meadows; from an etching by Harold Whaley 521

Showing the Southern base of Cronk yn Irree Lhaa, the Sloc, and a glimpse of Niarbyl Bay beyond.

* *From wood-engravings of drawings by Lady S. Murray, dating to about* 1830.

CHAPTER I

WELL-NAMES AND WELL-LORE

"Old well-sides, old dear places."

"Paradise terrestre is the highest place of the Earth, and it is so high that it toucheth nere to the cyrcle of the Moon . . . and in the highest place of Paradise in the middest of it is a Well that casteth out the foure floods that run through divers landes . . . and men say that all the sweet waters of the World, above and beneath, take their beginning from the Well of Paradise; and out of that Well all waters come and go. . . . And ye shall understande that no man living may go unto that Paradise."

(*Sir John Mandeville.*)

Chapter I

WELL-NAMES AND WELL-LORE

The Isle of Man is fortunate in possessing an abundant supply of good water near the surface, and well-sinking has rarely been necessary except towards the Northern extremity of the Island; the great majority of its water-sources, therefore, come under the following heads :—

(1) The spring-well, properly termed *farrane*, in which the water merely rises to the surface of the ground or into the bottom of a basin, though the *farrane* is seldom artificially constructed; and termed *geill*, where there is a more forcible uprush of water.

(2) The jet issuing from a rock-face naturally, or through a pipe or other form of aqueduct, and termed *spooyt*, a word applied to torrents of all sizes up to waterfalls of considerable volume.

(3) The dripping or falling well, where the water trickles or percolates downward into the basin; this is occasionally called a *lhieggey*.

(4) *Towl*, though sometimes used to designate a small water-supply, means simply a hole in the ground, whether natural or artificial, and whether containing water or not. Some towls are the result of tentative borings for metal or slate; others are deep places in river-beds.

But these distinguishing terms are often disregarded even where they would be most applicable, and the word in general use for a well, in whatever way it is fed, is *chibber*, frequently spelt *chibbyr* for no obvious reason.

The enclosing and covering masonry of the *chibber*, where such exists at all, is seldom massive or ornate, as it often is in Cornwall, and, on a grander scale, in Italy; but not infrequently a natural picturesqueness makes up for the lack of architectural beauty. This is especially true of springs hidden in byways and field-corners, in copses and on hill-sides. Often their hedge-bank grottoes are thatched with gorse and heather, or with grass and flowers—all four mingle on the roof of *Chibber Cronk Quinney*, Rushen—and their moist walls are arrased with moss and ferns. A coloured scum carpets their water, but its outflow is filtered by luxuriant herbage. Mud kneaded by the hoofs of cattle sometimes renders these Pan-favoured sources difficult of approach; otherwise they bring to mind the "spring in a hollow place, with rushes growing thickly round it," described in the 13th Idyl of Theocritus. In those reserved for human use a containing wall of slates set edgeways, or of slate slabs set sideways, with a slab across the top, another for a floor, and a few steps down to the water where necessary, complete the structural part of the well; a slab leaned across the front protects it from pollution by dust and by animals. Roadside wells are sometimes provided with a wooden door and a lock to defend them from other thirsty creatures called traction-engines.

These humble domestic wells are usually nameless; the titles of the more honoured minority may be classified as :—

i. Names of a religious or ecclesiastical character.
ii. Names descriptive of natural features, qualities, position or special uses.
iii. Names of owners or of the nearest household users, past or present.
iv. The name of the land-division in which the well is situated.

i. Medicinal or curative wells and springs fall mainly under the first heading; and as the cure was understood to be effected by more or less occult means, it followed that harm inflicted by similar means—spells, witching, or "the Eye"—could also be remedied by the use of water taken ritually from the well. Indeed, diseases, infirmities, and even accidents both to human beings and to cattle were frequently attributed to an enemy's evil wishes or to the malign influence of some bodiless power, which might be averted by following a prescribed ceremonial at certain wells and other points of contact between humanity and the superhuman forces.

Most of these comparatively numerous Saints' wells share their name with a chapel or cell near the ruins or traditional site of which they stand. It is possible, though unprovable, that in some cases the well was so dedicated before the building of the adjacent keeill; for no well-name has "kil" prefixed to it, as might be expected if the well were named from the keeill. At

the least it may be inferred that, equally with the keeill, the well was considered to enjoy the Saint's patronage and protection. But however that may be, some to which there still clings a fading reputation for supernatural virtue must have been honoured for centuries before the first oratories were built beside them and their waters were sanctified for Christian uses. Since they were thus converted or transferred their names have in most cases persisted, and may be found useful in ascertaining the dedications of keeills now nameless or re-named, and in locating keeill-sites which have disappeared. *Chibber Woirrey* on Ballafayle, Maughold, for example, points to *Keeill Woirrey*, "St. Mary's Chapel," as having been the original designation of the site now called Keeill Chiggyrt, the Priest's Chapel, and Keeill Casherick, the Holy Chapel. There are other and less obvious instances.

ii. These descriptive names are mostly of long standing, in all probability; where they imply healing qualities they may even be older than those in class i.

iii. Such names are naturally subject to change with changes in ownership, though often a name which has become well known will attain permanency, just as in the case of class iv., the names taken directly from quarterlands. These last are not numerous.

With regard to class i., I would not venture to assert that the Saint was ever explicitly invoked, or was even thought of as instrumental or intercessive in procuring the desired benefit. It may have been so in pre-Reformation days in individual cases, but the general

feeling in later times appears to have been that the water itself was operative for health by its own inherent yet supernatural virtue; while the granting of a wish or the warding-off of spells and bad luck, was felt instinctively to proceed from a source quite other than the Saint to whom the well and any neighbouring building may have been accounted sacred. Lacking the proper ceremonial, which had little to do with Christianity, no amount of wishing or invocation would have been expected to avail.

This sense of an unseen presence which was not at all Christian was clearly shared in the early days of Christianity by the clergy who were so strongly desirous of diverting the reverence paid to the well, or to its guardian spirit, into a more orthodox channel, which was at first a heterodox channel. For—to leave the Isle of Man for a moment—in addition to the various synodical decrees against well-worship among many similar activities of the pagan spirit, and to admonishments of the stiff-necked generations at every opportunity, a special rubric was appointed for blessing wells and springs. This—not yet wholly discontinued—took the form of a benediction pronounced by the priest at the well itself, often with the precise ritual of walking round it which is practised to-day, or was practised yesterday, in Man by its secular devotees; and a type of phrase occurring constantly in these sanctifications or exorcisms runs in such terms as the following, which I extract from the Appendix to Hope's *Holy Wells of England*:—

"*Pulsis hinc phantasmaticis collusionibus ac diabolicis*

insidiis ;" and *" ut fugato ea omni Diaboli tentationis ;"* these two admonitory clauses appear in benedictions of the 8th century, but earlier examples could be quoted. Again, *" et ita ex eo fugare digneris omnem Diabolicae tentatione incursum,"* etc. ; and it is noteworthy that this last invocation was pronounced for the benefit of newly-opened wells, which no popular adoration can be presumed to have invested with any " influx of diabolical temptation," or, as another Oratio phrases it, " spectres, subtleties, and traps of the Devil " — " *phantasmatibus, calliditatibus, atque insidiis Diabolicis.*"

In a more skeptical spirit an old Saxon Homily forbids " . . . offerings to immovable [*i.e.*, lifeless] rocks, to trees, and to wells, as witches teach." At a still earlier date the lives of Patrick and Columba afford striking and familiar evidence of pagan well-worship in Ireland and Scotland ; but it is hardly necessary to say that the practice was not peculiar to the British Isles. In Man it would be reinforced rather than weakened by the Scandinavian invasion. Adam of Bremen, for instance, who wrote about 1070 (quoted by Du Chaillu, *The Viking Age*, i., 358), speaks of a large tree near the temple of Sigtuna " which stretched its branches far out and was always green," and of a spring close to the tree which was used for divination or other religious purposes.

In the face of ecclesiastical denunciations the old, ineradicable nature - worship continued to flourish through the centuries like a well-watered tree. In the words of Jacob Grimm, " faith will tolerate in its

train a veneration of elements, and mix it up with itself; and it may even chance, that when faith has perished or is corrupted, this veneration shall keep its hold of the people longer. The multitude will give up its great divinities, yet persist for a time in the more private worship of household gods; even these it will renounce, and retain its reverence for elements. The history of the heathen and christian religions shews, that long after the one was fallen and the other established, there lived on, nay there live still, a number of superstitious customs connected with the worship of elements. It is the last, the all but indestructible remnant of heathenism; when gods collapse, these naked substances come to the front again, with which the being of those had mysteriously linked itself."—(*Teutonic Mythology*, trans. Stallybrass, page 582.)

In a paper contributed by the late A. W. Moore to vol. v. of *Folk-lore* entitled "Water and Well Worship in the Isle of Man," he describes some of the ritual at half a dozen wells which he names. The patient walked round the well sunwise once or oftener, drank of the water, wetted a fragment of clothing and attached it to a tree or bush, and dropped in a pin, pebble, bead or button; the ailment was then mentioned in a prayer. Sometimes the well was perambulated while carrying water in the mouth. When the well was visited for protection against witches and fairies, or for good luck generally, the only difference was that the rags were dispensed with.

There is nothing in these features of the cult which is

not found in other parts of the Kingdom, or, for that matter, in distant parts of the world. That is no doubt equally true of the following supplementary notes. In the pages of the *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics* dealing with the worship of water can be seen, as clearly as anywhere, the almost perfect unity of the cult in widely-separated lands and ages. Such a detail as the preservation of the water from spiritual contamination and from loss of virtue by exposure, once it was taken from the well, as mentioned in the next paragraph, was equally observed in Hebraic practice. Their " holy water," which no one must have touched or drunk of, was religiously guarded in a vessel inscribed with words of occult power, and sanctified for symbolical and magical purposes.

When, as was frequently the case, the hour of day-break was the approved time for visiting a Manx well —and the ceremony, like a wedding, had a better chance of fortunate consequences if the sun shone upon it—it was advisable that the seeker should have broken neither fast nor silence since rising ; at the least, he should not have revealed his intention to an outsider, and the ceremonial itself was to be performed without speaking. The water was to be drunk from the palm of the hand, or from the *mam*—the two hands joined together ; the use of a cup was thought to weaken its power for good. If the benefit sought were of a bodily nature, the fragment of clothing left at the well should be one which had been worn over the afflicted part. In the case of eyes and hands, and doubtless in earlier days, of feet, nothing of the kind could be offered, so

simple bathing sufficed. Though an actual visit to the well was highly desirable, the water could be taken away for use at home also, or for the benefit of a second person ; but it must be conveyed in a tightly corked, stoppered or lidded vessel, which so far as possible was to be carried without being exposed or set down by the way. Application of the water was made by the hand, and not by a sponge or cloth ; but after this had been done the ailing part might be bandaged with a hitherto unused piece of fabric soaked in the water. The greater the discoloration of such a bandage by the water the stronger was the expectation of recovery.

If the well were one of those deemed to be most efficacious at sunrise, much importance was attached to lifting the water at the moment when the sun became visible, and in days when clocks were scarce and watches unknown, devotees would, through their determination to arrive in good time, find themselves obliged to spend the latter part of the night in the vicinity of the well. Possibly there was a feeling that such a vigil enhanced the potency of the proceedings ; vigils at keeills were not unknown, though the purpose differed from that of the well-visitations.

In verbal accounts of the old Sacred Wells in Man stress is often laid on the distances which people used to travel in quest of their healing waters ; it seems certain in some cases that a distant well or spring was preferred to one near at hand. In other cases, perhaps, a more convenient one had been applied to without success ; yet I have gathered an impression that the

necessity for rising at an unwonted hour, for making a long and toilsome journey to something in the nature of a shrine—for the performance of a pilgrimage, in fact—added, in the minds of the pilgrims, to the effectiveness of the cure. And such "cures" need not, I think, be discredited as mere superstition, if they were sought originally by fasting and copious drinking of the water, even though it were not impregnated with much mineral matter. This was a part of the routine at some of the Irish wells, and at the famous "St. Patrick's Purgatory" in Lough Derg.

Nearly all the Manx wells which are reputed to have been in any degree medicinal are said to have been "good for the eyes." Most of them, if they formerly benefited other infirmities, have retained only this branch of their practice in the popular accounts of them. This unanimity is not wholly due to a reluctance to speak of even a perished faith in cures of graver diseases, though a diffidence of the kind is certainly sometimes noticeable; a similar connexion between wells and the organs of sight exists in many lands, perhaps in all in which the sources of water have been honoured—and where have they not? The reason is not immediately discernible; it may lie farther back in human history than we can penetrate with any clearness of vision. But one ventures the surmise that the man of the Stone Age, from whom the succeeding metal-users inherited so much in the way of what is now folk-lore, was reminded by the water itself of the eyes of brethren and enemies about him. The same

comparison with the human eye must have occurred to many of us when gazing over a stretch of countryside, especially a landscape of sombre tones, and catching the salient gleam of some pool or streamlet in which the light, perhaps the last faint brightness of the West, seems focused. Its arresting vividness is heightened by the contrast with its surroundings, like the luminous eyes of sunburnt country people, of Gypsies, or of the dark races of Mankind.

In Britain some of the generic terms used for small patches of water encourage such an interpretation. " Eye " and " E'e " are applied in the North of England and the South-East of Scotland to springs and pools. The Welsh dictionary phrase for a spring-head is *llygad-y-ffynon*, literally the Eye of the Well ; but *llygad* alone is often used in place-names in the sense of a source. In Ireland and Gaelic Scotland the corresponding words for an eye, *súil* and *dearc*, are also applied metaphorically to openings in the ground of various kinds naturally liable to hold water, including wells. Dottin, in his *Manuel de l'Antiquité Celtique*, page 308, equates the name of the Gaulish god Sulis with the Irish *súil*, eye ; in Britain Sulis or Sul presides over the medicinal springs of Bath, which, like so many others, have borne out Pliny's dictum that " fountains create towns and engender Gods."

It may even be that an idea of a more elemental nature than that of a fancied human resemblance influenced those who first transferred these terms to their figurative use ; the well or pool may have been revered as being an eye of the Earth herself, a more

sensitive and penetrable medium than the surrounding crust. Such a conception would provide a fertile soil for the common beliefs in communication through wells and " bottomless " lakes (*i.e.*, lakes in which there is a particular spot said to be unfathomable), with the mysterious underground regions of the dead, of the spirits, and of the fairies.

And if this were the feeling which moved early men, and perhaps our forefathers of not very many generations back, when they contemplated their wells and pools, it may be the reason why bathing the eyes in their water, always, of course, with the proper ceremony and formula, was sometimes expected to have a more than merely physical effect on the sight. No likelier medium than the water of a well pregnant with divinity can be imagined for making visible the invisible things, both past and future, of this world, or the things of the spirit world which is timeless. Those who washed their eyes on St. John's Eve at Arthur's Well which flows from the side of the great earthwork of Cadbury in Somerset, knew that for the chosen seekers the hill would open and show them Arthur stretched spell-bound among his knights, and at his head a shining treasure of jewels.

It may be added that in Astrology, as ancient and comprehensive a system of symbolism as we possess, the sign Aquarius, or the Water-Man, is deemed to be in sympathy with human and animal vision ; that is to say, planets occupying that division of the heavens at a nativity will fortify or impair the sight.

Returning from these general considerations, a minor use for wells in the Isle of Man, requiring neither charm nor ritual, only faith, was this : when the small lizard called a mancreeper (concerning which the country-folk still betray uncomfortable feelings in other respects), lived up to his name and reputation by running down the throat of some slack-jawed sleeper in the open air, the sufferer's remedy was to swallow as much salt food as he could get down, and stand over a well with his mouth as wide open as it was when the accident occurred. The thirsty mancreeper then came out by the same door as in he went. In Dr. Douglas Hyde's collection of Connaught tales, *Beside the Fire*, the same belief is illustrated on page 46, with the difference that a river is thus used to entice newts from their sanctuary.

Though divination and fortune-telling were much practised in numerous ways, and in at least one part of the Island a river-pool was visited for the purpose, it does not appear that wells were commonly used for such ends, or not in times recent enough for it to be clearly remembered. Fertility in women and animals could be promoted by practices similar to those followed for the cure of ailments and infirmities ; it was felt, no doubt, that an infirmity or disability required removal. Though women desiring offspring seem to have shown, naturally enough, a shade of preference for sources sanctified to the Virgin Mary, almost any well dignified with a name was deemed competent for the purpose ; but the time of the visit was considered to be of vital importance. This was governed by the

phase and position of the moon, or, as differently stated, depended upon " the time of the year."

Of Manx well-lore unrelated to personal benefits the vestiges are much slighter. Fairies of the small and gregarious variety loved to haunt such green, wet spots, and had their favourite springs and spring-fed pools in which they dipped their stolen children (previously, of course, unbaptized, or they could hardly have been stolen), to adopt them into the other life of the fairy world. The taller and more individualized fairy or spirit, the well-guardian,—usually feminine—was prone to emerge visibly and haunt a human being, therein partaking of the nature of the *Lhiannan-shee* or Fairy Sweetheart. I have not heard that the Lhiannan-shee, as a species, inhabits wells ; but the denizens of the Middle World, being of a less closely-knit substance than those of solid earth, are more unstable and transmutative in their shapes and natures, and not so clearly distinguishable from each other.

Underground, or at any rate unseen, communication was believed to exist among certain wells, pools and rivers, and between all these and the sea, an interpenetration of sea and land highly characteristic of this and other small islands, but also attributed to (among many other places), the mermaid-haunted Rostherne Mere in Cheshire and the estuary of the Mersey. This may explain the issuing of bulls from Manx wells, for the *Tarroo-ushtey* seems to be a remote kinsman of the sea-bulls of Poseidon, to one of which he gave shore-leave in response to Theseus' prayer for vengeance upon

Hippolytus. But Poseidon possibly, and certainly his counterpart Neptune, were not originally sea-gods, but divinities of springs and pools in association with the Nymphs and Naiads; Neptune's name is related to those of the Teutonic Nikkers, Necks, etc., to which old-established family belongs the Manx water-demon, the *Nikkisen*. In Man, as in other countries enriched with a share of Celtic heritage, demonic bulls dwelt also in rivers and river-fed lakes and bogs; the circuit of communication between land and sea, above ground and underground, is thus completed.

I have heard it said in a country district, and confirmed in another part of the Island, without any explanation being obtainable, that "they used to bury people in the wells in the old days." There is no discoverable basis in the Island itself for such a tradition or statement, unless it may be found in Jocelin's account (*Vita Patricii*), of a well at Kirk Maughold containing the Saint's bones, also referred to by Colgan, *Trias Thaumaturga*—see *Chibber y Chrink, post;* and old Manx wells are rarely of the sunk variety which such a practice, however occasional, would seem to require. Wells and burial, however, have been associated in other countries. Numerous "Puits Sépulcrals" were excavated in France during the 19th century, notably seven at Troussepoil, Vendée, which contained human bones, some in coffins, and other relics. These were tombs dug in the shape of deep wells. The Tripartite Life of St. Patrick relates that a certain dead "prophet" (*i.e.*, druid), had caused himself to be buried under the water of a well named *Slán*. In the stories of the

mythical invasions of Ireland the association holds good but the sequence is reversed ; the interments of the Partholanians and other legendary colonists caused springs to flow which created the present lakes and rivers.* Certain dolmens in Ireland and Portugal are built over wells, and more are popularly believed to be. In the Icelandic Sagas the bodies of the sacrificed were cast into the *blót-keldr* or sacred well outside the temple door ; and superstitious allusions occur to springs of water which issued from the tombs of Gods and heroes, and were said to have their sources in the *Giöll*, the Scandinavian equivalent of the Styx. There was a custom in Austria of throwing straw dummies into wells (or destroying them in other ways), to symbolize the death of Winter. All these items of belief and material fact, and others which could be adduced, evidently share some common foundation, and the Manx saying which I have cited, though it may have had its genesis elsewhere than in the Island, can fairly be related to them. A clue to their meaning may be found in the widely-diffused stories embodying very ancient beliefs that both the Kingdom of the Dead and the Fairy Kingdom, two spheres which extensively intersect, were reached by a water-transit—a sea-strait, a lake or river, and sometimes a well.

Of the ceremony of Well-dressing in any recognizable form I have found little or nothing, though the deficiency may be mine. In England it was confined

* Lough Corrib, similarly, was said to have issued from the burial-place of Manannan MacLir.

almost wholly to a North Midland area, and was perhaps a legacy from the Romans, a perpetuation of their *Fontanalia* or Festival of the Wells ; although it is reported of a few Irish wells also. In Man, seasonal and communal visiting of the springs was performed only on the first Sunday in August, except when it was postponed to the neighbourhood of the 12th of August in fidelity to the Old Style of reckoning ; but this custom related exclusively, so far as I know, to sources situated on hills or cliffs. *St. Maughold's Well* was one of these ; springs on Slieu Dhoo, Slieu Curn and South Barrule were others ; the *Farrane Fing* on the side of Snaefell was a fifth. A description of the scenes at Maughold, and the denunciation by the Church of the annual ascent of Snaefell, leave little doubt of their essentially non-Christian character. It is usual to speak of such festivals as having " degenerated," but in my opinion the features to which objection is taken are survivals from a more vigorous and less self-conscious society. The first Sunday in August may be taken as representing a pagan 1st of August, responding, in the Celtic Calendar, to the still more important first days of May and November. In the surrounding countries the usual date for well-visiting in common was the 1st of May, though the first day of August was not wholly neglected. The May date has in part been variously adjusted to the Christian festivals of Easter and Whitsuntide, and particularly to Ascension Day.

Possibly the primary motive in the Isle of Man was the ascent of the hills, and the springs were taken in

the stride, so to speak ; if the springs were the chief object of the pilgrimage, why were not the lowland wells also visited ? However that may be—whether the ascent were the primary or secondary consideration—it may have had a special significance with regard to the traditional rendering of tribute annually on South Barrule. This, it is true, took place at Midsummer, whereas the later date might have been expected ; but to discuss the two ancient and concurrent systems of year-division would be out of place in the present chapter.

To these general remarks on the subject of Manx well-lore I would add, with some hesitation, that there seem to be the almost obliterated traces of a belief, much too vague to be called a legend, in the submergence of land in the Southern part of the Island caused by the overflowing of a well, a tradition which appears in more definite shapes in other Celtic-speaking, or formerly Celtic-speaking, regions of the British Isles.

Wood-Martin in 1902 estimated the number of Holy Wells in Ireland as "not less than three thousand," besides those which had lost their sacred character or had ceased to exist. I have seen no attempt to reckon the number in Wales or Scotland. Cornwall is richly stocked with them, and the Isle of Man must have been blessed with nearly as many as Ireland and Cornwall, in proportion to its size. Appended is a partial list of its named wells, of which some have been used for the special purposes which bring them under the heading of Folk-lore, while others are only qualified for inclusion

by the fact of their having names. It is possible that some which are now fully domesticated, or are relegated to the use of animals, had once a nobler function ; others of which only the name and memory remain have been deliberately destroyed ; and some of those which have been celebrated for many centuries are ceasing to exist through neglect and through natural causes. Of those here given which do not come within the category of Sacred Wells the total might be multiplied many times. The names and the particulars have been collected from various sources, printed, manuscript and oral ; at the time of writing I cannot claim to have a personal acquaintance with more than half the items on the list.

The references to A. W. Moore's *Manx Names* are, as the title indicates, to the second edition, as being the more popular ; the same remark applies to Feltham's *Tour through the Isle of Man*, the edition referred to being the reprint by the since defunct Manx Society. *Yn Lioar Manninagh* is the title of the earlier Proceedings of the Isle of Man Natural History and Antiquarian Society.

The term " Gaelic " includes both the Scottish and the Irish branches of the language, to the first of which the Manx Gaelic more closely approximates.

Chibber Air, on Croit ny Howe, Clay Head, Lonan. Usually translated " Gold Well," and not impossibly ; the guardian spirit of an Aberdeenshire well required offerings of gold, which were to be placed in the kettle

under the big stone where she lived. Perhaps they were what she expected rather than what she got ; but the name was understood literally by the men who tried to rob her offertory box. Medieval pilgrims certainly dropped pieces of gold into the two wells in Walsingham Chapel, Norfolk. (Who fished them out again ?) Or the "gold" of the Manx well may have been suggested by the colour of scum on its water, as "brass" was in the case of the Brass Well, Mevagissey, Cornwall. The word, however, is susceptible of other interpretations, as in *Cashtal Air*, Maughold, etc.

Chibber yn Argid, an alternative name for *Chibber Pherick*, Patrick, *q.v.*—"Well of the Silver" presumably from coins formerly dropped into it or paid to its human custodian, if it had one.

Chibber yn Arragh. There are two roadside wells of this name in Ballarragh village, Lonan. As the Manx *arragh*, spring-season, is awkward to apply to wells, to Ballaragh, Bride (?), or to the earthen dyke on Snaefell known as *Cleigh yn Arragh*, besides its being of the feminine gender, recourse must be had to the Gaelic root *ar*, tillage, from which Joyce, iii., instances a number of Irish place-names, Arragh, Arraghan, Errey, Lisnanarriagh, etc. — an old Indo-European root, known to Cormac. Hence "Well of the (good) Ploughland."

Aulcaugh. See *the Bishop's Well.*

Ballachrink Well, Conchan, is presumably a Wishing Well, since it is included in the "List of Manx Antiquities," *Lioar Mann.*, ii., 166.

Chibber Ballacrele, now filled in, lay near the North

end of the footpath from the Rowany road to the Rowany farmhouse, Port Erin, not far from the site of a keeill of which the name is now lost.—" Ballakneale Well," an old quarterland name.

Ballacross Well, Ballacross, Arbory, " by which, it is said, stood a cross, where all christenings used to be made. Until very recently water was brought from it for every christening at the Parish Church."—(*Lioar Mann.*, ii., 1901, page 177.) In vol. ii., No. 3, 1923, of the same *Proceedings* it is stated to have been still in use for baptisms in 1916.

Ballig Well, Conchan, a capacious well in a field, with a short flight of stone steps leading down to its water. It is said to have been " good for sore eyes " if visited at daybreak on Easter morning. It is also believed to ebb and flow in sympathy with the tide, although a quarter of a mile from the sea, and a fresh-water spring.

Chibber Barraharstal, at the South end of *Traie Harstal,* Big Bay, Patrick, situated at the top of the *barra* or inlet for boats cut through the rocks. Remote from all dwellings, it is used exclusively by fishermen. *Harstal* is the " Fheustal " of the Ordnance map.

Chibber Beltaine. See *Chibber Valthane,* Rushen.

Chibber y Bet, Ballarragh village, Lonan, was named from one Betty Caley formerly living near, who is reputed to have used its water for concoctions of an unhallowed nature. For that reason her neighbours in times past would not allow even their cattle and horses to drink from the well. Betty's surname, by

attesting the former presence of Caleys in the district, helps to explain the *John Caley's Well* on Cronk y Chuill not far away.

Betty's Well, on the East bank of the stream which runs through Seafield, Santon, and on private ground. So-named from ancient Betty Kneale, who dwelt beside it in a two-roomed cottage. Fishermen used to visit it before going out, to secure luck for their nets and lines, just as Pembrokeshire seafarers visited St. Govan's Well. Applicants at *Betty's Well* would drop pins and buttons, and doubtless coins when the matter was serious, into its little basin, drink of its water, and silently register their wishes. It is also known locally as the *Wishing Well* and the *Dropping Well.*

The Big Well, Douglas, stood at the top of Bigwell Street in the days before the town was supplied with water from the Clypse Reservoir.

Chibber Bill Dee, Cregneish, has the best water in the village, and though situated at its extremity, is largely patronized. It is a good specimen of the Cregneish type of well, a simple but clean and comely little structure, approached by a long, straight, stone-bordered path, which helps to make it a sketchable subject. The village wells of Cregneish, reposing clear and still in their Quaker-grey stonework, are as pleasant to see and to drink from as any in the Island.—*Dee,* I am told locally, was the name of Bill's mother, and not unique as a Manx feminine name, though I have never met with it elsewhere. The well happens to be D-shaped.

The Bishop's Well, in the Bishop's Glen, Michael. It is also known as the *Wishing Well,* and has two slate tablets set in its pretty though modern masonry for the purpose, if I mistake not, of recording its clients' names. This well, so picturesquely embowered at the foot of a little cliff above a stream, must be the one mentioned in the " Perambulation of the Michael and Ballaugh Parish Boundary," 1677, quoted by Moore, *Folk-lore,* page 114: " . . . coming down by a well called *Aulcaugh* als. *Phinlowe's Well,* and so along the river or milne dam of the sd. Ld. Bp's demesne."

Chibber Bob, Cregneish, Rushen.—" Bob's Well," of the usual domestic kind.

Chibber Boghtyn. Moore, *Manx Names,* page 156, says: " It was the custom in each parish to reserve a small portion of arable land, and in parishes where there was bog, a small portion of peat-land, the rent of which was divided among the poor." I do not know the situation of *Chibber Boghtyn,* but the ground on which it stands or stood was doubtless land of this description, the " Poor's Piece," and gave the well its name, the " Paupers' Well."

The Brandy Well, or **Chibber Slieu Maggle,** near the junction of the Baldwin and Laxey roads at the head of Druidale; *Chibber Slew ne Magarell* in the Lord's Composition Book, 1703. I do not know whether " Brandy Well " is a modern name taken from the " Brandy Cottage " near-by, or whether it has for a long time been coupled with the Manx name. In the latter case it is probably from the Norse *brunnr,* or Danish *brönd,* a spring. There are, however, the Brendi

Well in an upland glen of East Fife, and the Brendi Well, formerly Brendan's Well, in Dumbarney or Dumbirnan parish, Abernethy, Perthshire, both of which names Wilkie, in his *St. Brendan*, pages 8 and 39, derives from the Saint. *Slieu Maggle* is the hill which rises above the well Southwards. In former times " the Brandy " was credited with wonderful powers. (See also page 86.)

The Brewhouse Well, Castletown, is mentioned in the *Isle of Man Charities*, page 43.

Chibber Brott, in the Doctor's Wood, Glen Aldyn, Lezayre. Its water was used for bathing the eyes and other parts of the body.—Query, " Befouled Well " ? —*broighit.* Otherwise, " Broth Well."

Chibber Catreeney, Port Erin. See *St. Catherine's Well*, Port Erin.

Chibber Catreeney, a short distance North of *Cabbal Catreeney*, Bell Abbey, Arbory. " Whoever drinks of the water will be afflicted with an unquenchable thirst for ever."—(O.S. Name Books.) This seems a little unreasonable, but it is perhaps a fragment of a tradition recorded more fully in the case of Tobar na Glas-a-Choill in Aberdeenshire. " A pin or other piece of metal had to be dropped into it by anyone taking a draught of its water. Whoever neglected this duty, and at any time afterwards again drew water from the spring, was doomed to die of thirst."—(Revd. Walter Gregor, *Folk-lore Journal*, iii., page 67 *et seq.*) St. Catherine's or Colby Fair used to be held here on 25th November, later on 6th December ; to this annual gathering related the old custom

and song of " Kiark Catreeney."—" (St.) Catherine's Well."

Chibber y Chiarn, at the head of Glen Dhoo, Ballaugh. A native of the Glen, aged 84, recalls a custom of visiting this well on Old Midsummer Day, casting money into it, and " putting pieces of patchwork round it." The water was good for the eyes, and was dropped into the ears as a remedy for deafness and noises. A charm was said, but my informant professed ignorance of its terms.—" Well of the Lord."

Chibber y Chiarn, in the South-East corner of the field—called, I believe, *Magher y Chiarn*—containing " St. Patrick's Chair," in Marown. Its interest is derived from the cross-inscribed stones in the middle of the field, fabled to mark the spot where the Gospel was first preached in the Isle of Man.

Ny Chibberyn, roadside stream-fed basins at Cronk ny Chibberagh, Ballachrink, Patrick.—" The Wells " ; *chibberaghyn.*

Chibber y Chree Baney, in the mountains South of Ballaugh, mentioned in the Revd. W. Kermode's MS. Account of the parish. The name presents more than one point of difficulty, which it would be useless to discuss without a knowledge of the spot.

Chibber y Chrink, in *Garey y Cleragh,* Maughold. " This well was lined with stone, flagged on the bottom, with steps going down some ten or twenty feet. It was supplied with water by a stone-built trench, the opening of which could be seen in the West side of the well. This trench, I have been told, was connected with another large well known as *Chibbyr Moar,* in one of

the fields of the Glebe." At the side of *Chibber y Chrink* stood a stone trough or sarcophagus dug up near the church. It was afterwards removed to the village pump, and later brought back to the churchyard. —(Revd. S. N. Harrison, *Lioar Mann.*, July, 1892.) Harrison suggests that this may have been the " hollow stone " mentioned by Jocelin of Furness in his 12th-century Life of St. Patrick. Jocelin's words are as follows, and it is not unlikely that he had visited Kirk Maughold :—

" And in the Caemetery of its [the City of Saint Machaldus'] church is a Sarcophagus of hollow stone, whereout a spring continually exsudeth, nay, sufficiently floweth forth ; the which is sweet to the draught, wholesome to the taste, and healeth divers infirmities, but chiefly the stings of serpents and the deadliness of poison ; for whoso drinketh thereof, either receiveth instant health, or instantly he dieth. And in that stone are the bones of Saint Machaldus said to rest, yet therein is nothing found, save only clear water. And though many have oftentimes endeavoured to remove the stone, and especially the King of the Norici, who subdued the island, that he might at all times have sweet water, yet have they all failed in their attempt ; for the deeper they digged to raise up the stone, so much the more deeply and firmly did they find it fixed in the heart of the earth."—(Jocelinus, *Vita Patricii*, trans. Swift, Dublin, 1809, ch. ii.)

From this it may at least be gathered that there was a famous well in Maughold Churchyard early in the 12th century. The statement that the spring cured

" the stings of serpents " is not to be taken more seriously than the rest of the marvellous properties here ascribed to it, in view of the fact that the Island is innocent of such creatures ; indeed, Jocelin himself tells us in his 170th section that " Patrick turned his face toward Mannia, and the other islands which he had imbued and blessed with the Faith of Jesus Christ and with the Holy Sacraments ; and by the power of his prayers, he freed all these likewise from the plague of venomous reptiles."

Nevertheless, it is clear that this unnamed spring in Maughold Churchyard must have been the original *St. Maughold's Well.* The sarcophagus still lies, or lay till very recently, on the North side of the Churchyard.

Christian's Well, Peel.—(The surname.)

Chibber ny Clara, on *Baare ny Clara,* Cornaa Mill, Maughold.—" Well of the Plank Bridge." The bridge in question crosses the Cornaa or Ballaglass river.

Chibber Coan y Chleiy, " Well of the Valley of the Hedge," rises in *Coan y Chleiy,* Corvalley, Rushen, the small river-course descending into Glen Chass.

Chibber ny Craue. Among the mountain wells visited every first Sunday in August a considerable number of years ago was one called *Chibber ny Craue,* but enquiries have up to the present failed to reveal its exact position. Doubtless it was a ground-spring, like the more famous one on South Barrule and others situated on high hill-sides, and it may now be overgrown by ling and moss. Reports of it will be welcomed—and of any other wells, for that matter.

Chibber ny Creg, Ballelby, Patrick, forms a rock-basin

under *Creg Ushtey*, a miniature cliff also known as Moses' Rock, above the shore. People used to wash their eyes with its water to improve or preserve their sight.—"Well of the Rock."

The Crogga Well, hidden in Crogga woods, Santon. Formerly a "Fairy Well" with the usual attributes; now partly drained, and damaged as a thing of beauty. (See also page 527.)

Chibber Cronk Espart, Shenvalley, Rushen.—"Evening-hill Well." *Espart* is a borrowing, doubtless ecclesiastical, from the Latin *vesper* or *vespertina*. *Cronk Espart* is still a gathering-place on fine Sunday evenings.

Chibber Cronk Quinney or **Chonney,** on the West side of Perwick, Rushen. This pretty well and the fine view Eastward are worth the trouble of a climb to the top of the cultivated field.

Cronk Quinney is the hill alluded to by Roeder (*Lioar Mann.*, iii., 134), though he does not give its name: "But story-telling was not always confined to the firesides . . . and the hill-people in the South went to a hill near the Fistard, and gathered there on Sunday evenings to tell old stories—but there was a swarm of insects came to the place once, some ugly things like 'tarantels or carwhaillags,' but larger, and no one dared to sit there again—they were so afraid of them."—"Gorsy-hill Well," or possibly "Quinney's-hill Well."

Chibber Crosslan or **Crashlan,** Cregneish, Rushen.—A Crossland family formerly lived in the village, and left a few place-names behind them.

Chibber Doncan, Baldrine, Lonan.—" Donncadh's (Duncan's) Well."

Chibber Drine, a spring of fresh water about half a mile North of Langness farmhouse, Malew, on the margin of high-water mark.—" Thorn-tree Well." Its name suggests votive offerings, but I have heard of none. It is certainly not an ordinary domestic well.

The Farrane Fing, at *Braid Farrane Fing,* Slieu Ruy, Lonan. This is the source of the stream called the *Awin Ving,* and was visited by Lonan people in their August pilgrimages to the top of Snaefell, which were forbidden by the Church in 1732, but nevertheless continued. A local man tells me that it was a favourite drinking-place of Finn MacCowl, from whom he derives its name.—" Clear Spring."

The Fairy Well, *Thalloo Holt,* Slieu Rea, Lonan. Two spring-wells fill two little pools about 30 yards apart on the West side of the green road going up to the croft. The resident fairy removed from one to the other on account of interference with her property in the course of some drain-cutting or road-mending. A man living till lately at Thalloo Holt relates that he was walking home up the lane one evening and a woman with a brown shawl over her head rose out of the lower pool and went before him into his house. He thought at first it was his sister who had been getting water, but found it was not so, and no one in the house could see the woman but himself. She then disappeared. He went to bed as usual in the loft above the parlour. In the night he saw what was

like a yellow light shining on the wall, and when he came fully awake he saw it was the same woman who had been wearing the brown shawl, but now she was dressed all in yellow silk. She sang beautiful music to him for hours, and then she went away.

The Fairy Well, at the Fairy Bridge and ford near Oakhill, Braddan.—Information wanted.

Chibber Feeayr, Cronkbreck, Grenaby, Malew. It stands by the side of the lane leading to the deserted farmhouse, and was roofed and walled in solid masonry by Preston of Cronkbreck (*alias* Knockbreck) about sixty years ago. Though it is not reputed to possess medicinal or magical virtues, a Green Lady has been seen in its immediate vicinity within the last few years ; this I had from the person who saw her, and of whose belief in the vision I have no doubt whatever. She may perhaps have belonged not to the well, or not to the well only, but the river just below, and have been a sister of the Green Woman who haunted the fords of the Conan in Ross-shire, in Hugh Miller's *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, and of many other river-ladies, Celtic and Teutonic, who wear the fairy colour.

It was the same pious man, Preston, who placed the Old Slate, a well-known flag-bridge, across the tributary stream near-by, where it still performs its useful function.—" Cold Well."

Chibber Feeyney, on *Lheeaney Fheeyney*, Ballacree, Bride.—" Wine Well," ostensibly, but *feeyney* occurs in other Manx place-names, and the meaning is not always clear, though the country people unhesitatingly translate it as " wine." There is a mineral spring

called " the Wine Well " at Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, and a *Tobar Creag an Fhíona*—" Rock-of-the-Wine Well "—in Eriskay, Hebrides ; the latter is said to have been so-named by Prince Charlie, though this may be doubted. Professor W. J. Watson in his *Celtic Place-Names* gives three examples of *Tobar an Fhíona* and two rivers of the name, all of which, with their derivative glens, etc., he refers to the Latin *vinea*. A belief was widely held in Germany and Scandinavia that at midnight of Christmas Eve or of Easter Eve the water of certain wells changed momentarily into wine. In Sweden their special designation was the equivalent of " Fountains of the Cross," and the transmutation occurred at sunrise, a crisis which evoked the latent virtues of many Manx wells. The belief probably had a Scriptural origin, or at any rate was reinforced by the account of the miracle connected with the Marriage at Cana. In Ireland names containing *fhíon* are fairly common ; Joyce usually refers them to smuggling practices.

A friend, after reading the foregoing note, writes :— " I have heard a different version—that the ' wine ' used at fairy feasts was really water taken from these wells, and that if a mortal drank of it when it was in the wine state, it put him into the power of Themselves for ever."

This " fairy wine " will be recognized as figuring in innumerable stories of a mortal entering a fairy dwelling and being pressed to drink ; sometimes he thereby falls under their spell, sometimes he is more cautious and comes away hurriedly and dishonestly with the Fairy Cup.

Chibber Feeyney, Glen Roy, Lonan. It is said to be somewhere on the North side of the Glen, but I have not been able to identify it unless it is the large roadside well near the glen-head with steps descending and a recess in the wall. Such recesses may have been intended to hold a rush-light or candle, or for offerings, or, if the structure is old enough, for a small image of the saint ; but the last function is an unlikely one in the Isle of Man, unless the stonework is much older than it looks.

Chibber ny Ferrishyn, " Well of the Fairies," is in *Close ny Ferrishyn* below an old quarry above the road at Gob y Volley, Lezayre.

Chibber Folta, Port Erin, stood close to the old lighthouse at the North end of the beach.—*Folta* or *Volta* was the name of the land traversed by this stretch of road. The spring is now covered and piped.

Chibber ny Gabbyl (pronounced " Gahvel "), is about 300 yards North-East of the " Neolithic Village " near the Mull Circle, Rushen, an important centre in its day.

" The fairies had an exhibition at this well. Coming from Port Erin one night at a late hour, a relative met with the fairies, who took him to the exhibition and showed him all the wonders, and he said he never saw such wonderful things in all his life. He had been at the Dublin Exhibition once, but it was nothing in comparison to the fairies' ; he could not describe anything, for everything was too wonderful. He was there until the morning dawned, and the exhibition got closed, and he found himself at the *Chibber ny Gabbal*, but he would not have it that he dreamed those things,

and that he was asleep at all." (Reported by Roeder, *I.O.M. Nat. Hist. and Ant. Soc. Proc.*, 1896.)

He may have been asleep, and he may have dreamed those things, yet without being alone in his dreaming. In *Tales of the Blackdown Borderland*, by F. W. Mathews, there is a quotation from a local work of 1684, describing the Pixies and their doings. Blackdown, it should be explained, is a high isolated plateau lying partly in Somerset and partly in Devon.

" The place near which they most ordinarily shewed themselves was on the side of a Hill, named Black-down . . . . Those that have had occasion to travel that way, have frequently seen them there, appearing like Men and Women of a stature generally near the smaller size of Men. Their habits used to be of red, blew, or green, according to the old way of Country Garb, with high-crown'd hats. One time, about 50 years since, a person . . . was riding towards his house that way, and saw just before him, on the side of the Hill, a great company of People, that seemed to him like Country Folks, assembled at a Fair ; there was all sorts of Commodities to his appearance as at our ordinary Fairs . . . he could not remember anything which he had usually seen at Fairs, but what he saw there. It was once in his thought that it might be some Fair for Chestonford, there being a considerable one at some time of the year, but then again he considered that it was not the season for it ; he was under very great surprize, and admired what the meaning of what he saw should be ; at length it came into his mind what he had heard concerning the Fairies on the side of that

Hill ; and it being near the Road he was to take, he resolved to ride in amongst them and see what they were ; and though he saw them perfectly all along as he came, yet when he was upon the place where all this had appeared to him, he could discern nothing at all, only seemed to be crouded and thrust, as when one passes through a throng of People ; all the rest became invisible to him, until he came at a little distance, and then it appeared to him again as at the first. He found himself in pain, and so hasted home ; where being arrived, a Lameness seized him all on one side, which continued on him as long as he lived, which was many years . . .

" There were some . . . lived at a Gentleman's House named Comb Farm, near the place before specified ; both the Man, and his Wife, and divers of the Neighbours, assured me that they had at many times seen this Fair-keeping in the Summer-time, as they came from Tanton Market, but that they durst not adventure in amongst them, for that every one that had done so had received great damage by it . . ." The same vision is reported to have been seen, in the same spot, towards the end of the 19th century.

A similar story, laid in a scene resembling that of the Manx and Somerset versions, comes from Normandy.

" Near the village of Puys, half a league to the North-East of Dieppe, there is a high plateau, surrounded on all sides by large entrenchments, except that over the sea, where the cliffs render it inaccessible. It is named ' La Cité des Limes ' or ' La Camp de César,' or simply ' Le Câtel ' or ' Castel.' Tradition

tells us that the Fées used to hold a fair there, at which all sorts of magic articles from their secret stores were offered for sale, and the most courteous entreaties and blandishments were employed to induce those who frequented it to become purchasers. But the moment anyone did so, and stretched forth his hand to take the article he had selected, the perfidious Fées seized him and hurled him down the cliffs."—(Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology*, page 474.)

And Hunt, in his *Romances and Drolls*, 2nd edn., page 97, has a brief account of a Fairy Fair seen at a place which I take to be the side of Tregonning Hill, with its Camps and "Castle," between Godolphin Cross and Germoe, in West Cornwall. One night Daniel Champion and a comrade came to Bal Lane, a notorious place for piskies, and found it "covered all over from end to end, and the Small People holding a Fair there with all sorts of merchandise—the prettiest sight they ever met with." Champion recognized, in the midst of the throng, his own child who had been stolen shortly before by the piskies. The other man suffered physical conseqüences.

In pre-Roman Italy it was the red-capped Goblins, equipped with weights and scales, who offered their merchandise, and they are thus depicted on Etruscan pottery. It would be interesting to know whether Christina Rossetti took the framework of her poem "Goblin Market" from an Italian or an English folk-tale.

Even bearing in mind the normal tendencies of folk-lore distribution, it is strange that a story so odd, yet

so consistent in its versions, should be accurately localized is so many places. A romantically-minded historian might discern early Greeks or Phoenicians in the shadowy forms of these mercantile fairies, fées and piskies, but it would be at the risk of meeting with a sample of them from Japan or Mexico.

To the locality of the Mull Circle, the "Neolithic Village," and *Chibber ny Gabbyl* belong also the sound of the rushing and galloping of unseen horses, and many other strange manifestations detailed by Roeder. It is in fact one of the most severely haunted districts in the Island. Quite recently a party of three persons on their way home at night from Port Erin were startled into flight by a noise just at their heels like a cartload of stones being suddenly upset; it went off like a gun, deponent saith. There are quarries in the vicinity, it is true; but the same sound has been heard in parts of the Island where there are no quarries. And about *Chibber ny Gabbyl* have been seen, from a little distance away, nocturnal lights moving to and fro, which is not unnatural, since it lies in a boggy spot.—"Well of the Horse, or Horses."

Chibber yn Garey Dhoo, on the outskirts of Cregneish, Rushen.—"Well of the Dark Waste-land."

Chibber ny Garey Karran, or **Chibber Karran,** on the South side of Cregneish.—"Well of Karran's Waste-land," or possibly "Waste-land of the Cairn, or Stony-place," which is often pronounced "carran"; but the latter meaning would not suit its present appearance.

Chibber y Geayee, above Gob y Volley, Lezayre.—"Well of the Wind," so-named, it is usually said,

because of its exposed situation. This is quite a possible reason ; but it is worth noting also that there are wells in Scotland, Ireland and Man by means of which control was exercised over the wind, as to both its strength and its direction. One method of procedure, in the two former countries at least, was to soak a piece of cloth (perhaps symbolizing a sail ?), in the well water and then pound it vigorously on a flat stone ; another way was to throw out the water with a bailer in the direction from which the wind was required ; a third method was to drain the water out of the well by means of a channel. In all cases, the proper charm was repeated during the process. The two latter practices strike one as having been intended originally to bring rain rather than wind only ; the throwing of water into the air and letting it fall upon the ground or on a stone promotes, according to the principles of imitative magic, the falling of rain ; or if it was meant to symbolize the emptying of the well (actually carried out in the third method), the idea would be that the well-spirit would see to it that rain promptly descended to replenish his or her supply. (But obviously, if the sky is clear, rain cannot be expected without wind to bring the rain-clouds.) In India the guardian deity of wells, Indra, is also, and primarily, the Sky-god and Rain-god—an Eastern Jupiter Pluvius.

Evidently the third method described above, that of complete drainage, was the one employed in the Isle of Man by Elizabeth Black, who in 1658 was reported to have "emptied a springing-well dry for to obtain a favourable winde," and who was fined for "such a

folly tending to charminge, witchcraft, or sorcery." (Quoted from the *Lib. Scacc.* by Moore in *Folk-lore*, vol. v.) The locality of her exploit is unfortunately not given.

With the foregoing remarks may be compared those relating to *Chibber Gorran*. (See page 42.)

The Geill, at the Rule, Sulby, Lezayre. The stream to which it gives rise is called *Ushtey Villish y Geill*, "Sweet water of the Spring." "The Geill"—"the Spring"—was formerly, I believe, the name of the Rule estate.

Chibber y Geill, Rhenab, Maughold; a bubbling well.—"Well of the Spring."

Chibber yn Ghlion, in Glen Down, near Port Erin. Once a picturesque draw-well, but recently destroyed by the tenant.—"Well of the Glen." (*Frontispiece.*)

Glen Crutchery Well, Conchan.—"So you have not heard what the *Mooayer-ny-Booiagh* does?" said the old lady; "then I will tell you. There was a servant girl at Bemahague, and the mistress wanted her to go to Glen Crutchery Well to get a can of water before daylight, and afterwards she was to be allowed to go to the Fair. When going to the well she met the Old Man of Glen Crutchery, who asked her where she was going. 'Going to your well for water,' she said. He asked her if there was no water in their well. She said there was, but her mistress had sent her. He gave her half-a-crown, and told her to take water out of their own well. The girl received the money, which confirmed the charm, and then went to the Fair. When she returned home the mistress asked her where

she had procured the water, for she had been churning all day and had got no butter." William Harrison, from whose MS. this is taken, afterwards included it in his second *Mona Miscellany*. In another MS. in my possession it is headed, more intelligibly, "Mooaraghey ny Booiagh, Begrudging a Willing Consent." Moore, *Folk-lore of the Isle of Man*, page 90, says the Old Man had the reputation of being a sorcerer. The incidents have clearly been modernized and partly forgotten; but the Old Man is recognizable as the well's supernatural protector, resembling, for instance, the "spiteful spirit, *Duine-glaise-beg*, or Little Grey Man," who "guarded the water with great care" at *Tobar-na-Glas-a-Choille* in Corgarff, Aberdeenshire. (Gregor, *Folk-lore Journal*, iii., 67ff.) In Grundtvig's *Danish Fairy Tales* Sir Greenhat is fostered by the white-bearded "Old Man of the Well," who endows him with magical powers, including that of changing his shape at will — a characteristically aqueous accomplishment. Human well-guardians were, I think, invariably women, as are their few modern representatives.

The housewife's anxiety to get water for her churning from the Glen Crutchery Well is an additional indication that it possessed special virtue—that it was in fact a Fairy Well. For another Manx instance of "confirming the charm" compare *Notes and Queries*, 1st series, v. 341: "A little girl walking over a bridge was offered by three little men, one after the other, a farthing, which she persevered in refusing; knowing that, if accepted, she would have been carried off."

Chibber Ghlion ny Cain, Spaldrick, near Port Erin.—"Cain's-glen Well," or possibly "Sea-glen Well"; *keayn*. A domestic well.

Chibber Gorran, between Agneash and Croit ny Claghbane, Lonan.—"The old people used to believe that if this well went dry during the summer a great gale and thunderstorm would arise, and sufficient rain fall to fill it up again; and if it should ever be destroyed or drained by artificial means, storms and disasters would ensue."—(Communicated by a friend.) There seems to be a veiled implication here of some such practices as those I have described under *Chibber ny Geayee*. A comparison may also be drawn with the spring-fed lakelet of Llyn Barfog, Merioneth, of which it is said (quoted by Rhys, *Celtic Folklore*, i., 142), "it is believed to be very perilous to let the waters out of the lake, and recently an aged inhabitant of the district informed the writer that she recollected this being done during a period of long drought, in order to procure motive power for Llyn Pair Mill, and that long-continued rains followed." In the belief of the local people the lake formed one of the many communications between this outward world of ours and the inner or lower one of Annwn.—The Gaelic *garran* means a thicket or shrubbery, but there is nothing of the kind here now. A likelier explanation is afforded by the Manx *garron*, a pony.

Chibber Harree, Lezayre.—"Harry's Well," or possibly "Colts' Well"; *sharree*.

Henry Kermode's Well, West of Spaldrick Glen, near Port Erin.

Chibber Hidee, in the Courtyard of Castle Rushen, is said, like *Ballig Well,* Conchan, to rise and fall with the tide, as its name, " Tide Well," suggests. A magical cause seems to have been attributed, but since the well—a deep draw-well or *chibber-tayrnee*—is so close to the harbour, there is no obvious reason why it should not thus fluctuate naturally.

Chibbert y Himma, Ballafesson, Rushen, is one of the numerous wells which " never run dry."—" Well of the Ridge " ; *immyr,* an agricultural term descended from the run-rig or run-dale system of cultivation.

The Howe Well, on the North side of the high road from Cregneish to Corvalley, is the chief source of supply for the neighbourhood. The stream issuing from it flows underground for the first hundred yards or so of its course towards Glen Down. This must be one of the two adjacent roadside wells referred to by Roeder (see page 82), as flowing in opposite directions.

Chibber Inch, Lezayre. " These commons Westward of Sulby Glen, between it and Ballaugh Glen . . . contain . . . the *Chibbyr Inch.* This purports to be a *sacred well* ; and I dare say it has been one . . . but all one found was a very dirty puddle . . . But the good people over here swear by these things. ' Chibbyr Inch ! Chibbyr Inch ! my gough, is it Chibbyr Inch ? I 've been at it scores of times. Wasn't the ould people used to go up with bottles to get the water ? Ter'ble good for sore eyes, they 're sayin'.' "—(*Letters of T. E. Brown,* i., 137 ; 1889.)

Is *Chibber Inch* an alternative name for *Chibber Lansh*

or for *Chibber ny Geayee*, both in the area defined by Brown ?

John Caley's Well, Ballacaley, Lezayre. Feltham, in his *Tour*, 1798, mentions it as being a " remarkable spring." A " John Caley of the Well " was buried in Lezayre Churchyard in 1765 ; see *Monumental Inscriptions*. The Caleys " of the Well " were a prominent Lezayre family, whose *soubriquet* distinguished them from the numerous other Caleys in the parish. To their stock, I have been told, belonged Arthur Caley, the 7 foot 6 inch, 21 stone giant who acquired a fleeting fame in London and Paris in the 19th century.

John Caley's Well, Cronk y Chuill, Lonan. Did a scion of the Sulby Caleys migrate to Lonan and bestow this name on his well to remind him of home ?

Julia Morgan's Well, on the Foxdale road, Marown, between the two Renshents. Julia was the wife of an Irishman who lived in a cottage close by ; surely a lady of marked character, thus to have writ her name in water.

Kinley's Well, Peel.—(The surname.)

Chibber Kione Spainey, on Spanish Head, Rushen. " Spanish Head Well."

Lady's Well, at the top of Chapel Bay, Port St. Mary. Formerly it issued from a flat reef called " the Lady's Rock," at the foot of the grassy cliff, into a stone trough ; but after the construction of the Promenade its excellent water was subjected to the indignity of an iron spout. The " Lady " in question is the Virgin Mary, after whom the vanished chapel, once adjacent, and the present Port, were named.

Chibber Laish or **Lace,** in Ballaugh Curragh. Its water was highly esteemed by health-seekers from the Northern parishes.—" Cure Well " ; *lheihys.* There is a *Tobaranleise* (*leighis*) in Co. Wexford.—(Joyce, *Ir. Names of Places,* ii., 88.) Moore, *Manx Names,* gives this well as *Chibber Glass.*

Chibber Lansh, on the high ground West of Sulby Glen, Lezayre. *Chibbyr Launch* in Feltham's *Tour,* 1798. Like nearly all the curative wells it specializes on " the eyes."—" Health Well " ; *slaynt.*

There are three basins close together. " The cure could only be effective if the patient came on Sunday, walked three times round the pool, saying : *Ayns enym yn Ayr, as y Vac, as y Spyrryd Noo ;* (' In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost '), and then applied the water to his or her eyes."—(Moore, *Manx Names,* 176.) Other accounts state that the ritual must be performed at the rising of the sun. In his first edition Moore says the patients " walked three times round *each* pool " ; and it is likely that all three basins were used formerly, and that their threefold character enhanced the reputation of the well. So Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology,* page 586 : " Magic water, serving for unchristian divination, is to be collected before sunrise on a Sunday morning, in one glass from three flowing springs." The three contiguous basins of the Chapel Wells, Kirkmaiden, Galloway, the triple springs supplying *Tobar Fuar Mór,* Corgarff, Aberdeenshire, and the *Tre Fontane* in Rome, are all comparable with those at *Chibber Lansh.* At the *Tre Fontane* each spring—they are only a yard apart—cures a different

disease, and each has its elaborate altar. (The old name of this fountain, by the way—*Aquas Salvias*—is a close equivalent of *Chibber Lansh*.)

But the most striking illustration of the dignity our humble *Chibber Lansh* might in happier circumstances have attained is to be seen in the high fate of a well at Carrawburgh (*Procolitia*), on the Roman Wall in Northumberland, whose threefold waters flowed until recently into the South Tyne. Here the First Cohort of Batavians erected, doubtless at their own expense and by their own labour, an enclosing temple, and the oblations of their successors and of the pious Britons maintained its priests for nearly three centuries. Very likely the pious Britons had been paying their respects to the spot for a previous three centuries before the Romans patronized it in their grandiose way. Inside the temple the Prefect of the Cohort placed a votive tablet to the *Dea Conventina*, with the image of the Goddess and those of the three Naiads of her three tributary springs sculptured above the inscription ; and many other inscribed altars and an enormous quantity of coins and other offerings were discovered during the excavations by the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle. —(*Archaeologia Æliana*, viii., N.S., page 1 *et seq.*) It may be only an accident of phonology that the hill-side on which the well is situated is called, in Bartholomew's half-inch map, *Tepper* Moor.

Had the Romans occupied Man a similar temple would, we may imagine, have been erected over *Chibber Lansh*, containing similar dedications to the Goddess, whoever she may have been, surmounted perhaps by

her image. In or after the 6th century she would have been exorcized and evicted, and a Saint installed as caretaker; possibly a chapel would have been built of the dilapidated materials of her little temple. By the 16th century her name would have been forgotten, but as a White or a Green Lady she would have been seen, less and less often, roaming in the neighbourhood of her well up to the 19th century. In the 20th it would be remembered that the well used to be haunted; and about 1976 a local Society, amid general rejoicings, might have been expected to unearth the vestiges of her cult as the foundations of Coventina's temple were unearthed in 1876.

Chibber Leaky, Bradda, Rushen.—"Falling-water Well"; *lhieggey.*

Chibber Lieen, The Mull, Rushen.—"Flax Well," wherein the flax was steeped for a fortnight to remove the husks and prepare it for breaking and combing before it was spun. A dim notion still survives that the steeping was more effectual during darkness than in the daytime. Among the Finns, not only the steeping but all the other stages of net-making were performed preferably by night, including the actual weaving of the nets.—(See "Magic Songs of the Finns," *Folk-lore Journal,* ii., 43.)

Chibber Lhiondaig, The Mull, Rushen.—"*Lhiondaig*, an even, grassy plot in a valley"; (Cregeen). This well is near *Chibber Cronk Espart.*

Chibber ny Lhargagh, "Well of the Slope," is the name of a spring and pool a little South of the Sloc, Rushen, on the East side of the road. It used to be

a favourite meeting-place of the now nearly extinct tribe of *jinnies* or wanderers of the roads, and the snug grassy hollow beside it was often their sleeping-place also, when fine weather made them independent of rest-houses, farm-kitchens and barns.

Lord Henry's Well, on Laxey beach about a quarter of a mile South-West of the harbour; the adjacent dwelling-house is now called "Lord Henry's Cottage." "It is said that on one occasion, when Lord Henry Murray (whose monument is conspicuous in Braddan Churchyard) resided with his father, the Duke of Atholl, he suddenly disappeared from home, and for some time no tidings could be obtained of his whereabouts. Eventually, however, he was discovered seated by this well and holding sweet converse with a fair Mankish maiden, who afterwards did or did not become Lady Murray—we know not which."—(*Guide to Laxey*, by a Resident, Oldham, 1876.) The water was formerly noted for its curative properties. There is another well called

Lord Henry's Well, on the West side of the Douglas road, about 400 yards South-West of the foregoing, of which it appears to have usurped the name.

Chibber y Lurchan, on Balladhoo, North-West of the "Liverpool Arms," half-way between Douglas and Laxey.—Query, "Well of the Hill-side"—*lhargan?*

Chibber Lieh-Laa, also called

Chibber Mun Laa, at Cardle Veg, Maughold, near the ancient keeill and burial-ground. It was visited at the rising of the full moon, the water drunk of and sprinkled on the person, and the request formulated; or the same

ritual was performed as the first rays of the rising sun fell on the water, according to the nature of the wish. The name "Half-day Well" or "Mid-day Well" —*mean-laa*—thus remains to be explained.

Both the Parsis and the Mahommedans of India observe the incidence of full moon by decorating their sacred wells with flowers and making offerings to the well-spirit or saint with a view to cures and other benefits.—(Masani, *Folk-lore of Wells*, pages 18 and 25.)

Chibber Maghal. See *St. Maughold's Well.*

Chibber Mappy, at the side of the road going down to the Sound, Rushen. "Mappy" (Martha) was the name of an old woman who lived near and used the well.

Moir ny Hushtaghyn, the main source of the Glen Rushen river, fed chiefly by *Chibber Pooyl Sallagh, q.v.*—"Mother of the Waters." Whether this is a genuine Manx expression or was coined by the Manx translators of the Bible (2 Kings, ii., 21), and thence adopted into Cregeen's *Dictionary* and attached to this spot, and to others, if any, I cannot say. The same phrase is a Greek term—the commonest one, I believe —for a river-head; but it is a natural figure of speech which might occur to the minds of any race of people. The use of the plural is the only reason for suspecting its authenticity.

Chibber Mooar, in one of the Glebe fields, Maughold village. This well, and *Chibber y Chrink,* which was connected with it, supplied the houses with water before the village pump was set up when the mines began to be worked, previous to 1860.—"Big Well."

Chibber Morag, on Rhenab, Maughold; exact

position not ascertained. *Morag*, which occurs in another local place-name, looks like the diminutive of an old feminine name, sometimes rendered " Margery," as in the *Tales of the West Highlands*. The Irish equivalents, Mór and Moreen, also appear in toponomy.

Chibber Naimey, in the upper part of Surby Moor, Rushen.—" Avuncular Well " ; *i.e.*, belonging to the uncle's family, or to a man thus nicknamed. Compare *Magher Naunt*, " the Aunt's Field," Cass Struan, Rushen.

Chibber Nalla or **Nulla** (the vowel sound is indeterminate), a roadside well in Ballarragh village, Lonan.

Nan Willy's Well is between the Chapel and the old Schoolhouse, Upper Sulby Glen, about 70 yards from the former. Nan died at the tantalizing age of 99, possessed in popular belief of the usual attributes of lone old women in less enlightened days than ours. The foundation of her cottage at *Magher Nan Willy*, half-way between her well and the Chapel, still exists. The well, small, but graced by ferns within and overshadowed by tall grasses, is fed by a double influx from the two sides of its rocky cavern.

Nancy's Well, on the *Magher Nancy*, just below the South side of the high road, Bradda Mooar, Rushen. It is now disused and consequently in a neglected state.

Chibber Neddy Hom Ruy, Cregneish, Rushen.—" Red Neddy Tom's Well," named after the father of that eminent Manxman, the late Edmund Goodwin, whose family it supplied, and in front of whose cottage it lies.

Chibber Nell, in a field called the *C'nell*, Ballarragh, Lonan.—" Nell's Well " ?

Chibber Nerrish, by the haunted ford and footbridge on the Silverburn below the Whallag, Malew.—Superficially, " Well of the Fairy," *ferrish ;* but perhaps a remoter etymon, such as *feeayr-ushtey*, cold water, or the Gaelic *fior-uisge*, fresh water, would be preferable. Well-names, like field-names, besides being much worn down by usage, are seldom capable of being checked in a written record, and for the meanings of some of them only conjectures can be offered.

Chibber Niglus, Braddan. A slight trace only of this well remains in the North-East corner of the field now called " Jim Nicholas," on Kirby farm. It must have furnished water for the pre-historic settlement adjacent, for though the river runs past the foot of the " Camp " it was probably tidal in former times.—" (St.) Nicholas' Well."

Chibber Niglus, on the shore below Cabbal Niglus, Laxey. " Having been desecrated by bloodshed, was filled up many years ago."—(*Mx. Archl. Survey Report*, 1915.) Story wanted. The well was in use up to 1887, if not later.

Chibber Nink, a roadside well, Ballarragh village, Lonan. It lies at the foot of land called " The Carnanes," traditionally a battle-field.

The Nunnery Well or **Nuns' Well.** See *Chibber Vreeshey*, the Nunnery, Douglas.

Chibber Ooinney. See *Chibber Uney.*

Chibber Ollin. See *Chibber Rollin.*

Chibber Pherick, on Slieu Curn, Ballaugh. See St. Patrick's Well, Ballaugh.

Chibber Pherick, on Lhergey Grawe, East side of Glen Roy, Lonan. St. Patrick's horse, stumbling at this spot, dislodged a turf with its hoof and so created the well, which the Saint inaugurated by taking a drink of its water. St. George's steed proved itself an equally successful water-diviner at a place near Padstow. As with certain English and Scottish wells, whosoever slakes his thirst at *Chibber Pherick,* Lonan, without leaving an offering will be punished for his stinginess or negligence. In this case, he will be sure to lose his way afterwards; in the case of the spring at the top of Ben Newe, Aberdeenshire, the penalty was more severe. If anyone were so disrespectful as even to pass it without drinking and making a gift, its guardian spirit did not permit him to reach the foot of the hill alive. (Gregor, as before.)

Chibber Pherick Fair used to be held here every 12th May. Like many other Manx country fairs it dwindled and vanished, and its well is following it for want of a little attention.

Chibber Pherick, under Corrin's Hill, Patrick. It sprang forth to commemorate the spot where the Saint first planted the sign of the Cross on Manx soil, and was endowed with every benefit for the use of the faithful who came to prove its properties.—(See *Mona Miscellany,* i., 146.) Additionally, and with equal authenticity, St. Patrick when crossing from Ireland on horseback was pursued by a sea-monster which must have been opposed to the conversion of the Island; to escape

it the horse made a leap up the cliff-side, and at the place where it landed the well gushed out. The (petrified) monster may be seen at the foot of the gully below. A similar legend pertains to St. Maughold's Well, minus the monster.

This well has also borne the names of *Chibber Noo Pherick* (Saint Patrick's Well), *Chibber Sheeant* (Holy Well), and *Chibber yn Argid* (Well of the Silver), according to A. W. Moore. It is now in a poor state, like its Lonan namesake and many other Manx Holy Wells.

Chibber Pherick, Jurby. See *St. Patrick's Well,* Jurby.

Phinlowe's Well. See *The Bishop's Well.*

Pooyl Hood, formed by a spring at the East end of Cregneish, and reserved, with its trough, for the use of animals.

Chibber Pooyl Sallagh, on the North-East slope of Cronk ny Irree Lhaa, Patrick ; a source of the Glen Rushen river. Pharick y Kellya, of the Lower Kellya, in Dalby Lag, was cutting turf here one summer evening about a hundred years ago, and he saw a little *Tarroo-ushtey* (water-bull) to rise out by the chibber, and as he was watching it, it grew bigger and bigger, and began to come towards him. He thought this was about enough, so he went up to it and laid on to it for a long while with his *faayl,* (turf-spade), till it was nothing at all but a soft jelly like frog-spawn. Or so I have been told near the scene of his adventure, and the telling rings true ; for these watery creatures dissolve at the touch of iron or steel. When the Highlander caught

the *Vuagh* or Kelpie, and would soothe her restlessness with his homely weapons, "Och! och!" she cried, "pierce me with the crooked cobbler's-awl, but keep that small sharp needle out of me." But he pricked her with the tailor's needle, and his friends came out with lanterns, and between the light and the steel she collapsed to a lump of jelly at his feet.—(*Folk-lore Journal*, vi., 224, and *Tales of the West Highlands*, ii., 204.) What my narrator likened to frog-spawn was probably the nostoc or "fallen-star" with which the deliquescent Kelpie is compared, and round which such strange beliefs have grown in various parts of Europe. The Alchemists deemed it a universal solvent, perhaps because it is as simple in construction as water itself; see *Choice Notes from N. and Q.*, pages 272-5. So too in Crofton Croker's legend of a Mermaid who lived in a lough by a well in Co. Clare. When an enraged butler caught her in the act of stealing his wine he threw her into a cauldron of boiling water, whereupon "she vanished . . . leaving only a mass of jelly behind." That she was able to appear again, even though less frequently, seems a clear proof that these sons and daughters of Oceanus enjoy the advantages of a soul, ecclesiastical pronouncements and popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding.

The *faayl* which Pharick used for digging his turf and belabouring his Tarroo was like an ordinary spade minus the right-hand half of its blade, thus giving a long narrow surface for cutting and lifting the sod; some of these obsolete implements have an *ullaghan* or iron projection on which the foot was placed to add to

the driving power. At least one house in the parish of Patrick has a specimen of each kind laid by, and they may have been found unexpectedly useful of late years ; for though the days of universal turf-fires have passed away, there was a partial return to this fuel during the war, when coal was scarce.

The vicinity of *Chibber Pooyl Sallagh* is said to have been much disturbed by some operations or other, hence its name, " Muddy-pool Well." Formerly its water was used to benefit the eyes.

Chibber ny Pot, between the Howe and Struan-snail, Port Erin. It is said to be so-named from a pot with which it was furnished, but more probably from its boggy site ; *pot*, meaning soft ground.

Chibber y Punch, on the Injebreck turf-grounds, Lezayre. Perhaps a corruption of *Chibber y Phun*, " Well of the Sheepfold or Pound " ; but see page 86.

Chibber ny Queig, in the glen of the Killey, above Churchtown, Lezayre. Its water will cure any one of the five senses which may be debilitated, but not more than one in the same person.—" Well of the Five." But it may be suspected that *queig*, if the true form of the name, had some other application which has been forgotten. Fivepennies Well in the island of Eigg, says Martin in his *Western Isles* (most plundered of books), never fails to cure any person of his first disease. Fivepence was the customary offering there ; fourpence at Llandegla, Denbighshire.

The Rag Well, near the top of Surby Mooar, Rushen, about 50 yards West of the road, and adjacent to a nameless keeill and burial-ground. Though its original

name is lost, the present one betrays its former character, and its location further testifies that it must once have been a Sacred Well. It is also called the *Fairy Well.*

The Rhyne Well, at the chapel-site and ancient burial-ground, the Rhyne, Marown. Another case of a lost name and probable former sanctity.

Chibber Rollin. Moore, *Manx Names,* page 149, mentions a *Chibber Rollin* or *Ollin.* I do not know where it is.

Chibber Roney, at the Old Parish Church, Marown, in the North side of the churchyard among bushes, and adjacent to the old Fair-ground. Canon Quine, in *Lioar Mann.*, iii., page 450, says that he has heard it locally pronounced *Ronyun*, and that it is, traditionally, the well from which the water was drawn for baptisms in the church. This custom probably ceased at Kirk Marown about 1704, when the church was provided with an internal supply of water, as recorded in Fargher's *Annals.* It is not yet entirely obsolete in Somerset.—" (St.) Ronan's Well," *Rónog* or *Rónaig* being a diminutive expressing affection and allegiance.

Wells Dedicated to Saints.

Perhaps " dedicated " is too formal a word ; but the Isle of Man can reckon at least 25 wells and springs—doubtless more in earlier days, for every church had its baptizing well—which bear the names of Saints, and one, *Trinity Well,* which echoes the comparatively modern dedication of the church to which it belongs. Besides these there are *Our Lady's Well* and two *Wells*

of the Lord—Chibber y Chiarn. The sense of *chiarn* in place-names is ambiguous ; I am inclined to think it sometimes carried the meaning of "holy man" or "anchorite," though in this connexion it may simply be the complement of "Our Lady." In the age when the surrounding countries produced their luxuriant crops of holy men—great fighters and cursers, many of them—the Island was, even in comparison, scantily populated ; but its secluded situation must have been favourable to the cultivation of saints and hermits, and its former character for sanctity argues their profusion. It is rather surprising, therefore, as well as regrettable, that the name of no native saint, whether a dweller beside a sacred source or otherwise, has reached posterity. All the patrons of keeills and chibbers were foreigners, and there is no evidence that any of them except Maughold ever visited the Island. Though Maughold's arrival was, according to his legend, of an involuntary nature, his long domiciliation and the pristine importance of his church, not to speak of his well, whichever it may have been originally, entitle him to the status of Patron Saint of Man. As he spent the early years of his residence in austerities to fit himself for a religious life, it may be inferred that the niche in the cliff called his Chair was supposed to have been used by him during this ascetic period ; but it must have been the well associated with St. Maughold in Jocelin's day which brought into being the antetype of the present church.

In a situation better suited to modern requirements the original church and its satellite chapels might

have engendered a town like Peel or a large village like Ballasalla, instead of dwindling from a "city" to a handful of cottages. Throughout Europe, and perhaps beyond, such convenient or conspicuous gathering-places as holy wells and their adjacent oratories often became the sites of fairs, and where conditions were favourable provided nuclei for permanent settlements, much as a reef of coral arrests drifting vegetation and débris which solidify by degrees into a habitable island; and these little communities tended to develop further into towns, still bearing the name of their *fons et origo*, as numberless British and foreign town-names testify, though only one in Ireland.

Kirk Maughold, though conspicuous, being far from convenient, remained but a hamlet which lost even its fair; Chibber y Pherick's lapsed; St. Catherine's or Colby Fair, though transformed, still honours unconsciously its well-side; at *Chibber ny Gabbyl* the fairy world reflected the human world. But the Manx equivalents to "well" do not appear in any of the insular town or village names, and in their absence, and the absence of a native saint, there are no materials for tracing *ab initio* such a growth as is outlined above. Instead may be substituted a glimpse of the process elsewhere, as seen through the ingenuous eyes of the medieval writer of a *Life of St. Kieran of Saighir* (*Silva Gadelica*, i.).

Patrick instructed Kieran to proceed to a certain well at the very centre of Ireland, and "in that place Kieran began to dwell as a hermit, for at that time it

was all encircled with vast woods, and for a commencement went about to build a little cell of flimsy workmanship; there it was later that he founded a monastery and metropolis. When first Kieran came hither he sat him down under a tree's shade." (Note the tree by the well.) His first disciple was a wild boar which helped him to build his keeill, after which all the other animals became his monks and submitted themselves to his teaching. But the fox, being an incurably original sinner, could not resist the temptation of stealing the Saint's brogues with a view to making a meal off them in his den. This was revealed to Kieran, who sent the badger to bring back the fox and the brogues, and addressed the thief so sternly (albeit as " Brother "), that the fox humbly besought remission of his sins and a fitting penance. Later in this engaging biography the Saint erected more permanent buildings, and such multitudes of people flocked to the scene that, though himself an abstainer, he transmuted, temporarily, the water of his well into wine for their benefit (see *Chibber Feeyney, ante*); and ever after, as *Tobar Ciárain*, Kieran's Well, it healed " much various disease and infirmity," and is probably doing so still.

When a few trifling modifications have been made, we may read herein the history of more than one Manx Holy Well; but their Kierans are forgotten, and they have been dignified with more illustrious names.

To *St. Anne.*

St. Anne's Well, mentioned by Train, *Account of the Isle of Man,* is close to Santon Church.

To *St. Brigit* or *Bride*. See

Chibber Vreeshey, Kirk Bride, and
Chibber Vreeshey, the Nunnery.

To *St. Catherine.*

St. Catherine's Well, at the top of the beach, Port Erin. "A fine spring, with the best water I met with . . . worth the attention of the inhabitants, who, at a small expense, might possibly secure it from the sands which now envelope it."—(Feltham's *Tour*, 1798, page 218.) "A spring anciently esteemed sacred and much frequented in Catholic times, on account of its supposed miraculous qualities."—(Brown's *Guide*, 1876.) Many years ago it was enclosed and surmounted with a pump. Now even that has disappeared, and the water flows out among the stones of the beach, from which it has to be scooped up into the domestic vessels. A miniature stone monument set over it bears the words : "St. Catherine's Well, Keep me clean," or "clear." An old chapel formerly stood immediately South of the well. At the time of the Ordnance Survey, *c.* 1868, Mr. William Milner informed the Surveyor that a sketch of this chapel (St. Catherine's) was in the possession of Bishop Goss of Liverpool.—(O.S. Name Books.)

Chibber Catreeney, Arbory, *q.v.*

To *the Virgin Mary.*

St. Mary's Well, Jurby. "About 170 yards South of the Parish Church ; formerly visited for sore eyes, now filled in and drained."—(*Archl. Survey Report*, 1911.)

See also

Chibber Woirrey, Ballaugh Old Church.
do. Ballakoig, Ballaugh.
do. Ballafayle, Maughold.
do. Ballastole, Maughold.
do. Magher Breck, Maughold.
do. Ramsey (two).
Chibbert y Wirra, Malew ; and
Lady's Well, Port St. Mary.

To *St. Maughold.*

St. Maughold's Well, on the North face of Maughold Head. Its position, similar to that of St. John's Well at Morwenstowe but more difficult of access, no doubt helped to make it the most renowned of Manx curative and wishing wells. The legend of its origin closely resembles that of St. Patrick's landing at *Chibber Pherick,* and therefore need not be repeated. " St. Maughold's Chair " in the rock alongside the well, to sit in which is said by some writers to have formed part of the ritual, either was a creation of the fancy or has broken away.

The well is " on the face of the cliff, about 100 feet above the sea. This is now a dripping well, the water percolating through the crevices in the wide-jointed and shattered rock. The face here exposed is from three feet to four feet long and as much in height, and on the rock-shelf below a basin has been formed by the action of running water in the course of ages which constitutes the Holy Well. Until recently the Well was regularly visited on the first Sunday in August and offerings

deposited, consisting of small coins and crooked pins." —(*Archl. Survey Report*, 1915.) It was also visited on 25th March by women desiring children—Feltham says, without giving the date, that they sat in the " Chair " —and on Easter Day for eye-cures.

Cumming's *Isle of Man*, 1848, gives an earlier and more picturesque description of *Chibber Maghal*. " On the North-Eastern side of that magnificent headland which forms the Southern limit of Ramsey Bay, is a little spring bursting out from the chinks of the uptilted and twisted gray schists. Immediately above rises the pile of rock. . . . Round about the spring a soft green sward clothes a few roods of ground, and for a few yards, where it trickles in its overflowings adown the face of the steep, a crop of rushes luxuriates. Where the spring gushes forth the rock has been hollowed into a small basin, and over it has been erected a simple shed of rough unhewn blocks of the rock immediately at hand. Hither the Saint is said to have resorted . . ." Cumming says nothing about the Chair.

To *St. Michael.*

St. Michael's Well, near the Carn Vael (Michael's Cairn), Michael parish. See also

Chibber Vael, Michael.

To *St. Nicholas.* See

Chibber Niglus, Braddan, and

Chibber Niglus, Laxey.

To *St. Patrick.*

St. Patrick's Well, or **Chibber Pherick,** or **The Big Well,** above the Railway Station, Peel. Closed and built over about half a century ago. "It was this well which supplied the fishing fleet with water."—(Cashen, *Manx Folk-lore,* page 49.)

St. Patrick's Well, Jurby. "About 250 yards West of St. Patrick's Chapel; visited for sore eyes and other affections." Now filled and drained.—(*Archl. Survey Report,* 1911.)

St. Patrick's Well, Slieu Curn, Ballaugh. It is reputed to be, or to have been, a cure-well, and was one of the mountain wells visited on the first Sunday in August. See also

Chibber Pherick, Lonan; and
Chibber Pherick, Patrick.

To *St. Ronan.* See

Chibber Uney or **Ooinney,** Baldwin; and
Chibber Roney, Marown.

To *the Holy Trinity.* See

Trinity Well, Rushen.

Chibber Scooie, Ballamilghyn, Lonan. "Intack: William Corrin, Colby, for a . . . parcel of 1d rent called Chibber Skoy."—(Lord's Composition Book, 1703.)

This well is still in domestic use and known by the same name, which means "Continual, or Unfailing, Well," *coiee*, with the prosthetic "s."

Chibber Scooie, on the shore road, Rhenab, Maughold. No dwelling-house now stands near it.

Chibber Sheeant. See *Chibber Pherick,* Patrick.

Chibber ny Slaynt, in *Coan Chibber Slaynt,* or *Lag ny Chibber,* both meaning "Hollow of the Well," part of a roadside field about 100 yards East of the Ginger Hall, Lezayre, and just outside the modern limits of the old Monastery farm called the Grangey, from which "the Ginger"—an inn—derives its name. The position of the well, adjacent to the site of a keeill and old burial-ground, implies its former sacred character, and it still bears the reputation of having been a curative spring, as its name, "Well of Health," implies.

Chibber Slieu Maggle. See *the Brandy Well.*

Spooyt Phaddy, Lhergy Grawe, Lonan; about 50 yards below *Chibber Pherick.* "Paddy's Spout." A tumulus and a standing stone near these two wells were removed about 75 years ago.

Spooyt Woodber issues from the cliff beside the fine old house, once the chief inn of Port Erin, inhabited, with intermissions, for about a century and a half by the Woodworth family. Their own tradition avers that they came from Cornwall originally, to work at the Bradda mines; this is partly corroborated by the fact that the first record of mining there dates to the middle of the 17th century, and that a "Woodwort" is recorded in the *Kirk Malew Register* of 1683.—"Woodworth's Spout."

THE BISHOP'S WELL [page 25]

THE WISHING WELL [page 76]

(From pencil drawings by Wilfrid Quayle)

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Chibber Strung, Cregneish, Rushen.—*Stroin,* " Nose," the nickname of a man who lived near it.

Towl Dick, Lezayre.—" Dick's Hole."

Towl ny Bet, a pool in the streamlet at Bradda Mooar, Rushen, on the North side of the road. Not strictly a well, but formerly used as such.—" Bet's Well " ; she lived in an almost adjoining house, of which a piece of the wall remains embedded in a more recent wall.

Towl Meeney, Bradda, on the same side of the highway as *Towl ny Bet.*—" Mine-hole."

Trinity Well, Kirk Christ (Church of the Holy Trinity), Rushen, " near the church, evinces that good springs are to be found here."—(Feltham's *Tour,* page 218.) It is now undiscoverable and probably non-existent.

Chibber Undin, near a nameless keeill-site, Malew. " The water of this well was supposed to have curative properties. The patients who came to it took a mouthful of water, retaining it in their mouths until they had twice walked round the well. They then took a piece of cloth from a garment which they had worn, wetted it with the water from the well, and hung it on the hawthorn tree which grew there. When the cloth had rotted away the cure was supposed to be effected."—(Moore, *Manx Names,* page 152.)

It was also, and more especially, used in a similar manner with the addition of a wish or prayer, by women desirous of children. For this, as for curative and other purposes of a semi-supernatural character, the Eve of

St. John the Baptist was deemed the most favourable time.—" Foundation Well."

Chibber Uney or **Ooinney,** near Baldwin Village, a few yards from the present boundary of Marown and Braddan parishes. " Good for the eyes, but a round white pebble must be placed in the water before it is drawn." It may then be used on the spot or taken away in a tightly-corked bottle for future use or for the benefit of others.—" Rooney's Well." Probably equivalent to *Rónaig*, a diminutive for " St. Ronan " ; though " Roney " is a Manx surname.

Chibber Unjin, at a nameless keeill-site on Ballabeg (now called Grenaby), Malew. An elderly resident in the district told me a couple of years ago that he remembered an old thorn-tree growing beside it which " used to be white with rags. They 'd soak them in the water and fasten them on the tree to cure illnesses." Another account, dating to 1868, says : " Patients wishing to be cured must visit the well on Midsummer Day, bringing with them a rag, which they must dip in the water and walk round the well three times, taking a drink at the completion of each circuit, and finally depositing the rag on the thorntree."—(O.S. Name Books.) Feltham, page 241, refers to *Chibber Unjin*, though not by name, as being famous and visited for medical aid in the 18th century.—The name as it stands would mean " Ash-tree Well," but Cumming, in his *Guide to the Isle of Man*, 1861, page 104, calls it " *Chibbyr Vondey* (Vondey's Well)." The ash was a venerated tree, and a well-tree, in the Highlands and in Ireland ; see *Choice Notes*, page 24, and the

Folk-lore Journal, vol. 6, pages 265–270 ; a magical tree in Wales (Trevelyan, *Folk-lore of Wales*, pages 140–1) ; and in Cornwall (Hunt, *Romances*, pages 420–1, 2nd edn.). In Hunt's tale of *The Faction Fight at Cury Great Tree*, page 403, the tree in question, an ash, is important only on account of its age and conspicuous position ; but one of the numerous links between Man and Cornwall occurs in the fact that an identical anecdote, minus the tree, is completely localized in the parish of Rushen, though it has not yet been recorded in print.

Whether the ash was thus venerated at an early epoch among Celtic speakers, or whether its sacred character was due to the influx of Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian ideas, is an interesting question. In either alternative, I imagine the single or grouped ashes, thorns, elders and hazels of the British Isles, including Man, are remnants of the grove which enclosed, in classical and post-classical times, the sacred precincts both here and on the Continent.

Chibber Unjin, Marown.—(Moore, *Manx Names*, page 131.) Possibly *Chibber Roney* or *Ronyun*, *q.v.*

Chibber Unjin, Arbory.—(Moore, page 131.) Probably meant for *Chibber Unjin*, Ballabeg, Malew.

Chibber ny Ushag.—(Moore, page 128 : " Well of the Bird.") I do not know where it is, unless the *Bishop's Well* is intended, which is close to a small cliff, with a somewhat similar name, near Bishopscourt.

Chibber Vael, situated in the angle formed by the junction of the Awin Dhoo with the Sulby river, near Druidale farm, Michael.—(" St.) Michael's Well."

Chibber Valthane, Voltane, Oltane, Beltaine, or **Ny Tain** (the last two forms are given by Roeder), a furlong North-East of Bradda Mooar, near the site of an ancient keeill and burial-ground now ploughed over. The water was potent for cures and against misfortune. A rag was tied to the briars " for a return," *i.e.*, as a token of gratitude, and the following words spoken : " I lift the water for the good of such and such a man, in the name of God, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." The water could be either drunk or washed in, but ought to be taken at the ebb of the tide.—(See Roeder, *Lioar Mann.*, 1897, page 167.) The final proviso suggests that *Chibber Voltane* is to be classed with *Ballig Well* and *Chibber Hidee* as rising and falling with the sea, which is nearly half a mile away in this case.

Chibbert Vainnagh.—(Moore, *Manx Names.*) As is usual with Moore, no locality is given ; perhaps it is the same well as

Chibber y Varnagh, in the Gill, Glen Aldyn, Lezayre. Its water was used to cure warts, hence the name, " Well of the Wart." The *Wart Well*, Stockfield, German, was presumably known at one time by the same Manx equivalent.

Chibber y Varkish, Ballacottier, Bride. " Fifty yards North-West of Keeill Varkish. Curative ; now filled in and drained."—(*Archl. Survey Report*, 1911.) It is curious that, as noted in the Report, *Chibber y Varkish* is not on the quarterland of Ballavarkish, but a short distance over the boundary-line. The explanation there proposed is that the quarterland and its sacred well took their names from the keeill as dedicated to

St. Mark ; implying of course that the keeill and well were so-named before the existence of the farm-boundary, and that when the boundary was defined it excluded the well. An alternative explanation, that both keeill and well, though formerly dedicated to some saint, took, together with the farm, their present names from an owner or tenant, would seem to require that the boundary-line was afterwards slightly readjusted. This would not be an unheard-of proceeding, and the assumption might even be dispensed with in the present case if the well had become so closely associated with the keeill as to be known by its new name although separated from it by a hedge.

In favour of the view that the name originated with an owner the following points are worth consideration. (1) Had the farm taken its name from the keeill it would probably have been " Ballakilvarkish," conformably with the Ballas of Kilmartin, Kilmurray, Kilpherick and Killingan with their keeills. Ballingan with its Keeill, or Cabbal, Lingan, appears to be an exception to the general rule ; Ballacubragh and Ballacolum are more doubtful. (2) " Varkish," or rather its nominative, was evidently a well-distributed personal name, passing through " McQuerkus " into the modern Corkish. There were McQuerkuses in Santon who have left no farm-name behind them ; in Bride, conversely, we have this farm-name without record of the personal name. Besides the duplicated Ballavarkish in Bride, there is a Ballavarkish, also duplicated, in Arbory, another in German, and a Ballacorkish in Rushen, all without keeills. Those in

German and Rushen are referable to ancestors of local families who were called McQuerkus at the beginning of the 16th century; for the treen-subdivisions which were originally known as Ballavarkish must have been so-named prior to that date, since McQuerkus is an evolved form of Varkish. (No doubt many other quarterlands were similarly distinguished by names, although the names were not inserted in the Manorial Roll of 1510–13, perhaps because they were deemed not to be sufficiently permanent.) (3) The naming of a keeill from a landowner or tenant is not without parallel; it is seen in the case of Ballachonley and Keeill Cunlagh, Jurby, where a family of McConoly was in possession in the 16th century. In pronunciation, "Cunlagh" is sometimes disguised, by a metathetical shuffle, as "Cughlan" and "Cuthlan," but its kinship with *Conghalaigh*, the Irish prototype of "Conoly," is clear enough. The other name of the keeill, "Hushtaghyn," I take to be a later one.

It is possible that mere occupation of the land on which a keeill stood is not a sufficient reason why the keeill should have come to be called by the landholder's name. His relation to it may have been of a more personal character; and some light on the state of affairs which could facilitate the attachment of a layman's name to a chapel may be derived from the old tradition to the effect that whoever owned the estate of Awhallon had, *ipso facto*, the administration of the neighbouring Keeill Abban. Keeill Abban is exceptional, admittedly, as having been an early Tynwald-chapel; but its importance may have preserved a tradition

which in other cases has perished. After the disuse of the treen-chapels such a charge, where it existed, and if more than nominal, would relate chiefly to burials, which continued irregularly at some, at least, of these sites up to comparatively recent times.

It is therefore tenable, I think, that a resident Varkish (in his unaspirated form), the first of a semi-sacerdotal family, was in charge of the chapel on his land in Bride, perhaps at a stage in the gradual supersession of the treen-chapels by parish churches in the 13th and 14th centuries ; that thence came the present name of the keeill and the sacred spring with its pool, Dub or Dem Varkish, as well as the farm-name ; and that the field containing the spring was at a later period transferred to Ballacottier. Failing this explanation of the crux, there is the possibility that such an administrator of the chapel preceded the formation of the quarterland, and that his name descended to it via the keeill. This would obviate the difficulty of assuming an alteration of the boundary ; but such alterations are known to have been made in Lonan (Baldromma), and in Patrick (Ballachrink), and doubtless elsewhere. As the majority of keeill-names are lost it is impossible to know how many were re-named from their *cappellani ;* but descriptive terms often replaced dedications, as witness the keeills now called Knock yn Oe, ny Traie, Dreem Ruy, Chiggyrt or Casherick, and others. I cannot say in what degree, if at all, such a lay-deacon or lay-reader, if either title describes him, would resemble the Norse and Icelandic " Godi," a landholder who officiated in the local temple, and whose office

was hereditary but could be sold, given away or forfeited.

An anomaly somewhat similar to that of *Chibber y Varkish* is mentioned by Power, *Place-Names of Decies*, page 229: "There is a townland of that name [*Tobar Ui Dhoirinne*, 'O'Dorney's Well'], but strangely enough the well from which it is called is without its boundary" and on the next townland. Power offers no further remark on the point.

Chibber y Varkish, as befitted a holy well, was reputed to be beneficial to the eyes, and in the days of its sanctity was doubtless curative on a larger scale and otherwise useful to the local population. It was filled in about the beginning of the present century. As regards its name, "Varkish," though not found in its unaspirated form, appears to correspond with the Scottish surname, "Marquis," which the Irish of the North-East Corner have reduced to "Marks." The "Vark" and "Quark" embodied in numerous farm-names, including Ballaquark in the same treen as Ballavarkish, are probably cognate, though not interchangeable, with "Varkish." There is in Co. Waterford another *Tobar a Mharcais*, which Power, page 416, renders "Well of *the* Marquis," no doubt for some good local reason. In Man the name "Markeson" occurs in a document of 1403 (Oliver, *Monumenta*, ii., 247), and is traceable by its position in the list of the Keys to the parish of Bride; but it probably represents an early member, very likely the first immigrant member from Britain, of the family of McMark whose name remains on a farm in the same treen as

Ballavarkish, and not the hypothetical McMarcus or Marcusson.

Chibber Vashtee, a spring of unimpressive aspect beside the narrow mountain-track from Eairy Cushlan, and about 100 yards North of Lag ny Keeilley, Patrick, where the more or less fabulous Orry dynasty is said to have had its burial-ground. If it did, or any less mighty race of men, their spirits have faded out long ago, and no vestige of them is visible but the earth platform under which they were laid to rest, and infrequent flickers of light in the darkness. The only ghosts in the place are the ghosts of dead legends, and they haunt it thickly enough. It was at this well, I have been told locally, that " they cut off the heads of the old Manx kings " ; as in Lonan it is said " they used to kill the kings when they got too old and not good for anything any longer." I hope to comment later on these statements, so remarkable in a folk-lore sense.—" Well of Baptism."

Chibber y Vashtee, the Barony, Maughold, a quarter of a mile N.N.E. of Keeill Vael. It is said to be unfailing in its supply of water. Presumably it was the baptizing well for the keeill above it, although there is a spring-fed pool, called *Loughan Keeill Vael*, adjacent to the keeill-site. It is still called " the Christening Well."

Chibber Vear, at the top of *Glion ny Vear* on the Southern slope of South Barrule.—Probably " Road Well," *bayr* or *beyr* (Cregeen), as it is situated on the unmetalled by-road from the Round Table to Cronk ny Geayee.

Chibber Venten, Port Erin, on the Glendown road to

Port St. Mary. The boundary-line of the Ballafurt Abbeylands must have passed very close to it, but I have not heard that it was a curative or a sacred well. If there were ever a ceremony which involved touching a certain stone, as at some wells of that kind, the name might be explained thereby; otherwise it is obscure. A personal name *Manntan* belonged to several Celtic saints, whence "Cill Mhanntain," the old name of Wicklow, and the surname Mc(G)ilvanton. Which of these two, by the way, was the source of "Killwanton?" — thus queried — the appellative of a "pirate" taken in the Isle of Man in the 16th century?—(*Cal. Letters and Papers, F. & D., Hy. viii.*, 23–8–1531.) Probably "Killwanton" meant that he hailed from that town. As his ship carried a cargo of arms, etc., he must have been a smuggler or a gun-runner rather than a pirate in the modern sense of the word. That, however, has nothing to do with the well; and whether any form of *Manntan* developed into a native Manx surname I cannot say. "Wanton" occurs in the Douglas *Charities;* there is a Ballawanton in Andreas; and a family name "Mylvanton" exists, though not in the Isle of Man.

Chibber Venten is now "improved" with a spout and a grid; but it would still be hard to find sweeter-flavoured water in the Island.

Chibber Volta. See *Chibber Folta.*

Chibber Vondey. See *Chibber Unjin,* Malew.

Chibber Vreeshey, on the Western margin of Lough Cranstal, Bride.—"(St.) Bride's Well."

Chibber Vreeshey, near the Obelisk in the Nunnery

Grounds, Douglas. In the 18th century this well was resorted to by Douglas people of all classes for the benefit of their health, and was known as *the Spa Well.* It was administered by a custodian known as Old Mary, who lived near it with her family. She, they, and the well itself, were haunted by the fairies and their music. —(See a quotation from an early Manx novel, *Clara Lennox,* in Moore's *Folk-lore,* second part, page 1.) Waldron's *Isle of Man,* 1744, page 90, pays it the following compliment: "Tho' the Rivers in the Island afford great Plenty of excellent Water, a Well belonging to this Nunnery is said to have exceeded them all [in quality, presumably]; but has been, notwithstanding the many extraordinary properties ascribed to it, of late suffer'd to dry up." A third name for *Chibber Vreeshey* was *the Nuns' Well;* their House was dedicated to St. Brigit or Bride.

Chibbert y Vruch, South-East of Spaldrick Glen, Port Erin.—"Well of the Bank."

Chibbert y Vull, a roadside well at Ballakillowey, Rushen, haunted, like *Chibber Pooyl Sallagh,* by a Tarroo-ushtey. " . . . every jump it made it would be growing, when it was coming out of the well; it would grow large and go after the cows. One of these bulls came into the Ballacurrey fields, and began to go after the cattle . . ." (Roeder, *Lioar Mann.,* 1897, page 166.)—"Well of the Bull." There is a *Tobairín a Tairbh,* "Little Well of the Bull," in Co. Waterford (Power). The English word "bull" has been adopted into Irish also, as *bulla;* see, among others, Joyce, *English as We Speak It,* pages 226–7.

The Wart Well, Stockfield, German. Its basin in the rock, of only some 8 inches in diameter, used to contain, within living memory, offerings of pins, coins, etc., made by its clients for the removal of their warts. It has the additional reputation of never running dry.

The Wishing Well, Silverdale, Malew. A pretty little well by the Silverburn, now turned into an " attraction " without having been spoilt.

Chibber Woirrey, at the West side of Ballaugh Old Church, near the Rectory.—" Mary's Well," *i.e.*, the Virgin Mary, to whom the church is dedicated.

Chibbert y Wirra contributes a trickle to the still slender Awin Ruy, at the top of Close Clarke, Malew. It was used for the cure of sicknesses and physical afflictions, and its bushes decorated with rags in the customary manner, so an elderly parishioner tells me ; and I noticed a weather-blackened fragment of clothing fixed to an overhanging hazel in the spring of the present year, 1927. Another informant, who lives near it, says that people used to come for the water to boil herbs, make lotions, and mix with " doctor's medicine."

This is the well mentioned in the " Perambulation of the Abbey Turbary," a document appended to the *Chronicon Manniae*, but unfortunately not dated. The Southern end of the boundary is taken " from the North corner of Boallion Renny along an old hedgestead to the gill near *St. Mary's Well* . . .", and seems to have coincided here with the Northern boundary of the Abbey farm-lands. It is the only South-side " Well of Mary " in my present list, hence perhaps the slenderer

first vowel in the qualifying term—*Wuirra* rather than *Wooirra*.

Chibber Woirrey, a fresh-water spring in the neighbourhood of low-water mark on the Ballakoig shore, Ballaugh, exposed only at neap tides. It may have stood on a piece of land called *Croit y Grazy*, "Croft of the Shoemaker," recorded as having been "taken away by the sea" before 1703, but the remembrance of the name suggests that it belongs to a more recently submerged tract. There is a similar spring on the shore at Pooylvaash, Malew. Conversely, Feltham, page 224, mentions "near Balladoole [a little East of Pooylvaash], a saltish spring, which runs very rapidly; it is a little to the South-West, near the shore, and probably issues from a salt rock"; which it does not. And Head, *Home Tours*, 2nd edn., 1840, speaks of a salt-water spring bursting from a fissure in the ground a little below high-water mark, half-way between Pooylvaash and Port St. Mary. "While uncovered by the sea, it flows strong enough to turn a small mill." *Chibber Yoan Mooir, q.v.*, is alternately salt and fresh. All tastes are thus provided for, and James, iii., 11, answered in the affirmative.

Chibber Woirrey, about 200 yards West of Ballastole house, Maughold.

Chibber Woirrey, a little East of Magher Breck house, Maughold.

Chibber y Woirrey, on Ballafayle, Maughold, appertaining to the neighbouring Keeill Chiggyrt, "where they used to bury the priests." It forms a

small pool called *Ring Dhoo, i.e., Lhing Dhoo*, Dark Pool.

Chibber y Woirrey, about 300 yards West of the Parsonage, Ramsey; noted for the excellent quality and never-failing supply of its water. It was used—and not many years ago—for divination and love-charms, by putting in certain herbs.

Chibber Woirrey, on the site of Messrs. Corlett and Cowley's Mills, South Ramsey.

Chibber Wushell, on the highest point of the Calf, close to *Thie Vushell* or Bushell's House, which Head, *Home Tours*, ii., 64, calls "Boswell's House." Thomas Bushell, a satellite of Francis Bacon, seems to have visited the islet about 1630 in the course of his mine-developing activities, and he, or some earlier hermit or simple-lifer who has become confused with him, made it his home for a while. Roeder gives an account of Bushell in *Manx Notes and Queries*, page 62. See also Blundell's *Isle of Man, circa* 1650.

Yeaman's Well, opposite the East end of Stanley Road, Peel; *Yeoman's Well* in Corris's plan of Peel, 1784. "I 've seen sthrings of us waitin' for shawl [turn] at Yeaman's Well."—(*Anglo-Manx Vocabulary*, page 176.) Probably the personal name *Eamonn*, Edmund. Ballayemmy, Marown, was "Baly Yeaman" in 1510.—(*Man. Roll.*)

Chibber y Yett, between Cregneish and Corvalley, Rushen.—"Well of the Road."

Yon's Well, near the Darragh, Port Erin.—"John's Well," named after one John Maddrell, says Roeder.

Chibber Yoan Mooir, or **Joan Mere,** Rushen. "Under the Chasms, on the shore, is a well, near the sea. The salt water comes into it at high tide, but when it is ebbing the fresh-water spring drives the salt water out of it, and the water is very good. The old men called this 'Joan Mere's House' . . ."—(Roeder, *Manx Notes and Queries*, page 79.) "Sea-Joan's Well." "Joan Gorrym" or Blue Joan, was a fancy name for the sea (possibly a *haaf* name), and for the mermaid as personifying the sea; and *Joan Mooir* is doubtless not a very different personage. *Mooir*, sea, pronounced almost "meer"; *gorrym*, a very deep blue, or a blue-green. In the Celtic languages names of colours appear to define them less precisely than in English. Scraps of anecdotes and vague allusions suggest that this must have been a favourite haunt of mermaids at a more interesting period of history. The Chasms themselves also inspired, naturally enough, the belief that they harboured creatures of another, though not a better, world.

Some Nameless Wells of Distinction.

A Spring at or near the summit of South Barrule has marvellous health-giving properties. It can only be found once in a lifetime; alternatively, and more commonly and plausibly, if one drinks from it and goes away from the place he cannot find it again the same day. The conception of underground communication among surface-waters is well exemplified in the beliefs attaching to this spring. A friend tells me that it is said to be invisibly connected with the Glen

Rushen river North-Westward, which again has a subterranean outlet to the sea, in addition to its better-known efflux through Glen May. Sir John Rhys, when visiting the Island in search of folk-lore, heard an anecdote to the effect that a man, after finding the spring, left his stick upright in the ground to mark the spot, but when he returned he could find neither spring nor stick. The latter turned up some weeks later on Port Erin shore.

Whether the subterranean journey of the walking-stick was made via the Glen Rushen river and continued by means of sea-currents, or whether it travelled by some other and more direct underground waterway, is not clear ; but the story is reminiscent of what is told in *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* about a hill-top spring in the county of Peebles called Powbate Eye. If a willow wand is thrown into it, the same wand will afterwards be found, peeled, in a small lake at the foot of the hill. The hill in this case is supposed to be like a bladder filled with water of which the well is the visible part, and it is liable some day to burst, a contingency enlarged upon by Thomas the Rhymer, who instructs it as to what lands it is to overwhelm in its flood. I have never heard such dire potentialities attributed to South Barrule, though the mists of superstition have not yet wholly evaporated from its dusky sides ; but the ghost of a submergence-legend haunts the district South of Cronk ny Irree Lhaa.

A second Scottish version of the walking-stick story comes from farther North. " There was in times not very remote a common belief abroad in the country,

that a piece of wood dropped into the 'well' on the Tap o' Noth would in due time appear at the E'e o' Gulburn, the distance on the map being over two miles." — (Macdonald, *Place-Names in Strathbogie*, page 254.)

I confess I have never been able to identify this Barrule spring with any certainty, unless its presence is indicated by a small swampy area within the wall of the "Camp"; otherwise the name *Creg yn Arran*, belonging to a rock a little below the summit, suggests *farran*, a spring, though the country people give it its face value, "Rock of the Bread," and add a traditional explanation.

A Well at the ruined Old Church of Lonan, Clay Head, must formerly have had a name, perhaps *Chibber Vashtee* or *Chibber Ownan*. It stands at the lower corner of the Glebe, about 140 yards West of the church. It is triangularly formed in the bed of a streamlet by three large blocks of stone set on edge, one of them "curiously carven" and lying partly on its side. It is likely that, as suggested by Canon Quine, it was employed for baptisms in the period of transition from the use of living water to that of the intramural font. The cross-inscribed slate fragment found in the well may originally have been set up beside it.—(See *I.O.M. Nat. Hist. and Ant. Soc. Proc.*, new ser., i., 14, and *Archl. Sur. Report*, 1915.)

A Curative Spring on Kerroodhoo, Dalby, Patrick, diffuses itself about the surface of a field which borders on the Bayr Mooar. "Terrible good water, people used to be coming great distances and taking it away in

bottles " to cure various ailments, including, as usual, " bad eyes."

Two Wells are mentioned in Roeder's MSS. as situated between Cregneish and the Howe, one each side of the highway, less than 20 yards apart ; the stream from one is *Struan Port Wick*, that from the other is *Struan Port Chiarn*, and they flow in opposite directions, to Perwick and to Port Erin respectively.

If " Port Wick " stands for Perwick, as implied, it explains why in Perwick, alone among insular place-names ending in " wick," the stress falls on the last syllable ; that is to say, it is not a Scandinavian name, or not wholly Scandinavian. There is another Portwick in Port Erin Bay, *vide* Durham's map, and Cumming, *Rushen Castle*, page 3. By " the Howe " should evidently be understood the hamlet which is marked " Corvalley " on the Ordnance map but always called the Howe. The map places the Howe on the Port Erin slope of the hill. A curious discrepancy.

" **A Well** in this parish [Santon] used formerly to be much resorted to from all parts for its sanative qualities."—(Feltham, *Tour*, page 228). Possibly this is the *Crogga Well, q.v.*, near the Northern boundary of Santon, or else the " St. Anne's Well " mentioned by Train.

" **A Spa** was discovered at Ballabrooi [Braddan], but because of the inconvenience arising from the resort of company, it was blocked up."—(Feltham, page 196.) *The Nunnery Well*, not far away, was also called " the Spa Well," and was resorted to in a similar way, at a time when the frequentation of medicinal springs, such

as Sadler's and Bagnigge, was as fashionable as walking in Paul's in the 16th century and riding in the Row in the 19th.

A Spring, not easily found, falls into the Silverburn above the Crossag Bridge. Though scarcely more substantial than a spider's thread, it has the power of granting a wish if approached in a becoming manner. The applicant must pass round it sunwise, pausing in his circuit to drink of its water and formulate his desire ; all, of course, in strict silence.

A Well on Dreem Crammag, Lezayre, acts as a barometer. Before rain its water sinks or disappears ; before drought the basin is full to the brim. This may be explicable by natural causes, since either type of weather is usually preceded by its converse, to which the supply of water would respond. And here may lie a partial explanation of the affinity, in the world's folk-lore, between certain wells and the local weather.

A Well on the Dreemlang, Marown. " On Dreamland [*sic*] itself, a few hundred yards from the road, is an ancient well, built entirely of great blocks of quartz, some of them several tons in weight, the existence of which was, until within the last few years, only known to the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood. The blocks of quartz are of the purest white, and they are accurately joined without mortar or cement. Before the land was brought into cultivation, which was about 17 years ago, the well was always full of excellent water, even when the pumps all round were dry. Now, however, there is very little water in

the summer, partly owing to the cultivation of the surrounding land, but more to the fact that it has been choked up by children when picking the stones off the field. The opening into the well is about five feet wide, but it originally ran some yards farther back, as the quartz blocks forming the retaining wall can be traced to some distance, the tops projecting over the soil.

"There is nothing to indicate the period of its construction, as there is nothing like it in the British Islands . . . The retaining wall runs due East and West, and the opening is to the West. . ."—(Brown's *Guide to the Isle of Man*, 11th edition, 1887.)

As I have never had the good fortune to see this prodigy of a well, or been able to obtain any evidence of its existence, I do not vouch for the foregoing particulars; but the description seems too circumstantial to have been entirely without a basis of some sort.

A well by any other name than its own would no doubt taste as sweet, but when it has no name at all it seems to lack a little in character and interest. Two more only, therefore, of these anonymous public benefactors will be included in the present list of honours, and one of them is no longer quenching the thirst of its protégés and securing them from infectious diseases, for it was buried alive under the Lhergy, above Laxey village, a generation ago. To destroy or conceal a spring of good water is always ill-advised. The Laxenians concealed this one so effectually that when they had need of it again they were unable to find it, in spite of much digging. Perhaps there was

a superstitious prejudice against employing a water-diviner.

My last nameless well is on Baljean land, by a little stream which falls swiftly down the steep Southern side of Laxey valley. It is a Wishing Well which has not wholly lost its patronage, and its namelessness is therefore the more disappointing ; a name may explain much, and light cast upon these venerated wells which are not neighboured by a keeill or clothed in legends of holiness might illuminate also a dim corner of folk-history.

Addenda.

A correction and amplification of a previous paragraph may be added here.

Chibbert y Chiarn, which I located on Slieu Dhoo, Ballaugh, is really on the other side of the watershed, by the roadside above Injebreck, Lezayre. The "patchwork" mentioned consisted of fragments of coloured flannel, cloth, etc., stitched together, and laid on the grass in front of the well. Mrs. B., my informant, recollects having been taken to it by her grandfather, Phaddy Mylcharane, about 75 years ago. He left a shilling there and repeated a prayer or charm, but as she was a small child at the time he did not allow her to hear the words he used. A shilling at that date, it may be remarked, had a purchasing value in the Isle of Man equal to three or four shillings to-day, and in the case of a peasant in a small way of living such an offering was the strongest possible testimony of his faith in the curative powers of the water.

There is, I am told, another *Chibber y Chiarn* on Montpelier, but I know nothing more of it.

A recent visit to *Chibber y Vashtee* (page 73), Maughold, reveals the regrettable fact that it has been filled in.

Since quoting, rather dubiously, what I believe is the only printed reference to a remarkable well on the Dreemlang, Marown (page 83), I have received oral confirmation of its former existence. My informant, G.C. of Maughold parish, remembers it perfectly as having approximated to the Guide-book's description, when he was living in the neighbourhood some 30 years ago. The great stones were in position when he left.

Both *Chibber y Punch* and the *Brandy Well*, in the popular derivation, take their epithets from English. In support of this opinion, a man of mature years who is well acquainted with the upland part of Lezayre tells me that they are one and the same well, and that both names are attributable to the former consumption of spirituous liquors on the premises. The local shepherds had a custom of gathering there on a certain day in September to sort out their respective sheep, and celebrated this annual reunion by drinking each other's healths and engaging in such simple festivities as the remoteness of the place permitted. The last time my friend attended, somewhere about 25 years ago, he found no more than two shepherds present, elderly men who confessed that they had met only to enjoy a friendly drink together, and to keep up the old custom. May the country Gods protect their ashes!

CHAPTER II

COAST-NAMES OF RUSHEN

"Every square foot of rock round the coast [of Lewis] on which a man can stand and hold a fishing-rod, has had bestowed upon it the dignity of a name."

(*Trans. of Gaelic Soc. of Inverness*, xxvi., 450.)

Chapter II

COAST-NAMES OF RUSHEN

Those who were acquainted with the late Charles Roeder of Manchester will not need reminding of his zeal as a collector of folk-lore, place-names and dialect during his brief insular holidays, or of his happy knack of eliciting information. His gatherings have the two-fold merit of being taken directly from the lips of fishermen and peasants—many of whom were also his friends—and of being transmitted to his readers exactly as received. What his tact and pertinacity drew forth was promptly committed to his note-book in the words in which it was given to him, however bald sometimes, and occasionally ridiculous, it may have sounded. During two or three walks in his company about the year 1900, in the district to which he returned summer after summer with undiminished affection, I had an opportunity to learn the rudiments of this kind of fishing, and have often regretted letting a score of years elapse before trying seriously to put the lesson into practice.

Besides the considerable body of folk-lore contained in his book, *Manx Notes and Queries*, and in the papers he contributed to *Yn Lioar Manninagh*, his account of the Manx herring-fishery, in the course of which he pursues his herrings relentlessly from the pre-natal roe

to the post-mortem platter, deserves note as a model of thorough investigation. Though he seldom theorized, his critical comments were usually shrewd and to the point. For example, in his sketch of " The Manxman " as history has moulded him, he emphasizes, on page 26 of his *Notes and Queries*, a truth which is apt to be overlooked or minified. " With the influx of the Lancashire race, largely recruited from the Fylde, which began with the incoming of the Stanleys in 1407, Douglas, Castletown and Peel became the great centres which transfused the Island with Lancashire blood, manners, customs, habits and ways . . . it may be truly said, what Lancashire has lost in folk-lore can be restituted from the Manx peasantry, whose folk-lore, as it exists now, is largely of Lancashire origin ; their songs, children's games, and music even have been absorbed by the Manx country people, and are found to have penetrated into the most secluded hill and upland villages. The Lancashire rule came as a blessing, and softened the hatred of the foreign yoke which had sunk deep into the heart of the Manx ; their aversion and [antipathy] for anything Irish, Low or Highland Scotch, became proverbial and simmered on for centuries." As regards the " blessing of Lancashire rule," it is true that later he wrote : " The people did not progress or prosper under the Stanleys." But Progress has been found out at last, and the consequences of Prosperity are not always admirable ; it may even be argued that a people is more blest without either of them. He cannot therefore be justly convicted of contradicting himself in these two passages.

Roeder also wrote for the Manx newspapers, in one of which the *Notes and Queries* were first seriated without attracting the co-operation he would have welcomed. His presentations to the local Society's library, which not many members have seen, included some interesting and probably valuable items. His enthusiasm—the enthusiasm of a stranger, not even English—for old Manx lore, inspired the late Miss Sophia Morrison to devote herself to the subject which became so dear to her, wherein he has an indirect claim also upon our gratitude. He saved much material of various kinds from oblivion ; had he been able to dwell permanently in the Island, as he would fain have done, what a bulky treasure he would have left us ! It is in the belief that Charles Roeder has not received all the credit which is due to him that these memoranda are offered.

All Roeder's Manx folk-lore, or nearly all, was, I believe, published during his lifetime. The unpublished lists of place-names and additions to the Ordnance map, collected up to 1898, which he bequeathed to the Reference Library, Manchester, would form a useful contribution to a Manx " Hogan," or to a complete insular Gazetteer, either of which is likely to remain a long-felt want. From these names I have omitted the few which are recorded by the Ordnance Survey, except when scraps of lore or description were added, or when there seemed to be something fresh to say about them. Some of the number which he communicated to A. W. Moore for the revised edition of his work on the subject are included here, as are a few others common to that

work and to Roeder's MSS.; in both cases because they are not located by Moore. My own comments are kept separate by brackets.

I should add that I am indebted to Roeder for many names of wells in the parish of Rushen which are included in the first chapter of this miscellany; particulars concerning them taken from him, and from other printed and manuscript sources concerning other wells, are, unless of a very trivial nature, acknowledged *in loco*. This applies equally to material contained in succeeding chapters. The complaint may be made that all these matters, these almost effaced traditions, disintegrated legends, and seemingly perishing beliefs, are trivial. And so, for the most part, they are, in what appears of them above the surface; but try to dig down to their roots, and often enough they are found to be tapping unexpected depths, and sharing origins with growths of a very different description.

The Shore-Line from the Little Sound Northwards.

[References to "Ordnance Map" are to the sheets of the 6-in. scale.]

Towl Kirree. ["Sheep's Hole," at Ghaw ny Kirree.]

Bow Beg Chitterland, a place for white pollocks. ["Little Kitterland-rock."]

Gob y Obbyr, a place for bollans. ["Headland of the Working," *i.e.*, mine.]

Lagman, a hollow.

Awin Obbyr Noa. ["Stream of the New Working"; mine or slate-quarry.]

Gob y Dullish. ["Point of the Dullish"—seaweed.]

[*Im Leod*, Ordnance map, comes in here.]

Gob, **Clett**, **Purt**, **Ghaw** } **Aldrick.** ["Aldrick { Point." / Offshore Rock." / Harbour." / Cove."]

Cabbyl Aldrick. ["Aldrick Horse"—*i.e.*, a rock fancied to resemble a horse; though the word *cabbyl* is applied to coast-rocks which the liveliest imagination could not liken to horses. It appears to have become a generic term, without reference to contour, and to be peculiar, not only to the Isle of Man, but to the Southern part of its coast.]

Traie (Aldrick) ny Craggyn. ["(Aldrick) Strand of the Rocks."]

Creggyn Myney Aldrick. ["Small Rocks of Aldrick."]

Boalley, "a wall." A great precipice.

Slieu Ynnyd ny Cassan, quite near to ***Lheim y Shynnee,*** a hundred yards inland, where the Irish giant left his footmarks in the rock when he jumped across. His club-foot sank into the rock. ["Moorland of the Mark of the Feet." This place is now usually called "St. Patrick's Footprints."]

Carrick Mooiney. ["Urine Rock."]

Dullish Bully. Bully was a nickname of the Ballahowe people. [Literally, "Bully's Seaweed," but probably for *doarlish*, meaning a break in the cliff.]

Pytt Bully. [" Bully's Pit," a word for a deep place borrowed from the English, as in *Pytt Harry Cabbagh* near the Thousla Rock, and " Dauby Pitt " in Durham's map, 1595.]

Slieu Bully. [" Bully's Moor or Hillside."]

Towl ny Muck. [" Hole of the Pig," who, in this uninhabited region, was evidently no ordinary pig. See *Mucklagh Muck*, page 106.]

Ghaw Wither, at *Glion Wither*. [The place is much more of a " ghaw " than a glen, and *glion* here may apply rather to the small stream which falls through the rift-valley. *Wither* is not explicable by what survives of Manx, for *medher*, a small wooden tub, is inadequate. Power, *Place-Names of Decies*, has a coastal-cliff feature, *Gualainn a Weatherach*, on which he remarks " meaning unknown," but which suggests the Gaelic *miodreach*, " disfigurement," as the explanation of both itself and *Wither*. If so, the name may be due in the present case to the disintegrating tendency of the ground hereabouts. In one spot it is in an early stage of the perpendicular cleavage which is more strikingly exemplified at The Chasms. Near the latter place occurs a name *Illmither* which seems to contain the same term.]

Lhiondaig Pohllinagh, a green where mermaids sun themselves ; a smooth spot in the East corner of Glen Wither. [" Sward of the Merman."]

Ghaw yn Dullish. Dullish, seaweed which grows in caves where fresh water drops on it they call *dullish fer ushtey*, fresh water dullish ; good to eat and a remedy for worms.

Gob Jeeragh, not *Ghaw Jeeragh,* as on map. [" Straight Headland," *i.e.,* upright, perpendicular.]

Ennyn Lheean, " Broad precipice."

Ghaw ny Moayrd, not *Mooarid,* as on Ordnance map. [" Cove of the Tables "—flat rocks.]

Creg y Taggart, " Priest's Rock." [Or " Taggart's Rock " ; but it may refer to the tithe of fish formerly due to the clergy.]

Gob Traie ny Minnies or **Minnag.** [This and the previous name are inserted from Roeder's additions to the 6-in. Ordnance map. " Point of the Shore of the Fragments."]

The Grooar, behind Port Erin Breakwater, in which are dark caves. " A rough beach." [" The Grains " ; *i.e.,* stones.]

Magher Ghrooar. [" Grooar Field."]

Ghaw Ghorraghey, beneath *Ny Chastalyn.* [Adjacent to the foregoing. " Dark Cave." Moore, *Manx Names,* has a *Ghaw Dorraghey,* which may be the same place. *Ny Chastalyn* is " The Castles " on the Ordnance map—a translation.]

[*Creg ny Inneen* comes in here on the Ordnance map ; then]

Creg ny Mollan. [" Rock of the Bollans."]

Droghad Tim, Port Erin. " Timothy's [Bridge."]

Braggan Hill, where the Falcon's Nest Hotel now stands. [Or " The Braggan."]

Kione Hoal Traie, where the Fish-hatchery is. " Over against the strand." [" Point beyond the Strand."]

Renniaght y Cottier, where Laughton's house is. Fern grew here. [" Ferny-place of Cottier." The land called

The Rowaney, now largely built upon, was divided into the quarterlands of *Rowaney Gawne* and *Rowaney Cottier*, of which latter this name is a reminder.]

Ny Pooyl Faarkee, bathing place. [" The Sea-pools."]

Folta or **Volta,** Port Erin. The name of the place from Maddrell's house to the Eagle Hotel was *Magher Folta*. The well in it is *Chibbyr Folta*, and the *Lower Folta* is towards the station. At *Creg Folta* is the *Gutter Folta*. [This name belongs to the land bordering the Spaldrick road as far as the first hill. *Creg y Folta* is where the lighthouse stands, and was the only place North of the harbour where the fishermen could tie up their boats. Here stood *Chibbyr Folta* above the lighthouse, and from it ran the *Gutter Folta*. Gaelic *falltach*, a cliffy place. The name is almost forgotten now, some thirty years after Roeder wrote.]

Glion y Cain, and **Droghad Glion y Cain,** on the highroad [at Spaldrick, which crosses the first, " Cain's Glen," by means of the second, " Cain's Glen Bridge." It is possible, however, that " Cain " is a perversion of *cheayn*, sea.]

Ghaw Harry Perrick. [*Ghaw ny Pharick* on the Ordnance map. This and Spaldrick represent the *Portwick* of Durham's map, 1595.]

Goayr Vane, quartz rocks on the land [West of Spaldrick. " White Goat."]

Creg y Bollan Braddach. [" Rock of the Thievish Bollan or carp "—*i.e.*, stealing the bait.]

Ghaw Roole Mooie, Vean, and **Sthie.** [" Inner, Middle, and Outer Reddish Creek."]

Bay yn Sker. [" Bay of the Sea-rock."]

Claragh yn Sker, " passage between the skers," Claraidh, Irish, a partition, division ; or

Claddagh yn Sker, " stony shore," no doubt the correct form. [Roeder also places a *Bay yn Sker* here, which Moore has ; Ordnance map has *Yn Sker* only. A sker is a rock near to, but detached from, the land.]

Gob Carn, or **Carran, Vradda.** [" Bradda-cairn Head." Bradda Hill is known to the fishermen as *Cronk Carran*, a " haaf " or sea name for a landmark, as is usual.]

Yesberry Clets. [A *clet* is an offshore rock.]

Carran, or **Carn, Vriew.** [" Brew's Cairn," if correctly spelt ; otherwise, and more plausibly, " Cliff Cairn "—*broogh*. I have never heard it pronounced.]

Bay Follashen [accent on ultimate]. Now " Johnson's Rock." [Named after Johnson, captain of a ship wrecked near here. *Falla*, a cliff, *shen* doubtful ; perhaps " old," with its following noun omitted.]

Bow Champ, a fishing rock. [North of Creg Harlot, and probably named from " The Camp," a conspicuous streak of quartz in the cliff-face above.]

Creg Harlot. [Ordnance map and Moore. Moore queries " Corlett's Rock," but Corlett is not a local name, for what that is worth. Perhaps *hurlit*, aspirated form of *surlit*, " tossed," " tumbled " ; *i.e.*, from the cliff, below which it lies in the water.]

Obbyr ny Meainey, the North Bradda lead-mines. [" Work of the Mine."]

Purt Inny Ding, or **Port Harry Ding.** [The Ordnance map's *Purt ny Ding* is probably the correct form ;

" Port of the Fort."] Here Capt. Sam Johnson's body was found when his ship was wrecked at Fleshwick. It is a creek ; on the East side of it is

Phott Dhoo, " black pot," or The Stack.

Carrick Volta, at the South end of

Volta Bay, or Vulthur Bay ; [for *Volta* see back] ; and

Volta Carrach [at its North end in Roeder's additions to the Ordnance map].

Ghaw Jiarg, a large cave. [" Red Cave." *Ghaw*, meaning in its original Norse form *gjà* a small opening in a lofty coast-line, is used for both coves and sea-caves.]

Carran or **Yarran** ; " The Carn," O.S. map ; the name of a little yellow spot on the cliff near Fleshwick. *Carran* are small white shells that grow on the rocks below high-water mark, under full sea mark. When the Carron and the Yarron are bearing in one it is a fishing-mark. [I do not follow these remarks, but no doubt Roeder put down exactly what he was told by his fishermen-friends, except that the definition of *Carran* is taken from Cregeen's Dictionary.]

Scraaver y Harry or **Scraper Harry,** " Harry's Cat." A white spot in the cliff like a cat—a *haaf* name. A place towards Fleshwick Bay. [*Scraaver*, " scratcher," is a well-known sea-term for a cat.]

[*Amulty* and *Fleshwick Bay* come in here.]

Ghaw Ving. Echo. [" Resounding Cave." *Bing* implies the higher notes of a scale.]

Cashtal Freoiae, a castle rock. [" Heather Castle," in the Southern part of Reckley or Raclay.]

Cashtal Reckley. [Another castle of the fancy, situated at the steep break in the coast known as *Reckley*—Raclay on the Ordnance map. The affinities of the name seem to lie in the direction of the several " Rathlins " of the Irish coast, the *Rachrinn* of which these are a modern corruption being the genitive of native forms appearing as *Rechra, Rachray, Raghery*, etc. Assuming Ptolemy's " Rhikina " to be approximately correct, the transitions to both *Rathlin* and *Raclay* are quite normal.—(See Joyce, *Irish Names*, i., 105, 2nd edn.) To the examples there given might be added *Raghley*, a small point or peninsula in Sligo Bay, where the pronunciation as I have heard it has escaped the dentalization of the " c " and remains nearest to the Manx word, whether related or not.

Bowyn Harry. Harry was some old fisherman; three places here are called " Harry's place."

Yn Oghe or the oven, so called because the inside is larger than the mouth; the waves strike into the mouth with a force that sounds for miles. Another behind Bradda. [A large cave.]

Dooinney Lheeah, a " dullish " cave. [" Grey Man, probably so-named from an adjacent rock.]

Arnarea. The brig " Wilhelmina " wrecked here with loss of all hands 40 [now about 70] years ago. [The *Eairnyerey* of the Ordnance map, another attempt at representing the Manx pronunciation of a Norse name. " Eagle's Nest "; a steep broken precipice.]

Boayrd yn Eagle. A grassy patch at the top [of the

cliff] where they devoured their prey. ["Table of the Eagle"; but were not these "sea-eagles" or ospreys ?]

Garroo Clagh; a landslip here . . . ["Rugged Boulder(s)." There is a story, still well-remembered in Patrick, that a section of the Peel fishing-fleet manned largely from Dalby sheltered under this place one Sunday night, and a landslide swamped the boats. Most of the remainder which had not run inshore were destroyed by the storm. As with most traditions of the kind, it is impossible to ascertain the date, but Jeffreys, in his anonymous *Account of the Isle of Man*, 1809, says it happened "more than a century past"; (page 168). It was and is believed to have been a divine punishment for fishing on a Sunday. Sunday fishing has been *taboo* in modern times, but not always, for in 1610 it was necessary to forbid it by Act of Tynwald, and by further orders in 1714 and 1752.] In the outer edge of *Garroo Clagh* is a little beach with a cave called

Lion's Cave. [So-called, perhaps, from the roaring of the water in it, as the Gulf of Lyons is said to be.]

[*The Sloc* comes in here.]

String Buigh, a good place for pollock. [***Stroin Vuigh***, Ordnance map; *i.e.*, "Yellow Nose." Nearly a mile farther is *Gob yn Ushtey*, "Headland of the Stream," which comes tumbling down the cliff. The nomenclature of the coast from here to *Niarbyl* has been recorded by Mr. Caesar Cashen in *Mannin*, May, 1915. Off the South-Western shore-line are the following]

Fishing-Spots at Sea.

Out of *Sloc* is

Barnaghyn. [" The Gaps or Clefts."]

The Hole, good for conger. Near *Fleshwick* is

The Molhécy; one of its marks is the corner of a field called

Corneil y Phaark [" Corner of the Pairk " or upland pasture], and the other mark is the hole opening in the Stack at the outer point of the Calf. [" Marks," it is perhaps unnecessary to explain, are land-marks for locating fishing-spots.]

Niarbyl Bay for small cods and flukes.

Creg y Kuvin. [" Rock of the Strait, or Corner."]

Shore-Line from the Sound Eastward.

Sluggid ny Keeyleys. [" Whirlpool of the Sound "; this is off the North-East corner of the Calf. There is another " Sluggid " near Spanish Head. Although *sluggid* means literally a " swallowing-place," they are not serious affairs, and are only noticeable at certain states of the tides.]

Towl Crackan, a crab-hole. [" Skin Hole or Cave."]

Gob ny Claghyn Baney. [" Point of the White Boulders."]

[" The Parade " comes in here.]

Towl Ghaw Cabbyl. [" Horse-creek Cave." From *Ghaw Cabbyl* horses were shipped to and from the Calf, hence the name.]

Bowyn Watlag [" Whelk Rocks "], sunken rocks by

Carrick ny Haa. [*Carrick Nay* on Ordnance map. A

large fishing rock. "Rock of the Sward"?—*cf.* "The Nay," North of Bradda Head.]

Lhag y Vagher. ["Hollow of the Field."]

Ghaw ny Spyrryd. About 150 years ago copper was mined in it; the old timbers have been found inside. ["Creek of the Spirit," probably the kind which used to be smuggled out of the Island. Rumours of a howling spirit infesting the place may have been suggested by the name. He has "a head like a big pot with three great horns," which may be why he howls. *Spyrryd* is also a name, and not a bad one, for the common tern.]

Drug Drine. Blackthorn grows here. ["(Place of) Dogrose Bushes."]

Barroo Ned, named after Ned Carran of the Howe, the owner. [Preferably "Promontory-fort of the Nests," and usually spelt *Burroo.*] Two large earth and stone ramparts. Six large sets of pit-dwellings. At the Parade, opposite the Calf, I found flint knives and cores on *Magher y Chean,* on Sound farm, 25th June, 1901. Fishing-marks here are called

Cleayshyn, "ears," and

Claghyn Baney ["White Stones"], which are quartzite veins.

Glion Cheayn. [North of Carrick Nay. "Glen of the Sea."]

Greeishyn yn Varoo. ["Stairs of the Burroo" Ned, the path between the sea and the top of the cliff.]

Clet y Vannac or **Vonnac,** at Burroo Ned foot, in creek. ["Sea-rock of the Monk."]

Clet y Varoo. ["Sea-rock of the Burrow."]

Creg Cubbin. [Compare *Creg y Kuvin* above. "Narrow Rock" or "Rock of the Narrow Place."]

Ushtey yn Liggea, where the stream Liggea or Liggey runs down from Cregneish. [*Lhieggey* is a term applied generically to falling water, rather than a river-name.] Also

Cabbyl Liggea. ["Horse-like Rock of the Lhieggey."]

Ghaw Liggea. ["Lhieggey Creek."]

Liggea Veg. ["Little Lhieggey."]

Liggea Veanagh ["Middle Lhieggey."]

Bay yn Liggea, not *Breechyn*. [Both names may be authentic, though Roeder implies that the latter is not used locally; there is a *Brogaig*, "Breeches Bay" according to McBain, in Skye.]

Ghaw Wooar, said to be the biggest [cave] on the Island. Dead hares were found here which had been chased over the cliff by the pack of harriers kept by Gawne of Kentraugh.

Thoagh, Thau, or **Thay, Wooar,** a perpendicular precipice. ["Big Side."]

Creg yn Lheim. [Literally "Rock of the Leap," though it is not necessary to believe that anyone has leapt it, or even an animal unless a legendary one. *Lheim* is a narrow space or pass between two steep banks or cliffs, usually with water flowing between them. This definition does not apply to *Lheim y Shynnee*, "Leap of the Fox," near Aldrick, which is a sheer rock-face down which the last Manx fox is said to have jumped to escape its pursuers.]

Towl Sophy is a crab-hole here. ["Sophy's Hole or Cave."]

Creg yn Cabbyl [" Rock of—*i.e.*, like—the Horse."]

Ronsdale. [" Seal's Valley," as it stands ; but since that does not make very good sense, perhaps " Ron " represents a man's name.]

Jehibo. [Application and meaning unknown to me.]

Kione Spainey is the East end only of the " Spanish Head " of the map. [Though a rusty cannon which used to figure in a private garden in Port Erin was said to have been fished up at Spanish Head, there is no ground for the legend that a ship of the Armada was wrecked there, or that any of the crew came ashore. The whole fleet has been accounted for in works on the subject, and no member of it was lost on the Manx coast.]

Chibbyrt Kione Spainey. [" Spanish Head Well."]

Clieu Wooar, on Spanish Head. [" Big Moor or Hillside."]

Sleshberry. The tide runs out so fast from the rocks that no boat-fishing is possible here. [The *Slea ny Bery* of the Ordnance map. " Flank of the Cliff."]

Ghaw Sleshberry. A crabhole at the foot of the high perpendicular cliff.

Cronk Chreen. Surname. [Or " Withered Hill " ; of poor vegetation.]

Kione Dhoo. [The " Black Head " of the Ordnance map translates it.]

Cabbyl Dhoo. [" Black Horse," a rock.]

Ghaw ny Buggane, or **Ghaw Kione Dhoo,** where the Buggane used to shout. Just North of *Kione Dhoo.* [In *Yn Lioar Mann.*, iii., page 142, Roeder reports, from an informant concerning this place and its sole

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inhabitant, that "there was a buggane out there at Black Head, near Spanish Head . . . He was in a cave, roaring awfully sometimes. I have seen the cave often myself, and its floor is paved with white pebbles. His head was like a big horse, and he had eyes like a pewter plate." To "shout," in Anglo-Manx, is to utter any kind of cry or call, whether human, animal, or, as in the case of the Buggane, demonic. Bugganes themselves are equally indeterminate. Some of them swell up and change their shape while you are looking at them. The name in fact covers almost all apparitions of the gloomier sort, black dogs in particular, and even ghosts when these are not recognizably human. There is also a shore-haunting sea-demon who appears as a horse, or something partially resembling one, and him we seem to meet with here. The *Buggane Mooar* or Big Buggane, their Chief, is a world-celebrity under other names. It may be their native elasticity and adaptability which have enabled the Bugganes to keep step with the march of Progress, unlike the Giants and the Fairies, who have fallen out of our ranks.

In Anglo-Manx Bugganes are usually masculine, but they may also be neuter; it depends on their form, or lack of it. In Manx they cannot sit on the fence, though they may lurk behind the hedge. Here Roeder, in defiance of supernatural history, makes his Buggane feminine; probably a slip for *yn*.]

Raad ny Mullaghyn. ["Road of the Little Summit," or "of the Mounds."]

Bay Cass Strooan. Sometimes bollan enough; the "bush" stayed at these rocks for about eight months.

" Bush " = *immyr corraa* or the butt of spawn herring. [" Stream-foot Bay."]

Ghaw Cass Strooan. [" Stream-foot Creek."]

Robogue. [A ravine, " *Rheboeg* " on the Ordnance map. Compare *Rebog*, on the coast South of Douglas. The stress is on the ultimate in both. " Rough, broken ground." Cf. *Rebogc*, Co. Limerick ; Joyce, iii.]

Fo ny Renneeyn. [" Under the Ferns." A stretch of beach at the foot of the cliff.]

Ghaw Litcheragh. [" Lazy Creek," perhaps from its slowly-moving water.]

Traie Robogue. [" Robogue Shore."]

Creggyn Mooarey Robogue. [" Big Rocks of Robogue."]

Ghaw Aalish. [" Alice's Creek,"—or Cave.]

Mucklagh Muck. A little hole in the cliff below the Chasms, with an entrance like the door of a pigstye. A place for gulls' eggs. [" Pig's Pigstye," but evidently a distinguished pig, since an ordinary animal would have been sufficiently indicated by *mucklagh ;* the site, moreover, is not well-suited to pig-keeping. A final adjective may have been dropped—*wooar, dhoo,* or another. Other places to which the term *mucklagh* is applied are commonplace enough in appearance, and were doubtless nothing more than ordinary pig-enclosures ; yet a significant shade of demeanour towards the word is discernible in some of the older people. The Mucklaghs of *Cashel Vanannain* " take their name from a legend that they are the rootings of a magical boar," and boars and pigs of an uncanny nature must have been plentiful in the Isle of Man also

at a more romantic stage of its history, for fragments of a Porcine Legend are strewn up and down the countryside.]

Cashtal yn Staggey. English, the Sugarloaf. [" Castle of the Stack " or tall isolated rock.]

The Hall. At the entrance to the subterranean passage to the Sugarloaf. [A natural tunnel through the cliff into *Bay Stacka*, which provides a thrilling bit of navigation for small boats when the tide is high enough. " Hall " probably stands for " Hole " or *towl ;* the place used to be called " The Fairy Hole."]

Cabbyl Ranger, just West of the Anvil. [Query " French, or Frenchman's Rock " ?—*Frangagh*. If so, probably reminiscent of the misadventures of some foreign ship.]

Ingen ny Keirdagh. [" Anvil of the Smithy " ; " The Anvil " on Ordnance map.]

Binkyn y Keig, " pincers of Keig." [Query *keird* or *keirdagh*, the craftsman, smith ?]

Geaylin ny Gaaue. [A sea-rock under the cliff ; for *y Ghaaue*—" Shoulder of the Smith," in reference to *Ingen y Keirdagh*. *Geaylin* is applied to places on a hill-side below the highest point, as in *Geaylin ny Geayee*, " Shoulder of the Winds," on South Barrule, *Geaylin ny Cholloo* on the Calf, and *Geaylin Vaughal*. By a few people, at least, the word is dimly associated, in a personifying spirit, with the idea of earth-giants, half emergent from their chthonian matrix in the Rodin manner. The metaphorical use of it in place-names may have given rise to such imaginings in the Isle of Man by reflected suggestion, or they may

be vestiges of a genuine mytho-poesis and of a piece with the epithet bestowed upon the Boyne, " the Arm of Nuada's Wife "—Nuada the deity, Buana his consort —and with the conception of MacCecht the earth-god (*cecht*, a ploughshare), in the Irish saga of " Dá Derg's Hostel " : " two lakes were his eyes, two hills his knees." Seen as twilight deepens into darkness he is mistaken for a mountain, but when his true nature is perceived the army is stricken with panic.]

Carrick Goggan. [" Rock of the Clefts," at *Kione ny Goggan*, the " Noggin Head " of the map.]

Hippaney. A rock for bollan. [" *Ippney*," Ordnance map ; local pronunciation " Hippaney."]

Ghaw ny Geyrragh. [" Cove of the Sheep."]

Callowah. A crack in the cliff. [*Calloway* on Ordnance map, and applied to the foreshore ; " Callowah " is the local pronunciation.]

[Perwick Bay and *Glion Perwick* come in here.]

Creg ny Scarroo, the " Shag Rock " of the Ordnance map [which translates it. *Errag wooar*, big pullet, and *feeagh marrey*, sea-raven, are other names for the shag or cormorant].

Creg Mwyllin, the " Flat Rock " of the Ordnance map. [" Mill Rock."]

Ny Aieyn Eayl. [" The Lime-kilns."]

Gob y Phunt. [" Point of the Pound."]

Jeig, where Port St. Mary Breakwater is built. [*Jeeg*, a ditch, moat or drain ; (Cregeen). A drain in this case.]

Creg ny Roan, " Pot Rock," Ordnance map. [" Rock of the Seal."]

Poynt Veg, the little point, where the Pier is.

Shore-Line of the Calf, going from North to South [through East].

Gob y Shen Ellan. ["Point of the Old Island."]

Duggil. A sheltered corner where pollock and blockan are found. ["Dark Ravine."]

Thie yn Woy Mooar, "House of the Big Boy." Near *The Rullick* used to be a house where a man lived called the Woy Mooar; it was a mark for the fishing-ground off this rock.

Kione ny Holby, Scotch Head. [*Kione ny Halby*, Ordnance map.]

Creg Folley. A rock at the Calf, a few yards from the mainland; [*i.e.*, from the Calf Island. An old Port Erin fisherman tells a yarn about this rock which purports to explain its name. An elderly farmer of the Howe or Corvalley, I forget which, was taken out at his own adventurous request for a day's fishing. The crew left him sitting here contentedly while they went on to another *lheih*. There they were so successful that they remembered his existence only just in time to rescue him when the rising tide was up to his oxters. As they approached they heard him swearing by his conscience ("Er my coonsheance" used to be a favourite Anglo-Manx expletive), and when he caught sight of the boat he flourished his fist at them and shouted: "*Cred folly eh shoh! Cred folly eh shoh!*"—"What folly is this!" Hence the name of the rock.

This explanation belongs to a school of semi-humorous etymology which has its professors throughout the

Kingdom, but need not be taken seriously. *Creg Folley* means "Sanguineous Rock," from its colouring.]

Port Noa. ["New Harbour."]

Goll yn Vurrow. The passage between the Calf and the Burrow. ["Course of the Burrow."]

Clettyn yn Vurrow. Three rocks at the South corner of the Sound, covered at high water. [On the East side of it. "Sea-rocks of the Burrow."]

Burrow Fagee is an old name for the Burrow. [Old enough for its meaning to be obscure; but the general significance is "departure." Why?] Here also is a place called

Hedgh y Traie, "edge of the tide or eddy."

Sker Vreckey, not "Vreacey" as on Ordnance map. ["Speckled Rock."]

[*Rarick* comes in here.]

Magher y Wooilin above Rarick. ["Field of the Mill."]

Yn Poyll. ["The Puddle" on Ordnance map. "The Pool" or deep place.]

Ghaw Raun. Seals used to gather here at night, but are absent now. ["Seal Cove."]

Yn Glion, not *Yn Leodan* [as on Ordnance map. "The Glen."]

Ny Manesyn Mooarey and **Ny Manesyn Beggey.** Sunken rocks. The "Manusan Rocks" of the Ordnance map.

Gob Caigher. ["Caigher Point," Ordnance map.]

Gob y Volley Caigher.

Ghaw Caigher.

Yn Chlie. ["The Earth-hedge or Bank."]

Ushtey yn Chlie. [" Water or Stream of the Bank."]

Bowyn Curberry, not *Culberry*, as on Ordnance map. [" Carbery's Submerged Rock."]

Clett Hurberry or **Hurby,** not *Clett Elby*, as on Ordnance map. [Probably *Hurberry* — " Carbery's Off-shore Rock."]

Lheih Dowyn. [" Deep Fishing-spot "], or

Ghaw ny Foillan. [" Creek of the Gulls."]

Ny Carroo. On the West side of the Calf. A place for whelks. Sea often very rough here.

Towl ny Keelys. [" Hole or Cave of the Narrows."]

Ghaw ny Birragh. [" Creek of the Pointed Rock."]

Yn Staggey. A little island. [" The Stack," or tall isolated rock. A common coast-name.]

Goll ny Staggey. The passage between the Stacks. [" Course, or Channel, of the Stacks."]

Glioonyn yn Staggey. [" Knees of the Stack."]

Gob y Quarter-Hole. [Probably a corruption of *Qualterough*, the surname.]

Bow Amultee or **Bow Amyltee.**

Gob Amultee.

Bow yn Chellag Wooar. Chellag is a fish [the pollock, resembling a mackerel; it is called *Calliach* in the North of the Island].

Pytt Harry Cabbagh. Cabbagh = " shuddering." [" Stuttering Harry's Pit " or deep spot.]

The Tushla, or *Tushtya* as pronounced by the men. [The " Thousla Rock " of the Ordnance map.]

Car Wilys, just East of the bottom of Kitterland They throw their boats here [*i.e.*, draw them up].

Field-names on the Calf.

Faale Cronk. [" Hill paddock."]
Magher Veanagh. [" Middle ploughland."]
Mill Haggard. [" Mill stackyard."]
Thie Vushell. [" Bushell's house."]
Paark Mooar. [" Big rough-pasture."]
Magher y Wyllin. [" Ploughland of the mill."]
Cooil Thie. [" House corner."]
Close ny Eanlee. [" Enclosure of the birds."]

Names on Kitterland.

Famman Kitterland. [" Tail of Kitterland."]
Dooid Kitterland. [" Blackness, or Black Place, of Kitterland."]
Ghaw Lieh. [Means " Half Creek " as spelt, but more probably " Fishing-spot Creek " ;—*lheih.*]
Yn Keelys Veg and **Yn Keelys Mooar.** [" The Little Sound " and " The Big Sound " ; the latter is the " Calf Sound " of the Ordnance map. *Keelys*, though feminine in Manx, is masculine in Gaelic, hence the uncertainty in the forms of its adjectives. The same remark applies to the word *Purt.*]

Names about Fistard.

Lag Boayl Taggart. [" Hollow of Taggart's Place."]
Cronk yn Ollee. [" Hill of the Cattle." This is probably the piece of land on Corvalley now called *Cronk yn Alley* or *Alla.*]
Cronk Glen Chass. [" Glen Chass Hill."]

Creggan Vule. [" Rocky-place of the Mull " ; it is crowned by]

Tooar Vule. [" Tower of the Mull," a cairn above Cregneish. Once only I have heard it called *Car Vanannain*, but this does not seem to be known locally. If it was ever an authentic name I can only say to the reader what the young man said to Caeilte in *The Colloquy of the Ancients*, " There is not anything of which I would interrogate thee sooner than of the reason why the name of *Carn Manannain* or Manannan's Cairn is given to this one."]

Faaie Loauyr. [*Sic* for *liauyr ;* " Long Green."]

Faaie Thoalt. [" Barn Green."]

Bwoailley Ghowin Fayle. [" Fayle's Heifer Fold " ; " Fayle " was used at sea for " Gale."]

Magher Spool.

Garey Joe.

Nullagh Chrink, on the Foreland near the Chasms. [As written would mean " the Hiding-place of the Hill," but is probably a slip for *Mullagh*, top.]

Car yn Touree, field near Robogue. " All the summer." [See Cregeen's Dictionary under " Car " ; presumably a reference to farming operations.]

Illmither and **Magher yn Illmither,** field near the foregoing, also called " the Ferns." [Query, cf. *Glen Wither ?*—page 94.]

Slieu Robbard [" Robert's Moorland," and]

Slieu Droghad Fayle, on the Foreland near Spanish Head, at the back of *Baih ny Breechyn*, reaching down to Cronk Mooar. [Intack belonging to *Droghad Fayle*, " Fayle's Bridge," a farm about a mile and a half away.]

Cronk y Vretney Veg and **Mooar.** Both above *the Struggan*, Port Erin. Wales could be seen from the summit. [" Little, and Big, Hill of the Welshman." Cf. *Ellan Vretney*, " Welsh Island," Langness.]

Place-names and Field-names around the Sound Farm and Northward.

The Rhullick. [" The Burial-ground," long disused.]

Magher Bane Pharick. [" Patrick's Light-coloured Ploughland."]

Rass ny Muck. " Pig-seed." [Query, *Rassan ny Muck?* In either case, " Shrubby-place of the Pig." *Rass* and *rassan* are related to the place-name *Rushen*, which occurs half a dozen times in the Island and signifies ground covered with bushes or low trees.]

Halliday Twoaie and **Halliday Jiass.** [" North and South Halliday," two fields at *Cronk Halliday* on Shenvally farm. " Halliday " is a Border and Cumbrian surname from " Halladha," an old Norse name seen in *Dal Halladha*, etc., Sutherland. I know of nothing which would connect either the personal or the family name with this *Halliday* or *Hallidee*.]

Garey Goil. [Probably *garee*, rough useless land, rather than *garey*, a garden. *Garee* is wetter than *reeast*, a word of similar significance. " Rear Waste-land." Roeder has a note, " Gale," which would refer it to the surname.]

Paark y Glion. Where " Bessy Lowry's house " stands, on the road going down to the Sound. [" Rough-pasture of the Glen."]

Paark y Bully. [An old Manx nickname, here used for the Maddrells; probably equivalent to a word similarly used in the North, *booliach.*]

Magher Stabbyl. ["Stable Field."]

Magher Trass Corneilagh. ["Third Corner-field."]

Magher Rowley. At the Sound. ["Reddish Field," see Joyce, ii., 272. Cf. *Roaly Vane,* Lezayre, Lord's Book, 1703, a good example of the secondary use of *bane;* "pale," not "white."]

Magher Runt. At the Sound. ["Round Field." Not necessarily circular, but without angles in its hedges. A common name.]

Glion ny Chellys. ["Glen of the Strait," *cheyllys; i.e.,* of the Sound, into which its stream runs.]

Cronk Chunney, "Gorse Hill." [A rocky hill at the top of the Sound road. See *Chibber Cronk Chunney* under "Well-names."]

Slieu Ballahowe, the highest part of Ballahowe farm.

Towl ny Mwaagh. ["Hole of the Hare," below the Mull Circle.]

Crosh Molley Mooar. [For its signification and for queer stories about this and the foregoing place see Roeder's *Manx Notes and Queries.*]

Lag y Vaarlee, at the Howe. ["Hollow of the Thieves."]

Lhiaght ny Verragh or **Virragh,** The Mull Circle. [Discussed in *Manx Notes and Queries,* pages 73 and 75.]

Yons. Yon = John Maddrell, alias Bully; the Maddrells are called after him.

Awin Bully, the rill from the Howe to the Darragh. [" Bully's River."]

Cooyrt, a field on Ballahowe bordering on *Struan ny Darragh*. [" The Court " ; also applied to the ruined house there.] A place here called

Cabbyl Hobble. [" Chapel—*cabbal*—of the Gathering or Populace "—*pobbyl*. The reason for this name and the previous one might be worth ascertaining. There is nothing striking about the spot superficially, unless it be the banked-up appearance of the *Cooyrt* field on its North-East side.]

Bwoaillie Atha, on the Howe. [" Long Cattle-fold or Milking-place."]

Fields about Cass Struan.

[*Cass Struan*, " Stream-foot " or " Stream-side " ; usually pronounced " Cass Struggan."]

Reeastyn Karran or **Reeast Wooar.** [" Karran's Wastes," or the " Great Waste."]

The Cooyrt. [" The Court."]

Bwoailee Carnoain. Battlefield. [" Cairn Cattlefold."]

Magher yn Edd. Many fields so-called on the Mull. [" Field of the Nest," *i.e.*, nests—singular for plural.]

Garey Twoaie ny Gooyrtey, and **Garey Mooar ny Gooyrtey.** [" Northern, and Big, Rough-land of the Court."]

Close Ooir. " Mould [Enclosure."]

Magher Ollan. " Wool [Field." Probably a shearing-place.]

Magher Naunt. "Aunt's [Field."]

Magher Chirrym. "Dry [Field."]

Croit Yack. "Jack's [Croft."]

Croit Yon Vess. "John Gale." ["John-of-Bessy's Croft," *i.e.*, John Gale.]

Croit Vorgaid. "Margaret." ["Margaret's Croft."]

Croit Sweeney. ["Sweeney's Croft." An Ulster name.]

Croit ny Gruag. ["Croft of the Grub"—singular for plural.]

Thalloo Cushy. A field joined to Perwick. ["Land at the foot"—of the declivity.]

Thalloo Chiarn. ["Lord's land."]

Thalloo Rea. ["Smooth Land."]

Magher Cronk ny Harrey. ["Field of the Watch-hill."]

Magher Droghad Fayle. [See *Slieu Droghad Fayle*, page 113.]

Magher y Conney Sceab. Not far from *Cronk ny Harrey*. ["Field of the Broom-plant."]

Faaie Choil. ["Back Green or Paddock."]

Cooil ny Ghoayr. ["Nook of the Goat"; or "Goats," *ghoair*.]

Creggan Carragh. ["Rough Rocks"; but Roeder has a note, "boggy," so *carragh* may be a variant of *curragh*.]

Cronk yn Thalloo Losht. ["Hill of the Burnt Land."]

Slieu Goile. ["Back Moorland."]

Ny Scortyn, or **Skerryn, Mooarey** and **Beggey.** ["The Chasms," or "The Sea-rocks," Big and Little.]

Cronk Espart. ["Vespers Hill," or "Evening Hill." See *Chibber Cronk Espart*, among the Wells.]

Kermeenyn, a field.

Cronk Skibbalt. ["Hill of the Barn," Gaelic *scioból*, a barn or granary.]

Cronk Quinney. ["Gorse Hill," or "Quinney's Hill."]

Lhergy Liauyr. ["Long Slope."]

CHAPTER III

OLD ROADS AND ROAD-LORE

" The road that I tread is not dusty from wanderers' footsteps,
Nor from the oxen that go their way to the ploughing,
Nor from the passing of lovers."

(*Roumanian folk-song.*)

Herring and jough's what pleases me,
And I know a place in the mountains.
Herring and jough's what pleases me ;
I went on a house in Arbory,
" And where did thou sleep last night ? " says she-
" Augh, I know a place in the mountains ! "

The North is good and the South is good,
But I know a place in the mountains.
The North is good and the South is good ;
I seen a light in the black of a wood,
I seen a light—and I understood,
For I know a place in the mountains.

The South is good but the North is best,
Where I know a place in the mountains.
The South is good but the North is best ;
A stool in the chiollagh to take my rest,
And a wallad of glipes at the parting guest
To bring to his place in the mountains.

When some 's asleep there 's others awake,
And I know a place in the mountains ;
When some 's asleep there 's others awake,
And nobody knows the road I take,
And nobody hears the songs I make,
When I 'm off to my aul in the mountains !

(*Ewan y Pherick's Song.*)

Chapter III

OLD ROADS AND ROAD-LORE

The principal ganglia of the old Manx road-system must have been the two Castles, the Abbey with its dependencies, the scenes, other than these, of judicial assemblies civil and ecclesiastical, and the fairs and markets, including those at the ports of Douglas and Ramsey. For its main connexions as well as for some of its subsidiary filaments the usual term was *bayr* (Gaelic *bothar*) ; *gat* and *gate* (Norse *gata*), were applied to a farm-road or a lane from a main road to a house. *Bayr* is seen compounded in farm-names : *Bealevear*, " Entrance of the Road " ; and road-names have been adopted as farm-names : *Bayrgarrow*, " Rough Road," *Gat y Whing*, " Lane of the Narrow-place " ; but *bayr* is liable to be confused with *baare*, " hill-top." Conversely, many roads have taken their names from the farms to or through which they lead, but these are not strictly road-names. *Raad* is a less frequent term than *bayr* and *gat ;* so far as can be judged by the extant examples it denoted the old long-distance through-routes, such as the *Raad Manachan* (and, one might truthfully add, the *Raad Ree Gorry*), and consequently does not enter into farm-names. Possibly it was received from

Scandinavian at first hand, like *gat*, and not through Irish. As the Norse—the speakers of Old Norse, that is, however they may have been compounded racially in Dublin and the Sudreys—were Mannin's substitute for the Romans, these *raads* may owe their inception as continuous thoroughfares to military requirements. The Gaelic *bealach*, a way or pass, stands alone in *The Bollagh*, and appears compounded as *volley* in various place-names as well as in the diminutive *bollan*, *vollan*. If it was ever used as a first element in farm-names it has become assimilated to *balla*. The terms for the most primitive means of communication, roads in their rudimentary state, are of Gaelic derivation. *Cassan* is a general word for a footpath; *loob* is a path which curves with a stream or small sea-inlet, or deviates to pass an obstacle; *keym*, literally a step, hence a stile, is often applied to a short cut or a link between two divergent roads. The Gaelic *tochar*, a causeway, is traceable in *Kionetagher* and *The Tather*, two intacks in German. *Lorg*, a path, literally a limb, may be the derivation of *Camlork*, "Crooked Path" a farm in Conchan. But the Irish *slighe*, a trunk road, if it was ever used in Man, seems to have lapsed.

The earliest inhabitants, whether they dwelt by the bays and creeks or among the hills, would have little need for paths other than gangways through the heather and brushwood to the nearest fresh water; when agriculture became general the next trails to be defined must have lain approximately at right angles to the axis of the Island, from the cultivable

ground to the sea-shore on the one hand, and to the high moorlands or "mountain land" on the other, with access to the sea first in time and importance. Though some of these private outlets from the farms have been abandoned or taken into cultivation, and others modernized into good cart-roads, survivors, in their original width and direction, may be suspected to exist still in out-of-the-way corners where hills and coast closely approach one another, as in the Bangor Abbeylands in the Southern part of Patrick. Tracks running with the length of the Island and linking the various clan-territories on which were based the later divisions of sheading and parish must have come into being later, and here the Scandinavian spirit of organization, rudimentary though it was in comparison with that of the Romans, had an opportunity of manifesting itself. After these contributions to civilization, we may suppose that communications were further improved by the monks of Rushen, if only to keep in touch with their outlying possessions, and with the dependency of the Abbey at Ballamona in Lezayre. The Church, too, doubtless shared with the Stanleys the task of making and improving roads during the Middle Age; there is a hint of this at a later period in the name "Bishop Wilson's Road." Their innocence of metalling in 1696 is shown by a complaint quoted by Moore that sods had been cut out of the highways, "thereby making holes or pitts." That the great era of modern —or pre-tar modern—road-making occurred in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, when the

increase of wheeled traffic demanded better surfaces and gradients, is made clear by the Statutes of that period and by other documentary evidence. Existing roads were then given a breadth and a quality of surface approximating to those which obtained up to the end of the pre-motor age, and new roads were created where they were found desirable.

An Act of Tynwald confirmed in 1712 decreed that every tenant whose land bordered on the highway should expend 3s. 4d. on such repairs as his section of road might require; if this sum should prove insufficient the rest of the landholders were obliged to contribute labour and materials, each man in proportion to the size of his holding. The Act goes into minute and illuminating details both of the manner in which it was to be applied and of the methods to be employed in repairing highways "which now are, or hereafter shall be, ruinous, in decay, and dangerous for Travellers, Passengers and Carriages." The streets of Douglas remained unpaved up to 1812.

The ancient roads vary in breadth according to the kind of land they are passing through, and their diameter at any given spot gives a pretty good idea of its value from an agricultural point of view. From the farms to the shore they usually illustrate the old Irish legal definition of a *bothar*—a road wide enough for two cows and their calves to pass; but the edges of the upland tracks through intack and garey spread apart without restriction and in places melt into the adjoining landscape, and a mountain trail, when it has become so deeply worn as to be converted into

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Harold Whalley.

THE CROSSAG BRIDGE, BALLASALLA

a winter watercourse, divides itself into several alternatives. To the wayfarer blindfolded by mist or darkness these habits are equally disconcerting.

In the Isle of Man bridges are a comparatively modern convenience, and there is none of which the origin is sufficiently mysterious or the engineering sufficiently remarkable for it to be attributed to the Devil. (A Devil's Glen and a modern Devil's Elbow comprise the whole of his Manx dominions, nominally.) A 13th-century king of the Islands, Reginald, is traditionally credited with the intention of bridging the distance between the Point of Ayre, wherever that may have been then, and the nearest part of Scotland, the Mull of Galloway. A writer in 1836, John Welch, reported a proverbial saying that the Mull was at one time within a stone's-throw of the Isle of Man ; * nevertheless Reginald's project, like King Orry's road to the Island, has remained in the air. Possibly the tradition was a localized adaptation of the " bridge of boats " between the Faeröes and Norway attributed to the Vikings. The monks of the Abbey (we may safely assume it to have been their achievement) built, in stone, the well-known Crossag packhorse bridge over the Silverburn at Ballasalla, probably not later than the 13th century ; but their example was not followed until some 500

* These notions have probably filtered down from the fabulous *Scotorum Historia* of Hector Boetius, who says that when the Kingdom of Scotland was founded in 330 B.C. it included Man because their respective coasts were within easy swimming distance of each other, and in one place almost touched.

years later, when new roads were being constructed and old ones improved.

In 1739 a tax of 1d. per annum was levied on every adult inhabitant for the purpose of building bridges and repairing those already in use. The latter were probably of wood, like those which until quite recent times crossed the Lickney brook at Ramsey and the Glen Aldyn river at Milntown alongside their respective fords, both on the main road to Peel. Where there is now a stone bridge half-way up Glen Aldyn a bridge of planks stood so recently that I have an excellent photograph of it; and plenty of similar structures are yet to be found at water-splashes on the byways. These simple *clares* or "dales" occur, naturally, at or in the vicinity of the ancient fords which were of such prime importance in early days, both as means of communication and as boundary-points, and consequently were the scenes of many a hearty scuffle before and since the battle of Santwat. Some of them still retain their *claghans*, lines of stepping-stones. That their supernatural guardians remained equally faithful to their charges long after they were spanned by stonework is evidenced both by haunted river-crossings and by Fairy Bridges.

The new bridges provided for by the Act of 1739 were: (1), Sulby Bridge on the Ramsey road; (2), a bridge "over that River called the Great River, between St. John's Chappell and Peeltown"—*i.e.*, at Ballaleece over the Neb, which was evidently then called *Awin Mooar;* (3), Ballalonna Bridge, on the boundary between Santon and Malew—one of those

which maintain the uncanny reputation of their ford and vicinity; (4), the bridge at the top of Ramsey Harbour; and (5), Glen Faba Bridge, on the boundary between German and Patrick. Where it was inconvenient to build the bridge at the existing crossing, the Commissioners were empowered to divert the high road so far as was necessary through any adjoining land; in return, the landowner was allowed to enclose the disused section of the highway, and in addition was given such monetary compensation as a Coroner's Jury might award. These circumstances must have arisen in a large proportion of cases; in some places a vestige of the abandoned portion of a road can be seen descending one or both banks of a river. That at Glen Gawne, Garwick, is still in use, though semi-privately. Oswald, *Vestigia*, page 101, implies that Ballure Bridge dates from the 18th century; the bridge at Old Laxey, though only about a hundred years old, is, like that at Ballasalla, associated with the monks, and they may have built its prototype, for the clearly ancient packhorse road passing thence Northward would have provided them with a short route to the Lonan Abbey-lands. Of the old Douglas Bridge Waldron has one of his wonderful stories to tell; the mid-stream rock by which it crossed until a flood swept it away must have been haunted before the bridge was built. But haunted bridges are features of every parish, and it will be necessary to cross some of them when travelling over certain roads in the next chapter.

Whereas the modern turnpikes keep within reach

of the coast, or adopt the lowest and easiest line of progress when their objectives oblige them to pass inland, the "A" roads of prehistoric transport were beaten out, like the much earlier British trackways, along hill-ridges and across mountain-sides, only just avoiding in not a few cases the actual summit. Along these flowed the changing currents of insular traffic. The Norseman with winged helmet and long battle-axe, the kilted and sworded Scot, the black-aproned monk, the ragged friar from Bimaken picking up a crow's living from village to village, the squad of soldiers in the white and scarlet uniform of the Stanleys,* marching between Castletown and the Peel, the itinerant craftsmen of various grades, from tailors downwards —all these traversed the old roads in their turn and passed from them for ever. The farm-sledge and the panniered horse and donkey gave way to the present style of agricultural traffic, and the country people, who had formerly travelled to market, fair and court on horseback and on foot, began to use wheeled vehicles. With these changes came the need for a less

* In a letter from the third Earl of Derby to the Abbot of Whalley, the Earl, having heard that the Lord of the Out Isles, with the help of the Scots, intends to try and enter Man and "do displeasure," instructs the Abbot "to cause 20 tall men and good archers of his tenants to be put in readiness as footmen" (infantry), "well harnessed after the manner of the countrie in white jackets, with my bage of the legges of Man of red cloth before on the brest, one behind on their back, and pass to the Isle in company with 20 other persons that I have written to Roger Sherbourne to prepare."—(*Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, Henry VIII.*, 9/6/1533.)

primitive road-system, and the time-honoured highways began to be forsaken.

Besides the occasional wayfarers intent on their journey's end, who have been common to every age, the roads, both old and new, have known certain classes of professional wanderers, for whom the urgent problem of making a livelihood was solved by walking. The pedlars and the "cadgers" are still numerous; of old there was a considerable element of Irishry among them, which attracted the attention of legislators. Survivors of a more numerous clan, a few nominal tinkers both male and female still move mysteriously from place to place, though they look as though they found conventional shelter of nights. The gypsies have not till recently, so far as I can gather, frequented the Manx roads after their English and Continental fashion, but have preferred permanent pitches in the more profitable neighbourhood of Douglas, where "the visitors" flock thickest. The presence of a Little Egypt in or near Douglas sixty years ago is shown by a contemporary manuscript note of an affray outside the town, wherein Oscar Boswell and Esau Heron assaulted Fabius Lea [*sic*], Cornelius Boswell and Geranimus his wife, and Matilda Lovell—all well-known gypsy family-names from the North and South of England. One Boswell, who called himself the King of the Manx Gypsies—his subjects a couple of dozen all told—died in his van at Douglas a few years ago at a venerable age. But unless we except some unclassifiable nondescripts who may be observed "carrying the bag" on the country

roads, the ancient and honourable fraternity of beggarmen seems to have vanished with the rest of the old order of things.

At what stage in the development of insular society their caste took shape is a question for the historian. Perhaps we always had them with us until yesterday, when they began to bask in the beams of official favour and no longer needed to roam. That there were more than enough of them before 1422 is suggested by one of the Breast Laws then rehearsed to Sir John Stanley, which forbade any man to bring beggars or vagabonds into the country upon pain of forfeiture of his boat. In the 18th century he was obliged to maintain them until he carried them back; and native mendicancy was discouraged by a proclamation to the effect that any person found begging outside his own parish would be returned to it and whipped.

Economic stress in Ireland no doubt swelled their numbers from time to time, but as we see them in their decline as a national institution they were mostly natives of the Isle. First cousins to Scotland's sorners and gaberlunzies, they were incurable Bohemians; a little wanting in mind or will, some of them, others the unclipped and unwashed black sheep of the community, but all, generally speaking, as well able to see the wind as any black pig or *corr ny hastan*, since to enjoy this faculty in the Isle of Man it is only necessary to refrain from washing one's face for nine consecutive days. These sturdy, hardy fellows who in fine and middling fine weather slept beneath a gorse-bush, under the lee of a stack, or in a dry and

comfortable ditch, when rain and cold rendered such *auls* untenable fell back on the hospitality of the farmer and the crofter, and lay all night before a kitchen fire, in the straw of a barn or the hay of a loft, or on a bed in one of the rest-houses provided for their nocturnal accommodation. Before entering these harbours of refuge all pipes, tobacco, and matches or tinder-boxes were temporarily surrendered by both men and women, to be restored next morning before the sojourner's departure; for only one night's stay was the rule. Besides shelter, food was expected and given, and in addition, or in substitution at houses where it was not the practice to accommodate beggars overnight, such commodities as meal, flour, potatoes or salt fish went to swell the capacious bag which each individual carried as the symbol of his calling. These donations were sold in the towns and villages, or traded for the necessaries of life—tobacco, snuff and spirits.

The beggars felt no shame, but rather a pride, in their method of making a livelihood, and some of them could rise to almost Irish heights of eloquence in their abuse of a household which stinted or withheld its due contribution to the *wallad*. Before modern communications corrupted good customs the news of the day must have circulated throughout the Island on their tongues, losing no more of pomp and circumstance in their memories than it does in the columns of a newspaper. It would be pleasing to be able to report that they rewarded their hosts, at the turf-reddened hearth between supper and bedtime, with songs, ballads and traditional stories of King Orry

and Finn MacCowl. Long ago they may have done so, but nothing of the kind now seems to be remembered of them, and such a practice, if it ever existed, must have died with the language.

So too have the words of a song relating to the fraternity, the *Arrane ny Jinneeyn* or Song of the Jinnies, of which only the title and the mournful air survive. Though they sang to it, it is said, the verses beginning "*Irree Seose*" (*Manx Ballads*, page 104), these are not well adapted to the music and are quite foreign to the life of the beggars. With more sympathetic English words the *Arrane ny Jinneeyn* has been published under the new title of "Longing." Also, though landless and homeless, the sons of the bag had their invisible Chief, for as wanderers on the roads they came under the especial patronage and protection of Manannan.

With their eccentric personalities, their heterogeneous costumes of casually acquired garments, nautically flavoured by seaman's cap or guernsey, and their queer nicknames or the three and four-jointed genealogical appellations which they carried, doubtless, with the careless ease of their hyphened betters, the travelling-men must have been one of the notably picturesque features of bygone society. And if as a class they were not rigorous moralists themselves — though indeed they numbered prophets in their ranks—at least they conduced to morality in others by promoting in their hearts the cardinal virtue of Charity.

The Rest-houses reserved wholly or partly for the beggarmen were built close to but detached from

the farm-houses. In size and architectural style those surviving or lately demolished vary very little; they consist of two rooms one above the other, about fifteen feet by ten or twelve, the upper floor reached by an outside flight of stone steps. In a perfectly preserved specimen called *Yn Shemmyr*, or "The Chamber," on the estate of Arystine in Arbory, beggars were lodged, though in the upper storey only, within the last couple of dozen years, and it is only four years since the bed they slept on was removed. The lower room, with its open fire-place occupying the whole length of the west wall, was used as a bakehouse for making the old-fashioned varieties of bread and cake—barley bread, oat bread, bonnag, etc.—over a fire of ling twisted into "gasses" or knots for slower and hotter burning. The warmth from the hearth below and the lingering odour of its products ought to have made this asylum a special favourite of the wandering fraternity. The most recent part of the structure, its slate roof, is said to be more than 200 years old, and looks it. It sheltered also more permanent tenants than the vagabonds, for the south wall was used as a columbarium, and the pigeon-holes remain, though the birds, like the beggarmen, have passed away. Its situation at the verge of an orchard and its own over-shadowing boughs heighten the old-world charm of the little building.

In a similar structure, by the roadside opposite Ballacurrey, Rushen, of which only the steps and a small fragment of the wall survive its demolition in 1924, one of the two floors was allotted to the male

beggars and the other to women. This, as I remember it standing, was a rather smaller building than that at Ballamooar. The Rest-house in Colby village had but one storey, and its roof was thatched; what is left of the stonework forms part of an oil-store. The *Thie Lhionney*—"House by the Stream"—at the Friary a mile away, though similar in size and style to the Rest-houses, is slightly larger, about twenty feet by fifteen, and is built against the farm-house. So far as is remembered, the *Thie Lhionney* was occupied by the farm servants only. Here is another spacious hearth and cavernous chimney, constructed of stones, some of which will be worth examining on the day—far distant, I trust—when the building is pulled down.

The recognized free accommodation for travellers, known to have existed at Boshen, Ballaglonney and Ballavitchell in Marown, and at Thalloo-vitchell in Maughold, was probably, in its earlier phase at least, intended for a better class of wayfarer. It has its English analogues at Rochester and elsewhere. As these four farms stand on ecclesiastical land the origin of the custom may be attributed to the Church; and in a 13th-century Grant (to which the Revd. John Quine has already drawn attention), copied in 1504 from the Register of Whitherne Priory and mentioned in Appendix 7 to the 11th Report of the Historical MSS. Commission (Bridgewater MSS.), a Hospice at "Ballacgiuba" is associated with the churches of St. Ninian and St. Runan (Trinian and Marown). Doubtless the latter part of the name should read

gniba, to correspond with the old treen-name *Gnebe*, now represented in " Greeba."

The word " vitchell," occurring in the names of two of the farms which formerly dispensed this kind of charity, suggests the Gaelic *biadhtachd*, hospitality. In medieval Ireland the *biadhtache* or *biadhtóir* (to which latter form the Manx word comes nearest), the innkeeper, held his land, usually from the Church, on the tenure of supplying the needs of guests. Even if this was not the case in the Isle of Man, a trace of the practice may perhaps be seen in a late 17th-century entry in the manuscript Bishop's Book, to the effect that the occupant of the estate of Ballafletcher (Kirby), near Douglas, was under the obligation, in lieu of paying rent, to entertain the Bishop and his servants on their journeys to and from England. Or was this a vestige of the ecclesiastical custom of Procuration which in England has been commuted to money payments ? If so, Kirby must at one time have been held by some kind of incumbent attached to Kirk Braddan. It is possible that the latter part of the name of a small farm, *Dal y Veitch* in Sulby Glen, carries the same implication as may belong to " vitchell." Should any tradition of such hospitality be found attaching to the place, the interpretation would, of course, be corroborated. A surname *Bytchell*, which occurred in the North of the Island in the 16th and 17th centuries, may have originally denoted the keeper of a *hospitium* of the sort.

At the three Marown farms mentioned above, which formed part of the Barony of St. Trinian's belonging to Whitherne Priory in Galloway, the custom of

providing hospitality was continued until well into the last century, as it was also at Thalloo-vitchell on the Rushen Abbey-lands in Maughold, where a separate building was provided for the use of the homeless poor. The farm of Kew (now more often called Rock Mount), in the parish of German, under its former name of *the Driney* afforded similar hospitality; the only church influence here that I am aware of consisted in its being Particle land which was appropriated by the Bishops after having been granted by the King for the sustenance of a needy scholar. But many a well-to-do farmer may have permitted the use of his house or precincts by the occasionally or professionally impoverished on their travels, simply out of respect for an old custom. How in one instance the practice was extended in comparatively recent times is seen by the following bequest in a Lonan will dated 1804: "I leave to the proprietor of the said estate of Ballavarane, a coverlid, a blanket, a stool, and a bolster, in trust for the use of any poor person or persons as may have want for lodging occasionally."—(*I.O.M. Charities.*) Nowadays, for better or worse, the personal factor is almost totally eliminated from the bestowal of charity, and the country roads are the last place where those in need of aid may be looked for.

Nevertheless they possess other features of interest related to the past, and in the ensuing pages I have noted the names and positions of such old roads, or roads with distinguishing titles, as I have met with in one way or another. Certain spots traversed by some of these will be visited and interrogated in the next

chapter. Even omitting, as the following list does with one exception, names which are merely those of the farms the roads serve, it would be possible by systematic enquiry to treble the record of the smaller local roads, in spite of the fact that so many names have become obsolete.

Bare ne Creaigey, " Road of the Trenching," names an intack in Jurby.—(Lord's Composition Book, 1703.)

Bare a Polerey, " Road of the Smooth Pool " (*i.e.*, clear of surrounding bushes), names an intack in Bride.—(L.C.B.)

Barnageiy, " Road of the Goose," the name of a Bride intack.—(L.C.B.)

Bayr yn Clagh Glass, " Road of the Gray Boulder," Ballakillowey, Rushen, was haunted by a big fiery wheel whirling round, which barred the way.—(Roeder, *Manx Notes and Queries,* p. 72.)

Bayr ny Clara, " Road of the Planks," — *i.e.*, the plank bridge at Cornaa Mill, Maughold—is a steep and high-banked lane twisting down to the river-crossing. The farm-name *Claram* in Lonan is probably derived from the same word.

Bayr Corrag, locally explained to mean " dangerous road," because of its rough, broken surface—it is a narrow track much undermined by water—connects Creglea, Patrick, with the Niarbyl road.

Bayr Cronk yn Yemmel, " Road of the Hill of the Border," connects the *Bayr Mooar* at *Doarlish Mooar* with the *Bayr Noa,* Dalby, crosses the latter road, and continues up the side of the hill.

Bayr ny Darrag, " Road of the Oakwood," ascends the North-West side of Glen Aldyn through *Lag ny Darrag*, above Ballagarrow, to Sky Hill.

Bayr Dhoo, " Dark Road," leads up the broogh immediately East of the *Ooigyn Dhoo*, on the Ballavarane shore, Lonan.

Bayr Dhown, " Low Road," is in Laxey village.

Bayr yn Erinagh, " Road of the Church Official," upper Sulby, gives its name to a croft in the Lord's Rent Book. The Composition Book has *Ariny's Land*, a Lezayre intack, which may be connected.

Bayr Garroo, " Rough Road," is a frequent term, naturally. One such names a farm in the parish of Michael.

Bayr Geinnagh, " Sandy Road," is now known as Bowring Road, Ramsey.

Bayr ny Hayra, " Road of (to) the Shore," Andreas.

Bayr Jiarg Karran, " Red Road of (Mount) Karran," Sulby, leaves the Glen road at Ballacuberagh and climbs the West side of Mount Karran, deviating at the tumulus called *Oaie ny Foawr*, " Grave of the Giants " ; a little farther on it unites with an alternative track which has ascended via Eairybedn and Eairykellue past another giant's grave. It then continues by Slieu Dhoo, Slieu Fraughane and Injebreck to Baldwin, where it is joined by the Carraghyn road. The MSS. Highway Accounts for 1869 mention it as the *Bayr Jiarg* near Keeill Abban, the old Tynwald Hill ; South of Baldwin village it merges into the modern road and loses its distinctive name.

Bayr ny Merroo, " Road of the Dead," passes from the neighbourhood of Shellack Point to Keeill Vreeshey (Kirk Bride). It was the customary route for funerals. On reaching a spot called *Dub ny Merroo*, " Pool of the Dead," on Lamb Hill, the bier was laid down on a stone, round which the party gathered, a prayer was said, and a handful of water from the pool was sprinkled on the corpse by the chief mourner. The procession then resumed its way to the church. The " stone " may have been the base of an old cross ; many of these formerly stood on the roads leading to the parish churches, and were used for the purpose just described.

Bayr Mooar, " Great Road," Patrick. This was the old highway passing through the Western side of the parish on its way from Peel to the South of the Island. It first appears definitely as emerging from the river Neb above Glenfaba Bridge, having presumably crossed by a ford after leaving the common called the Congarey, which is entered by a lane from the direction of Peel. On the South side of the river it was probably joined at the Raggatt by a road from Peel Castle ; for it is unlikely that the traffic from the South to the Castle would make an unnecessary crossing of the river. Its course diverges from the present road at Gordon, passes along the foot of the hill behind Raby house, crosses the Glen May river at *Glen Veg* on Ballakerka below the inn, climbs to the Balnylhergy lower house (now two houses face to face), skirts the lower side of the *Naaie* field on Ballaquane and the old Ballelby house, and rejoins the present road at Dalby for a quarter of a mile. Up

to here its course is often interrupted by fields, but afterwards it is continuous and can be walked or ridden. It crosses the Kellya river at the foot of the Lag Mooar and climbs steeply to the East side of Cronk ny Irree Lhaa towards Rushen and Arbory.

Bayr Mullagh Vane, " Road of the White Summit," connects Glen May and Foxdale via Glen Dhoo and the Cross Vein mine under Barrule Veg, taking its name from a quartz outcrop there, near its junction with the *Famine Road.*

Bayr Nell leaves the St. John's road a short quarter of a mile East of Patrick Church, passes over the shoulder of Arrysey Hill and joins the *Bayr Mullagh Vane.* It names a small collection of houses, Barnell, near its commencement.

Bayr Noa, " New Road," is the name given in the Dalby district to the modern Peel and Round Table road ; parts of it coincide with the old *Bayr Mooar,* but as a whole it dates, I believe, to about eighty years ago.

Bayr ny Ooillyn is the hill road passing between Lhergydhoo and Knocksharry, German, to join the Staarvey Road near " Manannan's Chair."

Bayr yn Pashedeyr, " Road of the Potter," ascends the East side of the Sound glen, Patrick, past the site of an old pottery, and continues by what was once Magherbane farm-house and Doarlish Cashen to Dalby Mountain.

Bayr ny Quorralagh, " Road of the Quarries," or **The Quarrel Road,** leads from the Douglas and Peel road up the hill to Ballakilmurray, skirting the

Poortown quarries, which have recently diverted its point of departure from the highway.

Bayr Terson, "Thwartwise Road," connects the Foxdale and Grenaby roads, to the North-West of Ballasalla.

Bayr Vedn (vane), "Light-coloured Road," is the track, part road and part footpath, between Milntown, Lezayre, and Ballure Bridge, passing through Claghbane.

Bishop Wilson's Road leaves the Douglas and Peel road at Tynwald Hill and is continued Northwards as the "Staarvey road." Bishop Wilson (died 1755) is said to have made or improved it—doubtless the latter—for convenience in travelling from Bishopscourt to Tynwald.

From the lane leaving the Castletown and St. John's road at Solomon's Corner, Malew, three tracks diverge across the Windy Mountain, the extensive and depressing piece of moorland to the North of the Windy Common. As the names of these once frequented routes are, like their surfaces, becoming effaced by time, they are qualified for inclusion here. One of them led over to Tosaby, where it becomes the *Gat Manoul, q.v.* Another was called

The Buljolly Road, and led to Booildoholley farm, but was used as a public thoroughfare. The third track, called

The Burroo (accented on second syllable), *i.e.*, *Bayr Ruy,* Red Road, was the way to St. Mark's via Cordeman.

The Carragher Road crosses the railway line a mile

North-East of Ballasalla towards Cass-ny-Hawin. Though its old name, which appears in the Highway Accounts, is not quite forgotten, it is now usually called the Ballawoods road.

The Carraghyn Road passes along the ridge between the two Baldwin Valleys and under the East side of Carraghyn mountain, Braddan. It meets the *Raad Garroo* near Keeill Abban.

The Chinnacan (so pronounced) is a section of the old Laxey and Ramsey road between the Ballarragh Chapel and " King Orry." I have heard no meaning assigned to the name ; there is a *Loch nan Cinneachan* in Coll, Hebrides, which might supply a clue.

Cockshot Lane leads from King William's College to the Creggans, near Castletown. I do not know whether this name is English, Manx or Schoolboy. In England a cockshot is a cleared alley-way in a wood, through which game is driven into nets.

The Cooill ny Binjey Road, " Back-place of the Hilltops," (*beinnee*), is in Ballaugh parish.

Creag's Gat (the surname, now Craig), names an Andreas intack.—(Composition Book.)

The Crellin Road leads from Rushen to Patrick by way of the Sloc.

The Dreem Crammag Road, a mountain track, passes South from Crammag, Lezayre, to the Michael and Laxey road.

The Famine Road starts from the Round Table and crosses the North-West side of Barrule to join the *Bayr Mullagh Vane*. It is said to have been constructed as a relief work some seventy or eighty years ago,

but as there is no record of a severe dearth in the Isle of Man in the 19th century, the reference may be to the Irish famine of 1847–48.

The Follagh yn Vannin Road descends past Tynwald Hill towards Glen Mooar, and forms part of "Bishop Wilson's Road." The name is now obsolete and almost forgotten, and it is doubtful exactly how far it extended Northwards.

Froud's Road runs from Ballaugh Old Church to Froud's Croft in the Ballaugh Curragh.

Gat Manoul (pronounced Manool, with the stress on the last syllable), leading from near Tosaby across the Windy, has its name from *Manowle*, one of the Abbey farms which no longer have a separate existence; but the name still adheres to a field or two bordering the road to St. Mark's.

Gat McSayl, "McSayle's Lane," names an intack in Andreas.—(Composition Book.)

Gat ny Nain, Andreas, gave its name to an estate on which a schoolhouse was built towards the end of the 18th century.—(*I.O.M. Charities*, page 81.)

Gat ny Thieyn, "Lane of the Houses"; but as written in the *Mona Miscellany*, part 2, in reference to the discovery of the Mylcharaine Silver Cross, the first term appears to be *Garth*, enclosure, not *Gat*.

Gat y Vanna, Sulby; a croft-name in the Lord's Rent Book.

Gat y Vata, "Lane of the Boat," the name of an Andreas intack.—(Composition Book.)

Gat y Whing, "Lane of the Narrow-place," on the farm of that name in Andreas, leads towards the shore

South of the Rue; *Gat e Quin* and (*Lough*) *Gate a Whinny* in *Manorial Roll.* See Watson's *Celtic Place-names of Scotland*, page 487, and compare Cong, Co. Galway, etc., and *The Whing* on the South-East coast of Man.

Gat y Wy, "Lane of the Slant or Convergence," names an intack in Andreas.—(Composition Book.)

Keppel Gate, "Horse Road," is now the entrance of the Ramsey mountain-road into the Crown Commons, Conchan. It is overlooked by *Creg ny Bayr*, "Rock of the Road."

Hughes's Road runs from behind Ballaugh Old Church to Jurby Curragh.

Keym Agneash is the footpath, also the lower of its two stiles, between Agneash and the Claram, Lonan. *Keym* is understood as both "path" and "stile," and was especially used, I have been told by a native speaker of Manx, for a short cut between two roads, and for a track down the face of a cliff. It also means a stride, a footstep, and even a footprint as in the name of the herb *Keym Chreest*, Footprint of Christ—the centaury.

Keym Mooar, "Great Pathway," Ballakilmartin, Conchan, leads from the farm-house to the site of the ancient chapel dedicated to St. Martin. The name is also applied to a field there which contains a stone-paved floor of doubtful import.

The Lhergy Crebedy Road slopes in a South-Westerly direction towards the Douglas and Peel road near the Union Mills across the hill-side formerly known by that name, now absurdly corrupted. "The field at

the back of the haggart and adjoining, called *Liargey Crebedy,*" is mentioned in certain Articles of Agreement dated 1828, relating to Ballaoates.

Loob Dan (*dhowin*), "Low or Deep Path," is the lane leading from Ballafayle, Maughold, towards the promontory-fort of Gob ny Garvan.

Loob ny Kesh leaves the old Laxey and Ramsey road on the Lonan side of the Maughold boundary and ascends to the Cooill Airds. "Kesh" is possibly the Gaelic *ceis,* a wattled hurdle placed as a bridge across a stream or marshy place; or a reduction of the Manx *kessagh, caasagh,* a drinking-pool for animals, a term which occurs in other parts of the Island and is probably a derivative of *ceis.* The track crosses the upper part of the Dhoon river.

The Moainey Road begins at the first turn to the right North of Colby Bridge and passes above Ballagarmin.

The Nadhan (accent on second), said locally to mean "the Second Road"—perhaps "secondary" would be more exact—is a steep and deeply-worn footpath which cuts off a hairpin bend on the main road at Glen May, between Ballachrink and Cringle's Mill. Doubtless it is very much older than the road it shortens, and is still sufficiently recognized as a thoroughfare to share in the attentions of the road-repairers. In the days of horse-travel it was not beyond the capabilities of Manx ponies, and their riders both male and female.

The Navvies' Road, rather a track than a road,

ascends due West from old Kirk Marown, skirting the Southern side of the glebe land.

Noble's Road climbs the Laxey side of Slieu Carn Gerjohl, locally called "Slieu Chiarn." Noble was the owner of the land it gives access to, *Pairk y Noble*.

The Onna Road, Bradda Mooar to Surby, Rushen, bears a semi-anglicized name which is explicable by that of the intack *Kerroo-Onna*, "Furze Ploughland." *Conney* is used derivatively for firewood. Joyce, *Irish Names of Places*, ii., 331, says it occurs very often in Ireland, sometimes aspirated and anglicized as *honey*.

The Polly Road (*pollag*, a small pool) runs between the high road and the Dollough Mooar in Ballaugh parish.

The Puncheon Road (probably a partial translation of *Bayr Funsheon*, "Ashtree Road") is an old packhorse way climbing steeply from the bridge at Old Laxey.

Raad Garroo, "Rough Road," is, according to Kelly, s.v. *aal*, the highway which passes near the old Tynwald site above Baldwin. *Bayr Garroo* seems to be an alternative name for it. It pleases me to fancy that this is the road which appears in the scrap of old song translated as :—

> Baldwin West and Baldwin East,
> Flame on the mountains and flame in the twilight;
> It 's me in the fields and the road going down—
> O, what a good place is Baldwin!

Raad Jiarg, "Red Road." Moore mentions this in his *Place-names*. I do not know where it is. George Borrow's projected book based on his rambles in the Isle of Man, which unfortunately remained little more

than a series of cursory jottings, was to have borne the title: *Bayr Jiargey and Glion Doo, or, The Red Road and The Black Valley.*

Raad Kaire as Feed, "Road of the Four-and-Twenty," is described in Backwell's *Handbook*, 1862, page 180, as a zigzag path ascending through a grassy hollow in the face of Maughold Head. Representatives of the Hebridean Isles coming to attend a Manx Tynwald Court would have found the almost contiguous Port Mooar a more convenient landing-place, and the opposite side of the Island would have been still better suited for boats coming down the North Channel; also, their number would not have been twenty-four unless the Manx Keys had gone down to the shore to meet the Northern members and, it may have been, join them in paying their respects to the shrine of St. Maughold. "Raad" suggests a longer and more important thoroughfare than a cliff-path. The name and its exact location seem quite forgotten, but it does not strike one as having been invented, or as grievously misrepresenting some now perished tradition.

Raad Manninagh, "Manxman's Road," runs along high ground from below Ballig, Conchan, towards the upper part of Glen Roy, Lonan, via the Coanrhenny. An attempted explanation of the name—the only attempt I have heard—is that the humble Manxman was supposed to keep to the ancient routes of travel, the more modern highways being reserved for the overbearing English. If the Manxman did so, his habit was probably due less to humility than to

conservatism or the wish to avoid observation. But *Manninagh*, like *Manachan* in the next item, may rather point to the use and improvement of the road, if not its origin as a continuous thoroughfare, to the monks of Rushen Abbey, for whom it would provide a route connecting Conchan Abbey-lands with those in Lonan and Maughold, via Laxey.

Raad Mooar Manachan. In the opinion of a retired farmer well posted in the traditions of his own part of the country, this name applied to an uninterrupted highway between Ramsey and Castletown; but he was born and bred alongside the portion to which the name is more or less authentically attached, and local pride may have influenced his view of the matter. On a more moderate estimate the *Raad Mooar*—or *Raad Ree—Manachan* begins its separate existence South of Kirk Michael and travels along the bare upland country between the coast and the Glen Mooar river. In its Southern part it is more generally known as the "Staarvey Road," past which farm it descends into the wide valley which bisects the Island. In doing so it becomes for a short distance *Ughtey Brish-my-Chree*, "Break-my-Heart Hill," and rises, under the aliases of "Bishop Wilson's Road" and the *Follagh yn Vannin* Road, to what might be deemed its ultimate goal, the Tynwald Hill; but its break of continuity at St. John's is slight enough to favour my friend's contention that it formed an integral route to the South. At least, it will be convenient to assume this, although it is not at first separable from the modern road. From St. John's it crosses, at the

railway station, level ground which must formerly have been a marsh traversed by a causeway, leaves the present highway at Mwyllin y Cleiy by the river-crossing behind the mill, and turns up the side of Slieu Whallian obliquely under the name of "the Glen Needle Road." At Glen Needle it throws out a branch across the West side of Barrule, partly under the title of "the Famine Road," to the Round Table; its own course continues brokenly along the East slope of the same mountain a little higher than the present road, which, after descending through Cloughur and Wigan, it crosses below the North Star Inn, and goes Eastward to the Ballasalla road, as though its objective were the Abbey rather than the Castle.

The modern road, on the contrary, aims at Castle Rushen. Looking South from near Solomon's Corner, where the down grade definitely begins, it holds an unswerving line of which the end is stopped by the Castle walls; from the Castle, conversely, a perfect view is had of all approaching traffic for a distance of five miles.

Solomon's Corner must have been an important junction of thoroughfares. Besides the road called Solomon's and the three moorland tracks already mentioned, at the top of the once populous region known as Close Clarke a grass-grown lane begins by running parallel with the present road on the East side of it, and afterwards turns off to Ballasalla; but there is no sign that it came from North of Solomon's. One of its uses may be conjectured to have been the conveying of fuel to the Abbey; at

its Northernmost point it almost touches the Abbey Turbary at *Chibbert y Wuirra*, "St. Mary's Well."

Raad Mooar Ree Gorry, "Great Road of King Orry," or "King Orry's Highway." The oldest of all roads bearing a Manx name lies well outside the limits of the Island. When King Orry, in the familiar anecdote, landed at *Cass y Lhane* where Jurby joins Andreas, he betrayed his racial affinity by his acquaintance with Teutonic folk-lore; for in Wales the Milky Way was "the Path of Gwydion" whom sound authorities relate to Odin, and the early English called it the *Waetlinga Straet*, the Path of the Watlingas, who were semi-mythical giants or heroes bringing order and culture as Orry did. The exact relationship between that heavenly pathway and the longest of the four great Roman-built highways of Britain, which bore the same name, need not concern us here; upon the Isle of Man the *Raad Mooar Ree Gorry*, or Milky Way, projects no terrestrial counterpart of itself, though something of the kind might reasonably have been expected. As Grimm says (*Teut. Myth.*, page 361), "In the green earthly roads are mirrored the shining paths of heaven."

If King Orry ever had a road to his name on earth as well as in the sky, it should have started from his landing-place, and those who prefer fiction to history may, if they list, imagine the matter thus:—To a mouth of the Lhane Mooar now under fathoms of salt water he came in a starlit moonless night at the time of the Summer Solstice, his galleys striking sail and taking to the sweeps as they glided one by one up

the inlet on the half-flood. Their smoky flares shining fitfully on faces and helmets, and streaking orange along the troubled water, alarmed the drowsy coast-watchers on a neighbouring hillock. Heedless of their shouts and the moaning of their signal-horns, he and his followers leapt over the bows and came splashing ashore. From either bank and from the air the Guardian Spirits of the country scrutinized him intently. These too he ignored ; but after he had seen the ships safely beached he made himself known to the astounded natives in a few memorable words of early Gall-Gaelic. Then, as the Milky Way paled out before the whitening North, laughing in a beard red as the torch he had just tossed into the tideway, he put himself at the head of his massed crews. Less a guard left over the ships, but escorted by unseen presences and tailed off by a straggle of curious fishermen, they set out Southward past Jurby Church, through the ford at Old Ballaugh, and along the narrow road (now choked in places with sand and almost impassable), to Orrisdale (where there is a slight break in its continuity). Here he turned aside and camped for breakfast while the sun rose upon him over the Bride Hills and the Curragh. Resuming refreshed, he pushed on to Orry's Tower (which remains embedded in the walls of Bishopscourt), took the Bishop's blessing or his plate as religious conviction may have prompted, and thus fortified marched along the *Raad Manachan* to pose proudly on the top round of Tynwald Hill above the admiring homage of the Manx people, looking like his statue designed by Corbould in the

sixties for the town of Douglas, which preferred to await the Jubilee Clock-tower.

The old Norse epithet for the Milky Way, *Vetrarbraut*, "Winterway," prompts, however, a surmise that Orry or Gorry may have been drawn into the affair by confusion with the Manx *gheurey*, winter; though the name *Bhow Gorry*, Orry's Bow, for the rainbow, could not be accounted for in this way. Or perhaps—if it is necessary to despoil him of so spacious an utterance, which I am loth to admit—the story may first have been told of a more ancient and a mightier personage than even King Orry. As his predecessor Patrick is suspected of having supplanted Orry in items of local legend, so may Orry have supplanted Manannan.

Raad s'Yrjey, "Highest Road," gives its name to a field on Ballamilghyn in Lonan.

The Ressy Road climbs Dandy Hill, Port Erin, and though so short, is said popularly to be thus called because its steepness invites a rest half-way up. The old well on its South side is now disused, and its name seems to have been forgotten.

The Ronna Yett, one of the old packhorse class of roads, leads from the shore to the main road near Ballahick. "Seals used to come up it to Ballahick in flocks." Seals, distinctly, not seagulls. As pronounced, *Ronna Yett* might certainly signify "Seal-road"; but the natural history seems defective, and there are similar Norse words with other meanings, one of which is *raun*, dwelling-house. However that may be, there are episodes in the history of Ballahick

which could not be called entirely natural; but they do not belong to the present chapter.

The Shannon Ray (so pronounced) is a name for the White Hill section of the Douglas and Ramsey road where it crosses the upper portion of Groudle Glen. It is also the title of a wordless song, in which "Shannon" is understood to refer to the river (see Clague's *Manx National Songs*, page 84, and *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, No. 28, page 143); but the resemblance of the place-name to the song-title may, of course, be only accidental, since there appears to be no other connexion between them. Wilde, in his *Lough Corrib*, mentions places called Shannaun na Geeragh, na Gloon, and na Keela, but his renderings do not make clear what he understands *shannaun* to mean, beyond its relation to *sean*, old.

Solomon's Road runs Westward from Solomon's Corner to Cronk ny Geayee, Malew. Mylchreest was his surname, and he lived there in the middle of the 19th century, but it is as Solomon that he has impressed his personality on unwritten local nomenclature.

The Tidhan (accent on second), said in the neighbourhood to mean "Third Road," a narrow cart-road, leaves the Glen May and Peel road for Ballakerka.

Ughtey-Brish-My-Chree (probably for Brish-*ny*-Chree), German, is referred to under *Raad Mooar Manachan*.

Via Regia, literally "Royal Way," a common term for a high road, is mentioned in the Perambulation of the Boundary between the land of Kirk Christ Lezayre

and that of the monks of Mirescogh, which is attached to the *Chronicon Manniae*. This, and a similar mention of the old Castletown road (see below), though undated, must be the earliest references to individual Manx roads. The *Via Regia* coincided with the boundary near the top of Glen Trammon, and must have been the route between Ramsey and the South which climbs Sky Hill, Lezayre, and balances itself nicely along a miniature watershed, like the *Raad Manachan*, past Close ny Mona as far as the height called Clagh Ouyr, where it becomes the modern Mountain Road descending eventually into the parish of Conchan. *The Isle of Man* (Cambridge County Geographies) says this track is called "Bahr ny Ree or King's Way" (presumably *Bayr yn Ree*) as to its Northern portion.

Many other more or less superseded thoroughfares reticulate the Island with their green and lonely trails, without being distinctively named or only in short sections of their courses. For those willing to face the certainty of wet boots in its fords and furrows, a typical and pleasing specimen of a deserted byway lies hidden between high, luxuriantly overgrown hedge-banks behind Crosby village. It unites the Ballavitchell and Ballayemmy roads which form right angles with the Peel road, and on the map looks as though it might continue in the same refreshingly *négligé* condition for another mile or so.

The old or lower Douglas and Castletown road never wholly lost its through traffic, and is now returning to

favour as an alternative route. Going Southward, it joins the newer road at its entry into Malew, immediately after crossing the Santon Burn at the ford — now bridged — by Mwyllin y Quinney, just where it crossed five or six hundred years ago when the Abbey first formulated the limits of its farm-lands :—" The Corna river is the boundary between the King's and the monks' lands as far as the ford by which the public road crosses." Near Santon Church farther North comes in the little-frequented road from near Ronaldsway ; at first it has preserved an uninteresting straightness and flatness through Turkeyland, but suddenly develops irregularity in two dimensions, with consequent charm and difficulty, when it strikes the gorge of the Santon river at the chapel-site and the spring-well—now nearly dry—of St. Michael, the old Southern Kirk Michael which early writers confused with the Northern church of the same name. At the river-crossing a little farther up it is joined by the track coming from Jackdaw Harbour (Cass ny Hawin), along the opposite line of cliff, and continues past the Aragon stone-circle and St. Ann's Well to Santon Church.

The modern main road from Laxey to Ramsey varies considerably in its course from its predecessor. The latter—still traversible throughout its length—diverges at the South Cape and bridges the river just above the harbour. Thence it climbs steeply and roughly, under the name of the *Puncheon Road*, past Cabbal or Keeill Nicholas, and crosses the modern road, which from here to the Dhoon is barely more

than sixty years old. As *the Chinnacan* the old road continues towards Ballarragh village to touch the present main road at the Dhoon Hotel. It then descends again through Follagh y Vannin, rejoins the newer road for a few hundred yards, and leaves it until they both approach Trinity Church.

Just East of Ballure Bridge near Ramsey begins a specimen of the old insular thoroughfares which contrasts strongly with the foregoing. It is a true mountain road which traverses the North-East shoulder of Barrule, passes some unexpectedly inhabited cottages and a haunted ruin with a grisly tale of murder clinging to its stones, and stretches out and up beyond Park Llewelyn to lose itself in lingy solitudes at the head of the "North Laxey Valley." This district, now Crown Commons, was formerly the territory of a certain giant who attempted to plunder the treasure of a brother giant at Coan ny Chistey in the next parish. "North Laxey Valley," by the way, is a misnomer due to mines there which were operated from the upper part of the true Laxey Valley. The best section of this road, which provides a short cut in distance, if not in time, between Ballure and Magher y Kew, can be explored by joining—or leaving—the main Laxey and Ramsey road at Magher y Kew. Though it possesses no special attractiveness of its own the view it opens to the North-Eastward is sufficient reward, on a clear day, for the exertion of climbing. It is therefore better to take it in that direction rather than from Ballure Southward.

" A stone's-throw out on either hand
From that well-ordered road we tread
And all the world is wild and strange:
Churel and ghoul and djinn and sprite
Shall bear us company to-night,
For we have reached the Oldest Land,
Wherein the Powers of Darkness range."

From some of the Manx country roads it is not necessary to digress the length of a stone's-throw—not so far as the flicking-distance of a flint arrow-head—to find oneself among the class of person Kipling refers to. They are thoroughfares in the Other World as well as in this, and the inhabitants of both are accustomed to pass and repass on terms of mutual forbearance, without trespassing, in the ordinary course of affairs, on each others' time and attention. For one actual contact, deeply impressive and ever memorable to the mortal, there is many a casual encounter in which the parties avoid each other as by common consent. " Leave the night," it is sometimes said, " to the things of the night " ; and I have been instructed by an elderly man not inexperienced in such matters, when I might chance to see or hear something a little strange, not to meddle with it but to pass it by on the other side. " Leave it alone and it will leave you alone ; give it a wide berth always." But the strait limits of the lesser roads sometimes afford little sea-room for such manœuvres, and collision may be inevitable between the denizens of the Oldest Land and intruders to whom they design to manifest their power. Yet in

many cases adequate warning is given that business is going forward which renders the presence of a human being undesirable. He may find his progress visibly or invisibly opposed, or he may even be transported to a distant part of the parish and left there to make the best of his way home. Often, in such an event, the spot where he comes to himself is one of danger, perhaps the brink of a cliff or the bank of a deep river. And though he may escape from these in the nick of time, and go free from the immediate grasp of the unseen hands, he will not escape the effects of the shock upon his health and mental well-being.

Stories of such experiences are plentiful; alike in theme, they vary widely in particulars and in the manner of their telling, and belief in their truth is often visible under a pretence of incredulity. One may be introduced here as a specimen. A man was walking home one night from near Arbory Church to Surby; when he was a short distance on the Rushen side of Ballabeg his arm was suddenly gripped without his being able to see anybody, and he was forcibly taken back the way he had come for a distance of about 200 yards and left lying unconscious. Next morning he was found thus and carried into the Ballabeg house. When he recovered his wits he had the black imprint of four fingers and a thumb at the top of his arm. He was in the habit of showing it to people up to the time of his death. The force used upon him, he said, was beyond any human force—it was the strength of a spirit.

The entities which are held responsible for such molestations are understood (so far as I am able to interpret vaguely expressed views on the subject) to differ from ghosts. Though the Island supports a fairly dense population of ordinary domestic ghosts and of equally common spectres of the wayside, these, with some exceptions, seem to an unprejudiced observer to be no more than the feeble residue of human mortality. Yet the ghost is certainly thought to represent the dead person as a spiritual whole. For a period extending to some months after a death the spirit is at times audible to the nearest kin, moving and calling weakly in and around the house; when these manifestations cease, the soul has relinquished its hold on the world for ever. If they continue indefinitely, and something is seen, we have a ghost. In the latter event, death, in accordance with both Christian and Pagan doctrine, is evidently not the perfect and universal solvent of the non-corporeal part into its constituent elements which it is of the body. But such ghosts effect little beyond noises and gestures, which at the best lead to the discovery of valuables reluctantly abandoned by the dead man, and at the worst alarm the timid and the unsophisticated. A woman in the Glen May district died, leaving a box or crock containing money on the top of a high cupboard and out of sight. A night or two after her death a light was seen to be shining through the room door against this cupboard, which led to its being searched, and the box, or crock, was found. The family was as much surprised as pleased, for no one

except the dead woman had any knowledge of the money. Sometimes ghosts of this kind are able to make their wishes known by speaking. A man in the same neighbourhood had occasion to borrow a *minnie* (awl) from a shoemaker, and after using it stuck it in the wall with the intention of returning it at the first opportunity. Before he was able to do so he died. Shortly after his death he appeared—the narrator of the story had forgotten to whom—and explained about the awl, and asked that it should be returned at once to the owner. This was done, and the dead man was seen and heard no more.

When a ghost achieves more than this procuration of a living agent to perform an act which is beyond its power, it is held not to be a true ghost, a shade, a phantom, a *scaa*, but to have acquired or developed the nature of a demon, a *scaa olk*, a *drogh spirrid*. Where exactly should be placed the spirits of the dead which appear in animal forms—hare, lamb, or moth—is not quite clear ; the belief that they have occasionally done so strikes one as a very curious item in the general doctrine. True ghosts range through all degrees of distinctness, from the habitués of particular spots who are consistent in their behaviour and attire (the latter frequently 18th century in style), down to mere drifting nebulae, crepuscular grey swirls in a dull light or blots on the darkness ready to fade out into nothing. Between these two extremes stands the solid middle class, normal, typical, conventionally dressed, and by far the most numerous. " Ghos'es in them days wore white linen, which used

to rustle like silk," is a phrase I have heard in the course of a story. A rustling sound is a characteristic of the spooks of all nations which is difficult to account for; but the white linen of Manx ghosts rather puts one in remembrance of a shroud.

The ordinary ghost, we know, is as faithful a follower of the human race as the dog and the nettle. It seldom bites or stings, and may be useful to us, even a means of profit. Being related to us—a poor relation on a visit from a distance—it ranks between us and those more redoubtable beings who enjoy an independent life in a separate world of their own; but being not quite one of ourselves it is to be treated, by islanders, with the appropriate shade of suspicion and reserve. Wherever murder has been done, in that place inevitably a ghost arises like the smoke of a sacrifice, and no more substantial or dangerous, save to the murderer. Ghosts which glide in the churchway paths are harmless except to those who tamper with their graves, as in times past the virtue of the impregnate soil and of the Hand of Glory prevailed on some to do. But the neighbourhood of a burial-place too ancient for the character of its tenant to be known must be navigated with caution, and if time has eroded the human outline of its protector he ranks as a *buggane*. More dreadful are the spectres, human, animal or amorphous, silent or shrieking, which infest spots where evil-doers have been hanged, shot, drowned, rolled downhill in an internally-spiked barrel or otherwise given their lawful quietus; Hango, Slieu Whallian, Cronk y Croghee, have their reputations

yet. Of a different species from these residual larvae is the apparition from afar of a man in the act of dying or in some extreme of mental tension. Most insular wraiths of this nature are clothed in shining and dripping oilskins, sea-boots and sou'wester, and leave a pool of water where they have stood ; since it was by means of the sea that death often came in the past. When they appear dry, though in danger they will be saved. Occasionally a spectral double is seen without apparent reason or consequences, and even when the living original is close at hand. On four or five occasions I have been seen in this way, without having been conscious of anything unusual at the time of the occurrence. Phantom funerals (which differ from the Death Coach) have been sufficiently dealt with in other collections of such matters from the time of Waldron down to Moore's interesting little volume, in which, by the way, only one genuine ghost walks — she of Castle Rushen. His were mainly written sources, and the local ghosts have by some means eluded the chroniclers. If I have enlarged upon them a little digressively in a chapter concerning roads it is partly for that reason and partly in the hope of getting done with them, if possible.

The objection may be made that since supernatural experiences, or the bulk of them, belong to bygone times, they should be spoken of in the past tense. Perhaps they were of more frequent occurrence formerly, though in view of the number of visions and adventures which have been related to me at first

and second hand I could not assent even to that without some misgiving. But granting it to be so, it may be simply a matter of cumulative effect. There has always been a tendency to modernize old stories, to shuffle them in among recent ones, and to ascribe the whole accumulation of mingled fact and fable to an era just left behind. Hence the perennial cry that "Superstition is decaying." To-day, we are told, it is not nearly so vigorous as it used to be. In truth it never was. It has always been in decay and near to death, by virtue of the material of which it is composed; it never wholly dies, because death, which is its dominant idea, is man's inescapable shadow; so, shadow-like, Superstition waxes and wanes and reshapes itself with the shifting of the light. With his sun in its zenith above the head of Man perfectly erect, the shadow must dwindle moon-like and vanish for a while beneath his feet, as in Eden. But what it has lost latterly in one quarter it has almost regained in another; while witchcraft lies under a cloud spiritualism flourishes, and attracts less disfavour and more money.

Observers in every age have reported Superstition to be rapidly perishing, swept away by the march of progress. For Chaucer the elves and fairies belonged to an epoch earlier than his; for us the case is the same, but it is a later age than Chaucer's own. At times it is brought down very late indeed. A man I met in a Cumbrian wood a few years ago said he had seen the fairies that morning, and was well accustomed to the sight. He was telling the truth, too—

subjectively at any rate. If their invisibility has become constant instead of intermittent, and if certain other beings are a little less conspicuous just now than has been their wont, it may be due to a change of attitude, a diversion of interest and a preoccupation with other affairs, on one or both sides of the curtain. Also to be taken into account is the truism that those who seem to us to dwell in the shadow—as we possibly seem to them—have, without definitely emerging from it, risen in the social scale, to haunt less the instinctive visions of peasants and more the séances, planchettes and cameras of the educated and semi-cultured classes; to invade audaciously even the loftiest intellect of our time. That they have chosen the written word as one means of making contact is in itself significant of a partial change of ground. Nevertheless, they have not entirely forsaken that level of human mentality where they have always been most powerful; and viewing the situation in that quarter from (I trust) an advanced and enlightened standpoint, the best that can be said of it is that the welter of beliefs, practices and experiences called Superstition has ebbed from the conscious life of the people, leaving isolated pools to be the refuge of queer creatures and fantastic growths awaiting the return of the flood-tide.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that manifestations of the supernatural in the Isle of Man are not confined to the vicinity of the roads. There is no spot too remote or inaccessible to have been the habitat or the visiting-place of ghosts, spirits, bugganes or fairies.

Not only does—or did—one clan or another of them frequent highways, lanes and footpaths, occupied and deserted dwellings, outhouses, gardens and mills, wells, fords and bridges, fields, moors and thickets, rivers, sea-caves and hill-tops, where they might reasonably be expected; but they are seen in such less likely localities as churches and schoolrooms, lime-kilns, lead-mines and quarries, tree-tops, wave-crests and waterfalls, steamers and fishing-boats, piers, harbours and flagpoles; for all and single of which at least one instance, fresh or familiar, can be cited.

If the roads are rich in memories of disturbing sights and sounds, they are but little poorer in fragments of what is called "real life." Nothing heroic or extravagantly romantic, as in the Highlands; mere lumps of raw material for rural comedies and tragedies, such as feuds over land-ownership and farm-boundaries, complications relating to wills, succession and inheritance, oddities of courtship and marriage, death-bed confessions and restitutions, burials in strange and secret places, foundlings in the fern, and so on. But these embodiments of the passions belong to a more superficial stratum of experience, and partly for that reason are more evanescent, more constantly changing and renewing themselves on the comparatively permanent framework of human nature, than the things of the hidden nether-regions of the mind, which are much what they have always been, all the world over. Moreover, when personal matters relating to a small and

closely-knit community are reduced to print, it becomes necessary to omit the detail which gives colour and actuality. So for the present, at any rate, I neglect them.

Addenda.

Bollan Jiarg, "Little Red Road," said to be so-named from its reddish soil, runs from Orrisdale towards the shore, near Orrisdale Head, Michael.

The Deemster's Road, from Orrisdale to the Ramsey high road, was made at the instance of Bishop Murray early in the 19th century, but was named after Deemster Crellin, of Orrisdale.

The Saddle Road at Kirk Braddan is named from a stone called "the Saddle," for which see page 214.

CHAPTER IV

PLACE-NAMES AND PLACE-LORE

" Our fathers were not fools when they named their hills."
" I daresay not," said I, " nor in many other things which they did, for which we laugh at them because we do not know the reasons they had for doing them."

(*Wild Wales.*)

" From glens come they,
Out of caves and sídh-mounds,
And the dead hollows of the hills.

" Bind fast about us the Druids' knot,
The fence of fire,
The cloak of concealment."

(*Earth of Cualann.*)

Chapter IV

PLACE-NAMES AND PLACE-LORE

The subject-matter of the present chapter resolves itself, in much the same way as that of the foregoing chapters, under the three headings of (i.) Place-names, mostly in the Manx tongue ; (ii.) their meanings in English ; (iii.) the lore, chiefly of a supernatural kind, associated with the places.

The names, in common with those of the wells and the old roads, are for the most part absent from the maps ; those which do occur are so signified. Some have been met with in by-ways of print and manuscript ; the majority were gathered in the districts where they are still in use, or, in the case of obsolescent names, were revived in the memories of the older people. The spelling has been made to conform with the usual Manx spelling when the words were recognizable ; otherwise they have been written as heard, so nearly as is possible with a class of names in which pronunciation is often variable. Names which do not appear on the map are printed in italics ; this will explain what might otherwise look like a typographical inconsistency. A few of the unmapped names which occur in Moore's *Place-names of the*

Isle of Man are mentioned (with acknowledgment) for the sake of comparison, or to indicate their locality. Similar use has been made of the printed Lord's Composition Book.

A place-name, in that it was born in the mind of a peasant, was cradled in popular approval, and owes its continued existence to tradition, falls well within the limits fairly assignable to folk-lore. A small proportion of these Manx names (*e.g., Nikkesen, Caillagh ny Groamagh, Lhing y Glashtyn, Lhing Berrey Dhone, Trowl-pot, Creg yn Dhorys, Chibber Yoan Mooir*) are more obviously related to folk-lore, since they have arisen directly from the legend belonging to the spot. Some of the saints' names, on the other hand, have produced or attracted legends, chiefly in the case of the wells dedicated to Patrick and Maughold. These are detailed in their places, as also is the story which is told to explain what are now known as St. Patrick's Footsteps, in Rushen. The fancy that the Clydeside missionary left the impress of his feet in the Manx schist is balanced by a Scottish fable, which I will quote from Brown's *Memorials of Argyleshire*, page 139:

"There are also traditional stories in the district of battles and single combats having taken place. One of them is told of a Manx hero, who, when his followers were routed, defended himself against a rock, on which it is said he left the print of his back. The rock is still called *Sgeir-a-mhanannaich*. It might be asked what were Manxmen doing in Otter? But it is a curious coincidence that the Isle of Man was a place

of resort, if not actually possessed, by this Danish dynasty at this particular time. . . ." And he proceeds to explain the mystery by means of a recorded Danish invasion of Cowal in 918.

In addition to the insular places which have been named from the stories belonging to them, there are a few instances where the names are evidently titles which have lost their relevant stories, like some of the items in the list of bardic narratives in the Book of Leinster. Notwithstanding these many sound reasons for mingling names and localized traditions in one section, it might have been better to arrange the folk-lore among the generally diffused beliefs and practices to which a future chapter will be devoted. This method was in fact considered, but the *genii locorum* proved too tenacious of their own. Perhaps, with the implacable logic of natural forces, they decided that it was the business of a scrapbook to be scrappy.

Remarks on Manx Place-names.

The names just specified are exceptional in their periscopic glimpses of the unseen ; Manx place-names in the mass are as prosaic as those of any other land where the name-system is the product of the peasant ethos. (The efforts of colonizing pioneers have not had a happier result, as the map of the United States reveals.) Political history is not reflected by them in any marked degree, partly, perhaps, because outstanding events in Manx history have been few and

far apart. Social history is illustrated here and there, especially that part of it which relates to methods of apportioning and working the land. Ecclesiastical history shows up better than any kind, in the names of chapel-sites, cross-sites, holy wells, and similar relics of religion. But the spirit of the system as a whole is distinctly practical and utilitarian, treating the land and its sea-coast as a source of livelihood. The most noticeable departure from literalness is perhaps the tendency to bestow names derived from the human and animal body. This practice may be equally common in other Celtic-speaking countries ; it is impossible to speak certainly without making a strict comparison which would incur more labour than the result would be worth. *Kione,* head, is of course ubiquitous in its Gaelic form in Ireland and Scotland, as is *dreem,* spine. *Beeal,* mouth, is used for an opening, entrance, approach. *Gob* is now understood as " mouth " also, but it seems likely that " snout " or " beak " was the sense in which it came to characterize innumerable projecting rocks both on the coast and inland. *Stroin,* nose, is employed more rarely than *gob,* and its Scandinavian equivalent *ness* describes bigger features of the landscape than either of the two Manx words. All these facial ornaments are common in English nomenclature. *Cluggid,* gullet, is a term frequently applied to a small narrow valley containing a stream. The following words are also found in various degrees of frequency : *cleayshyn,* ears, *braaid,* throat, *ughd,* breast, *chree,* heart, *lhiattee,* side, *geaylin,* shoulder, *thoin,* buttocks, *maase,* thigh, *lorg,*

leg, *gliooneen*, knees, *cass* and *cosh*, foot, *glaick*, palm, *meeir*, fingers, *arbyl* and *famman*, tail, *maggle*, testicle, *fuill*, blood, *craue*, bone, and in one comprehensive instance *crackan*, skin, rind, if this is the correct rendering of *Towl Crackan*, Rushen. More questionable in their verbal shapes, and therefore in their translations, are *malin*, brow (Gaelic *molan*, but *mollee* in modern Manx), *eearaghyn*, kidney-fat, *shooil*, eye, *ooillyn*, elbow. *Mollee*, however, occurs unmistakably as *vollee*, and *slish*, flank, may also be added.

The English "eye" and "tongue" occur once or twice, but I do not know that they are translated words. The entire animal is represented in *kiark*, hen, and *kellagh*, cock, once each at least, and the Calf is no doubt *kalfr*, the young of the cow, rather than *kalfi*, the calf of the leg. Train, chapter i., page 6, mentions a "place called by mariners 'the Cow of the Calf.'" *Cabbyl*, horse (supposing that to be its meaning in toponomy), is common on the South coast, with and without an adjective. The Chickens is probably an English name, since it masquerades in Manx as *y Chiggin*. These words occur singly; the place is called after an animal. It is in quite a different spirit that the names, Gaelic or Scandinavian, of wild or domestic creatures of various sizes and degrees of nobility, extinct or existent, from deer to maggots, are compounded with other words in the formation of place-names.

There seems good reason to believe that few Manx place-names are very old. To those of Scandinavian origin a time-limit can obviously be assigned, unless

we are to presume a pre-Viking occupation of the Island. The Gaelic names do not, with two or three possible exceptions, appear to antedate the Scandinavian period of history, so far as can be judged without external corroboration. If the characteristic inflexions have been present, they have in virtually every case fallen away, as in the written and spoken language. Though in a small number of compounds *ard* precedes a noun, it is impossible to be sure that it is adjectival. A colourable exception is a croft *Arderry* in Glen Aldyn with the stress on the first syllable, also called *the Derry*. *Dhoo* precedes in Dollaugh (*Dhoo-lough*), Ballaugh parish, and in Douglas. If there are any pre-Celtic names, which I should say is extremely improbable, they are hidden among those which are so corrupted that no one can say with any approach to certainty what they stand for, in the absence of early records by which to identify them. For the Isle of Man is much less fortunate in this respect than the rest of the Kingdom, and less fortunate in records of local names than in those of family names. Most of the instances which do not explain themselves at first sight can only be dealt with by analogy, and, failing that, by intelligent guesswork or discreet silence. The latter is the wiser course, we know ; but speculation in such matters is a harmless folly so long as it is clearly avowed, and not put forth as a pontifical pronouncement. Occasionally it may hit the mark, or come near enough to put others in the way of hitting it. As regards the incomprehensible associations of sounds which occur rarely in the current nomenclature,

it is likely that they are in their origin either Gaelic or Scandinavian names which have suffered maltreatment, or in plainer English, have been chewed up and half swallowed by the elisive and metathesizing Manx speakers. In most cases, the English meanings are quickly ascertainable by anyone acquainted with Manx topographical terms and their modifications, and willing to consult the chief works on Scottish and Irish place-names. Otherwise there is seldom much hope of proving a suggested derivation, for very few insular place-names were recorded before the 16th century, and then in most cases—probably in all—by men who were unfamiliar with the language. If any of the Earl of Derby's clerks who compiled his Rent Roll of 1511–13 were familiar with it, or got the treen-names in writing from Manxmen instead of putting them down as best they could, their spelling cannot have been consistent enough to help us much, for there was then no system of orthography. Place-names in earlier documents, such as grants, charters, records of the Abbey's possessions, and so on, were for the most part evidently written to conform with their sound in a foreign ear. Even among extant names which seem to bear their meanings on their faces, there is always the possibility to be reckoned with that a familiar term has in the course of time been substituted for another which was of less frequent occurrence. A tendency of *balla* to absorb words of a similar sound, such as *beeal, beeal-aa, boayl* and *boailley*, is a theoretical example of this substitution which is occasionally demonstrable.

We know, from such records as are available, that localities of various extent, from mountains down to fields, have been renamed, and it is a fair inference that this has happened repeatedly in some instances. Norse names replaced Celtic, and some of them were again replaced by Celtic names, either newly-coined or pre-Norse names whose use had been kept up by the natives. Since linguistic influences brought about these changes, native names have been replaced by other native names during a period falling within that of written record ; that is to say, during the last four centuries. This tendency lasted so long as the Manx language was spoken. Farm-names, a large proportion of which consist of personal names added to *balla*, have been peculiarly subject to renewal of their second element, for an obvious reason. Changes in agricultural methods have made for fresh designations of fields and larger tracts. Many intacks were added to the Rent Books after 1703, when circumstances encouraged the breaking-in of wild land, which has since lapsed into its former wildness ; it may be presumed that in some of these extensions of cultivation a name describing bog, moorland or rough hill-side was exchanged for another relating to agriculture or pasture, or containing the name of a tenant. With the entrance of the Stanleys in the 15th century English tenants began to replace Manx tenants, and the English language obtained a footing ; the natural and inevitable consequence of this is still in progress.

Attested name-changes from one language to another would fill a chapter. They have even befallen such

primary features, ordinarily tenacious of their names, as mountains and rivers. The only two mountain-names recorded before quite recent times, Wardfell and Rozefell, are now South Barrule and Windy Common. The latter must have had a Celtic name prior to its Scandinavian one, and probably bore the same Celtic name or a new one between its Scandinavian and its English one. Snaefell still possesses, on its Eastern side at least, the alternative epithet of *Slieu Mooar;* it may be surmised that this name (if it can fairly be called a name) was used also for Cronk yn Irree Lhaa, since there is near its foot an abandoned holding thus entitled. Doubtless *Slieu Mooar* was a common term for many extensive hill-sides, just as *Awin Mooar* was for the greater streams. The name of one of the largest of these, the Silverburn, must be either a new coinage or a translation from Manx. The former is the preferable alternative, for while there is no record or authentic memory of its having been called *Awin Argid*, there is in the Abbey-lands Boundaries a hint that it may once have been known—below Ballasalla, at any rate—as *Awin Rushen*, from the old name of Castletown: "*et descendit . . . in amnem de Russyn.*" The stream now called the Santon Burn is, in the same boundary-delineation as well as later, called the *Corna*.

The very few Celtic river-names, extant and obsolete, which are not formed on *awin*, *struan* or *alt*, are probably among the oldest known local names, as might have been expected. One, the Neb, if it represents, even indirectly, the Old Irish *ab*, water,

cannot well be antedated by any Gaelic name in the Island, though another river-name, now appropriated by the town of Douglas, may be as old. But ' Neb ' is more likely to have been *Awin Ab*, from its having, in Glen Mooar, bounded the Kirk German Abbey-lands. The brook *Mouro* or *Mouru* of the Abbey-lands Boundaries, identifiable as the Awin Ruy rising on the Windy Common, is referred by Professor Munch to the Norse *Maurá*. Possibly the presence of a *Chibber Woirrey* at the head of this little stream, just where the boundary touches it, may bear upon its obscure name. The *rivulus qui dicitur Mouro* may at this early point of its course have taken its title from the sacred spring which issues from its bank, *Tobar Muire*, retaining the radical initial as in Tobermory. It is unfortunate that we cannot tell on which syllable of Mouru or Mouro the stress fell, and neither of the derivations just advanced, that from Norse and that from Gaelic, may account satisfactorily for the final letter. If it received the stress, the -ro or -ru may be present in the *ruy* of the present name ; in that event the remainder of the word is dark to me. There is no indication in the facsimile of the text that Mouru is a contraction, and we must take the word as we find it. The name of *Glen Callin*, Maughold, may embody the forgotten name of the small stream which runs down it into the Dhoon Glen ; see page 377. The name of the Dhoon Glen river has likewise passed out of memory, and that the Manx name of the glen itself has suffered the same fate is implied by the form of the present name. *Reagh*, in the " Glen Reagh Rushen " of legend (where-

ever it may have been situated), seems better suited to a stream than to a glen, if it is to be translated 'merry,' 'sportive.' There is, in fact, a *Struan Reagh* in Lezayre parish. Crogga, though a genuine river-name, is not older than a Norse *Krok-á* "Crooked River"; the crookedness is now chiefly apparent below the junction of its two branches. The one running South-East and forming the parish boundary is doubtless the true Crogga, and passed on its name to a settlement—now an estate—which in turn named *Chibber Crogga* and Crogga Glen. The last, like the Dhoon Glen, Colby Glen, and many another, has lost its earlier name.

Norse river-names, it is not surprising to find, are a small minority. The larger rivers are termed *Awin*, the smaller ones *Struan*, and some of the steep ones *Alt*, with the addition of some simple descriptive adjective, noun or personal name in the possessive case; or they are known by the name of a village, a farm, or a glen through which they flow. In the latter type, where a more authentic term has vanished, the name takes an English shape: the Ballaugh river, the Ballacowle river, the Glen Aldyn river.

Generic Terms of Special Interest.

In addition to the common topographical terms *slieu, cronk, glion, bayr, magher, lheeaney,* and a score of others, distinguished by qualifying additions, there are a few which, though occurring repeatedly, are often used by themselves. Specimens

of these may be of interest. The most widely distributed is

(*The*) *Naaie*, properly *yn Fhaaie*, which is found on virtually every farm. The definition given in Kelly's Dictionary sufficiently describes it, even when it occurs in an uncultivated region :—" a green flat grass-plot, a paddock." On farms it is never ploughed up, but is kept as pasture, and is usually adjacent to the house.

The Thoar is said to have been, as the *Naaie* still is, a field-name found on almost every farm, but it is now less common than that. Moore explains it as ' bleaching-field ' ; ' dunged-field ' has, I think been suggested also, and this might suit some instances—it would at any rate hold good in Ireland. But a definition would still be desirable which could be applied to much larger areas than a field, such as the farm of Ballathoar (formerly *Balnethoar*) in Ballaugh and Glion Thoar in German.

Thalloo Losht, " Burnt Land." I learn from a friend that " nearly every farm in Lonan had a field called the *Thalloo Losht*, into which the cattle were put on Tynwald Day. Sometimes plaited bunches of rushes were tied to their horns." *Losht* is also found in company with *slieu* and *cronk*, where it may be supposed to refer to the burning of the ground to clear it of bushes, and formerly of witches at the same time. The use of the term in the lower lands has been traced to the practice of firing the surface of the soil before turning it over with the old push-ploughs.

Fank, the Fanks, though carrying in Scottish dialect its Gaelic sense of a sheep-pen, is used in Man for sheep-pasture. It occurs in Bride, in Lezayre (now part of Ramsey Golf-links), in Malew, in Rushen, and probably in most of the parishes, especially those of the Northern plain. In Malew one instance of it is embodied in the farm-name of Ballanank, where the land in question is now known as *the Nankies,* and is probably the same as the " Bell Nanckes land " of 17th-century records.

Kassagh or *Kessah* is a word applied to swampy places on farms, where animals can drink. The instances I have come across are situated as follows : on Ballelby, Patrick ; on Ballafurt, Santon ; about 100 yards North of Kirk Conchan ; and a couple close together, distinguished as ' brackish ' and ' muddy ' respectively, at Spaldrick, Rushen. An Andreas intack called *the Cassa* was recorded in 1703, but I do not know whether the name is still extant. Possibly the term is disguised in *Loob ny Kesh,* Lonan and Maughold. The Irish *ceisach,* in Kishaboy, Armagh, Cassagh, Kilkenny, Cornakessagh, Fermanagh, Keshcorran, Sligo and other instances, is a causeway of wickerwork or roughly woven branches laid across a rivulet or marshy spot.—(Joyce, i., 349–350.) If this is the source of the Manx word the idea of a causeway, which is radical in the Irish, has lapsed. A farmer once described a *kessah* to me as a natural watering-place common to two farms and used by the animals of both. It is true that most if not all of the foregoing Manx

examples lie contiguous to farm-boundaries, though in some cases a wall or fence has been put up which gives one man's land the sole benefit of the spot, so far as it is now utilized. This present-day Manx definition of a *kessah* is closely paraphrased by an article in Cormac's Glossary, much of which compilation dates to about A.D. 900. "*Gelistar, i.e.*, name for a ford (or pool) of water in which are cattle in heat, and they bite a mouthful from every division of land which is about it, and a circle of stakes is made around it, if the ford (or pool) is between neighbours, so that cattle may not eat the cornfields. The grazing which is made in the ford (or pool) is what is called *gelistar*. And every neighbour is entitled to a common road to it, if it is without a road." Though the reference is to grazing, the use of *leastar*, literally a cup or water-vessel, suggests that 'drinking together' was the essential feature of such places.

The City. The Isle of Man contains a number of places to which this term is applied either regularly or occasionally. (i.) Citten or Sitten, Bride (O.S. map) was "the City" in the Compositions of 1703 and "Citty quarterland" in the Highway Accounts for 1869; the name also occurs in less quotable sources, such as the early directories. It has now been renamed, I think, Orry's Mount. (ii.) "The City" is still, on the lips of the local people, an alternative name for the village of Agneash, Lonan. (iii.) On the high road a few yards North of Barrule farm, Malew, there stood till recently a group of small

dwellings known as "the City," and the word still clings to the spot. (iv.) Oliver, *Vestigia*, page 65, says that certain old cottages bordering Douglas on the North were called "the ancient city of Sena." The town has now grown round them, but the name, spelt and pronounced Senna, is still well-known. Formerly it may have extended down to the shore, for Senna House stands in a line with the section of the old sea-wall in Villiers Lane. It is evident that the name Sena can have no connexion with *shen*, old, as has been suggested, but possibly it may have had its origin in the Norse word for the sand of the shore. There is also (if not yet pulled down) another Senna at the South end of Douglas, which I have heard designated by its neighbours "the happy city of Senna," but this may very likely owe its name to the better known Senna. (Its houses, forming a small courtyard in Bigwell Street, were built by an eccentric mason nicknamed "Happy Quirk"; Happy also dwelt, when the mood took him, in a cave between Douglas Head and Port Soderick.)

In England "city" is bestowed on spots where it is as incongruous as in these Manx instances. There are, for example, the City at the South end of Thirlmere, Cumberland, and the Holy City near Chard, Somerset. In Cornwall "cities" are fairly plentiful; some of them are buried under sea-sand, but others, such as the hamlet of Tredavoe near Newlyn, are still in being. Cornwall's former population of saints with their cells and the settlements they attracted may perhaps be held accountable for

some of these " cities," as St. Maughold was for the one at Kirk Maughold mentioned by Jocelin, *Vita Patricii*. The residents have in the course of ages allowed the title to lapse, but Peel would fain perpetuate the *civis Sodorensis* of medieval bulls and missives. Not behind the saints and bishops in citizenship, and doubtless before them in point of time, the fairies had traditionally their city on the top of Skyhill, Lezayre. This is worth mention as an example of the current peculiar use of the word.

Cooyrt or *The Court* is a name belonging to a croft of three fields in Malew, to three separate fields on the Mull, to a vanished earthwork in German, and to a small farm in Santon. I cannot say with certainty that in the last it is not the English word for a large place of residence. Indeed, the term may be of English origin entirely, although naturalized and inflected, since in medieval and modern Irish *cúirt* has the incompatible meaning of a visit or a round of visits, though the original idea was no doubt a 'circle.' Some of these Manx 'courts,' then, may have been the meeting-places of petty tribunals like the fodder-juries, which, though not of importance in themselves, probably selected a spot hallowed in some way by tradition.

Place-names given from the Sea.

The " marks " which enable fishermen to find certain spots called *lheih* and *aahley* (pronounced 'ailya') at which to shoot their nets, consist of two or more

land-features brought into mutual relationship from the view-point of the boat. Two conspicuous features, such as a hill-top or a building, may be thus associated, the upper or more distant of which is called the *kione* and the other the *geaylin*—the head and the shoulder; or two widely-separated points may be manœuvred into sight at the same time. It is then known that the boat is in the desired position for beginning operations. This is no doubt almost as familiar to most people as the fact that, when seen from the sea, the features of the land alter their outline and their position with regard to each other to a surprising extent. For fishermen there is sometimes an additional source of difficulty; they may have little or no acquaintance with the interior of that part of the land off which they happen to be working, yet they must memorize its topography for their guidance in returning to the same spots. Hence a house or a rock or a clump of trees which forms a unit in a recognized mark must be given a name, which, being used only by a limited and diminishing class of men for a special purpose, seldom gets into writing or print. For the larger and well-known features, such as the top of a mountain, there is no need for this re-naming, and some of the lesser points which lie on or near the coast may also retain their land-names. Yet it is quite likely that there are among these a few which originated with fishermen, and hence arises the difficulty of making sense of them from a land point of view. However that may be, it is only among fishermen that certain names seem to be known. It is this two-sidedness of coastal nomenclature which

makes it doubtful whether Cronk yn Irree Lhaa, " Hill of the Rising Day," was named from the land or from the sea, since the description would be equally valid from either. But as similar names have been given to places out of sight of the sea, this one was probably first suggested to a landsman's mind. The common word *cabbyl* for an upstanding coastal rock, although it has been generally adopted, seems, from its confinement to the seaboard, to have been given by fishermen. But that does not help us to an explanation why so many of these rocks should be called " Horse," to which creature they bear no resemblance. Can *cabbyl* be really the Norse word *gafl*, literally a gable or side of a house, but present in " Great Gable " mountain, Cumberland ?

This mode of bestowing place-names had nothing to do, primarily, with the old Norse-derived custom of giving " haaf-names " to creatures and objects whose ordinary names were taboo in a boat. (There are indications, by the way, that that practice was merely part of a system in vogue among land-dwellers also.) But the habit under notice developed, I think, from a necessity into a convention somewhat similar to that of the haaf-name. To take a Manx instance, the farmhouse of Creglea, Patrick, when used as a mark, goes under the style of " Ballakarran," even among men who are perfectly familiar with its proper name, " because it was once owned by a man called Karran." The hill above it is called Karran's Hill for the same reason, although there is another and more authentic Karran Hill or *Cronk Carran* immediately to the South-

West of it. But the name of the next mark, *Kintore*, seems to be purely a sea-term for "the next houses Northward" *as they appear from the sea;* a man in the habit of using *Kintore* in his boat was unable to tell me exactly what houses the name referred to, well-acquainted though he was with the district. Beyond this comes *Traie ny Sloat*, "Strand of the Salt-pool," which again is not, so far as I know, the land-name of any beach in the neighbourhood. Moore has it among his *Place-names*, but this is probably the example on the coast of Santon which occurs in the Ordnance map. And so the tale goes, right up the Patrick coast. Farther South, in Rushen, *Ball Joe* is the name given, in the same spirit, to a point of the coast under Lingague; *Corran Hill* stands for Bradda; *the Kiark*—"the Hen," *the Kellagh*—"the Cock," and *Geaylin ny Cholloo*—"Shoulder of the Calf," belong to the Calf and one of its outlying rocks. *Thie ny Scarroo* is farther East at Scarlett; *the Spire* is on Langness; *Geaylin y Vaughold* and others are in the North of the island. *The Garden* is on Ballacarnane in the parish of Michael. The fishing-ground called "the Wart," two miles North-West of Peel, where a small but fine-flavoured herring used to be caught, was found by bringing together the crest of Greeba Mountain and a point called by fishermen *Balnyhow*. *Meir ny* (*yn*) *Foawr*, "the Giant's Fingers" on Lhergy Dhoo, were useful in a similar way. The songs sung at the boat-suppers at the end of the fishing-season must have been full of allusions to marks:—

"Heear 'sy Chione Roauyr,
Lesh yurnaa liauyr,
Goaill heose nyn shiauill fo'n Charron."

For inshore fishing of a minor character, the sinking and revisiting of lobster-pots, and the like, an artificial token suffices, such as a pole or lath painted white, or with white rags tied to the top of it, set up at the rear of the beach against a contrasting background. With the aid of such a temporary contrivance sunken pots or lines can be revisited at any time without delay, even when no floats are visible.

Along the low sandy shore of the North-Western coast, useless to fishermen by reason of its swift-flowing and shallow water, names connected with fishing give place to those of anchoring grounds, where shelter can be enjoyed from Easterly gales. For these the commonest term is *lag*, a word in general use on land for a hollow. The situations of the lags are determined in the same way as those of the fishing-places, by a combination of landmarks. One of these may give an anchorage its name, as in the case of *Lag ny Fundaney* (*sic*), "Hollow of the Folds," *Lag ny Vakilley*, "Hollow of the Church-field." On the opposite side of the Island, off the coast of Bride, the banks of sand and "coral" have likewise their names; but only one, the Whitestone Bank, seems to have been taken from a feature of the land.

Localized Folk-lore.

It is a safe generalization that the whole body of superstition found in the British Isles can be paralleled in its main features in other parts of the world, and Manx lore is no exception to this rule.

Even an attempt to differentiate between its Celtic and Scandinavian elements would merely touch its superficial modifications, many of which may have been impressed upon it either in the Island or previously in the surrounding countries. I have therefore contented myself in most cases with citing a similar instance from another district of the Kingdom which fills in a gap or in some other way illuminates the Manx item. But a comparison might almost invariably be drawn from more distant parts of Europe, and even from remoter regions of the globe. It may be that some of the fuller illustrative comments are misapplied; that I have, for instance, looked too narrowly at the *Lhergy Veg*, Lonan, or found a nightmare's nest in Ballaglass. My hope is better, naturally, but in any event the cross-threads in the subordinate material will be seen to hold it together independently of its local occasion. The slightness of the Manx material is due to modern conditions, and I trust that its poverty will recommend it to the discerning, for to have filled it out into a series of shapely and romantic stories would have been an easy and congenial task. By more direct questioning it might have been possible to augment details which only too often are disappointingly scanty; but the danger would then have been incurred of hearing impromptu decorations and falsifications. In the quest for folk-lore one volunteered statement is worth a dozen pressed answers.

As I hope to deal later with general beliefs and practices, as distinct from those adhering more or less to particular spots, I will reserve my remarks on the subject

as a whole until that more convenient opportunity. Concerning the contents of the present chapter a certain conclusion has been forced upon me: it would be unwise to say of any spot of ground in the Isle of Man, either "there has never been a burial here," or "this spot has never been haunted by ghost, spirit or fairy"; and it would be equally unwise to attempt in theory to dissociate the two predicaments. Waldron a long time ago flashed a light on the incorporeal half of the subject when he complained of "the Belief the Natives are possess'd of, and endeavour to inspire into every body else, that there is not a Creek or Cranny in this Island, but what is haunted, either with Fairies or Ghosts."

The substantial unity of doctrine in the world's Under-faith has been revealed to us by the collectors and classifiers of the last three or four decades, and there is no need to insist on the kinship of Manx belief with the general stock. The superstition of the Island is not to be divorced from that of the surrounding lands and waters. Those who have skimmed, however lightly, the mass of the printed folk-lore of Europe and the other continents, will have realized that it is virtually of one texture everywhere, with superficial modifications under the influence of race, locality, and condition of society. We must not expect, therefore, to find in a small island of an inland sea anything which is independent of the surrounding coasts. But there is an unfailing fascination in the wizard-like disguises which a theme (in the musical sense of the word) will adopt, in the wave-like fluidity, even, with which one belief or story will lose its identity in another.

Consider, for example, two familiar doctrines, far from peculiar to the Isle of Man, the exchanging of human and fairy children, and the abductive propensity of the water-horse. Of the former I give a personally-acquired specimen under the heading of Niarbyl, Patrick; of the latter under Nikkesen, in Lonan, Glen May in Patrick, and elsewhere. In Aubrey's *Remaines of Gentilisme*, page 30, the two ideas are run together in this fashion: "In Germany old women tell the like stories received from their Ancestors, that a Water-monster, called the Nickard, does enter by night the chamber, where a woman is brought to bed, and stealeth when they are all sleeping, the new-born child and supposeth another in its place, which child growing up is like a monster and commonly dumb. The remedy whereof that the Mother may get her own child again. The mother taketh the Supposititium, and whipps it so long with the rod till the saied monster, the Nickard, bringes the Mother's own child again and takes to himself the Supposititium, which they call Wexel balg."

A subtler transformation than this simple union of two ideas is detectable in comparing one of the Manx Fenoderee stories with a form of invocation reported from Norfolk; it may well have been practised in the Island also, though I have not come across it. The first, thus related by Train, belongs to a field called *Lheeaney Rhunt*, "Round Meadow," near St. Trinian's. A farmer having complained that the Fenoderee had not cut his grass close enough, the hairy one next year left the cutting of it to the farmer, but followed him so closely and stubbed up the roots so fast that it was

with difficulty the man escaped having his legs cut off by the angry sprite. For several seasons afterwards no person could be found to mow the meadow, until a fearless soldier from one of the garrisons undertook the task. He began work in the centre of the field, and by cutting round as if on the edge of a circle, with one eye on the progress of his *yiarn foldyragh*, or scythe, and the other (by some means) on the blade of the closely following demon, he succeeded in finishing his task unmolested. That the Fenoderee was a skilled mower is otherwise attested in an old song :—

> " *Yn yiarn va echey y ghiarey ooilley,*
> *Scryssey yn lheeaney rish y foaidyn.*"
>
> " The scythe that was at him went cutting through all things,
> Skinning the meadow right down to the sod."

In Norfolk and the North-Eastern counties the same germinal idea has assumed a different aspect and is used for a different purpose. In accordance with a well-known custom proper to St. Martin's Eve, a girl desirous of seeing her future husband " went downstairs into the kitchen. . . . In the centre was a round table, and around this she was to go at midnight with hemp-seed, repeating as she scattered her seed,

> " Hemp-seed I sow, hemp-seed I grow,
> If you be my true-love come after me and mow.

If the person intended to be invoked was to be the husband, he would appear behind the sower with a scythe in his hand to mow, and the sower must escape

before the scythe reaches her, else some accident will happen."—(*Folk-lore of the Northern Counties*, page 104.)

Yet another regrouping of components brings the Fenoderee (diminished in stature) and his tailoring affairs into association with the hemp and the midnight hour of the Norfolk charm. "The fenodyree . . . has in Lincolnshire a cousin . . . The farmer gives him in gratitude for his services a linen shirt every New Year's Eve; and this went on for years, until at last the farmer thought a hemp shirt was good enough to give him. When the clock struck twelve at midnight the manikin raised an angry wail, saying:—

> 'Harden, harden, hemp!
> I will neither grind nor stamp!
> Had you given me linen gear,
> I would have served you many a year!'"

(*Celtic Folklore*, i., 324.)

Here it occurs to me that though I have in the succeeding pages outlined the appearance and behaviour of most of the uncanny beings which in former times attached themselves to particular places, I have perhaps taken the Fenoderee too much for granted. True, he has been the subject of personal paragraphs in such of the earlier writers on the Isle of Man who have deigned to notice its folk-lore, and Roeder has gathered up a number of these scattered references in his *Notes and Queries*. But there may still be room for further consideration of one who cut such a prominent figure in the Island's basic industry. I do not think that Roeder hit on the source of the Fenoderee's name when he suggested "the Fians" plus "Godred"—*i.e.*,

Godred Crovan, King at the end of the 11th century, though I am unable to find a more suitable Scandinavian name; for Udalric and Oderic were German. It is worthy of remark, however, that Callow in his *Legends of the Isle of Man* gives Fenoderee (in his fairy-prince form) the name of *Uddereek;* on what ground I know not—it may admittedly have been a coinage of the fancy. Within limits, therefore, the spelling of "Fenoderee" is optional at present. Strictly speaking, we ought to discuss him in the plural, since there were many of his tribe attached more or less to various farms. A dozen could easily be enumerated, and these are merely places where the tradition has survived. In modern times he is thought of as a single individual who travelled from place to place, and is honoured with the definite article, in common with the tarroo-ushtey and all the other monsters not of human origin as ghosts and spirits were.

Fenoderees, then, were children of the earth, sons of the soil, akin to, though not wholly the same as, the sons of Adam. They were bigger (or at least broader) and stronger than men, and rougher in aspect and manners; their shagginess indeed was shocking to behold. Like their brethren of Britain, Scandinavia and Germany, the Brownies, Nisses, Home-spirits and the rest, they wore no clothing and needed none; for "the garment that was on them was the hair that grew out of them," and they generally rejected clothing when it was offered. This band of territorial auxiliaries was as dark-complexioned as the French army, and though tradition has not preserved their average cranial

index, their intellectual capacity was inferior to that of normal human beings. Their swollen knee-joints knocked together ("*glioonagh, sphrangagh*" in the Song of the Fairies) to such a degree that their shambling gait was peculiar to themselves—(were they platycnemic also?) Yet they could run swiftly if need were, and employ their superhuman strength with superhuman agility. Hence, though only their outstanding feats are now remembered, their value to the farmers was incalculable, and their gradual extinction during the last hundred years or so (as estimated by my informants) has been accompanied by a marked decline of Manx agriculture. They differed noticeably from their British and Scandinavian relations in that they did not enter the houses, or even hang around them unless for food left out at bed-time. They preferred to make their home in a not too distant wood or glen where they could enjoy their daylight leisure secure from observation, for they did most of their work by night. Doubtless, as has been opined, they were an unprogressive or degenerate type of human being actually inhabiting the Northern countries, though not necessarily everywhere of one race. They may have been absorbed into the mass of the population of those lands and so become a legend which invasion afterwards brought to the Isle of Man. The supernatural element in the Fenoderee tradition is less substantial and essential than much which has accrued to perfectly mundane and historical personages in most countries after death, and in some instances during their lifetime. The Fenoderee's specific endowment was physical

strength, not magical powers, and nobody was ever afraid of him on the latter score. Even in assuming his total extinction I was inaccurate ; although he was a Caliban without women-folk, his modified descendants are still to be seen.

A more spiritual or fairy-like being, the *Crogan*, has now so nearly faded from the mirror of popular imagination that she has no place of her own, so far as I have learnt, among the numberless spots which are or once were haunted. She seems to have been a water-loving lady ; her name, at any rate, relates her to the North of Ireland Grogan, and perhaps further to the long-haired, cattle-tending Gruagach of the Highlands, just as the Manx *glashtyn* is the Highland *glaistig*.

Explanatory.

References to the years 1510–1513 are of course to Talbot's translation of the Derby *Manorial Roll*, some of the inherent value of which is lost through the lack of editing consequent on posthumous publication. The Lord's Composition Book of 1703 is bound up with this ; the other Lord's Rent Books are in manuscript, as is the Parish Register material with the exception of extracts from the Registers of Ballaugh and Malew published in the *Manx Note-Book*. It is regrettable that these records were not printed in their entirety by the defunct Manx Society which did so much useful publishing work in the 19th century—some of it less valuable, however, than the Registers would have been.

The Bishop's Book (*Liber Episcopi*) contains in MS. the records of episcopal courts from 1580.

"Gaelic" is used, as previously, for Scottish and Irish Gaelic in distinction from Manx. "Norse" refers of course to the Old Norse as preserved by settlers in Iceland, and thereafter in our Icelandic dictionaries.

Though with reluctance, I use "superstition" and "supernatural" for lack of happier expressions, and because they carry significations which are generally understood. "Supernatural" is especially objectionable from a rational point of view, and might well be replaced by some such term as "supernormal."

The Parish of Andreas.

Two factors, the lack of channels in the shoal water of her low, unbroken coast and her broad belt of curragh land, have combined to isolate Andreas. Without an industry save the basic one of agriculture, her dwellings are farm-houses and their attendant cottages, and the modest cluster of buildings round her church is her only attempt at a village. After the Curragh was partly drained and crossed by causeways the railway negatived the advantage by ignoring the parish, along with Jurby and Bride. Motor-buses have lately approximated the country-side to its metropolis Ramsey; but the three parishes comprised in the Northern Plain should still be richer in immaterial relics of the past than the rest of the Island. I have not endeavoured to forestall the intrepid explorer of these remote regions.

Cashtal Ree Gorry (O.S. map), "King Orry's Castle," is a spot on the cliff-edge at Balladuggan. The original Blue Point here is no longer a saliency, the name having receded Eastward with the eroded coast-line, and the earthwork has fallen before the same attack. It had a trifle more of legendary right to its title than its namesake in Maughold, since it is near the Lhane, the fabled landing-place of King Orry. Indeed, the soundings here show that at some former period the Lhane Mooar met the sea farther North than it does to-day, and opposite this point, which itself is sometimes said to have been the King's actual landing-place. From this it may be concluded that the sea now covers the spot to which was first attached the legend of his disembarkation.

The Buggane (probably for *Brooghane*, "Little Bank") is an old ring-fort on the Lagagh Mooar, concerning which the O.S. Name Books state that the wall, then (in 1869) much dilapidated, formed a circle of about ninety feet in diameter and averaged three feet in height. There is another hillock of the same name on Ballanayre, German.

Keeill Tushtagh, perhaps "Silent Church," Gaelic *tosdach,* is South of Smeale. "In cultivating the ground a few years ago the remains of a small building of earth and stones was removed. The site is still traceable and the track of the fence strongly marked. Graves have been found within this fence."—(O.S. Name Books, 1869.) Near here is a well-known "Fairy-hole" similar to that at the *Butt Wooar,* Lonan, *q.v.*

Knocketholl, otherwise *Knock-y-tholt,* "Hill of the

Barn," is on the treen of Ballasteen, otherwise Ballahestine.

Gilcaugh (O.S. map) probably means " Reedy Place," from *giolc*, reed. But the adjectival postfix *augh* can mean both " a place of " and " a thing like." In the latter sense the word *gilcagh* was applied to Irish Round Towers and derivatively to their sites and localities. Hence, *e.g.*, the parish of Guilcaugh in Co. Waterford, and a hill called Cuilcach in Cavan, which was the Inauguration Mount of the Maguires.—(Joyce.)

Lag ny Funáney or **Fundáney** is a seamen's name for a sandy-bottomed anchorage off the coast between *Gob y Gurrum* (Blue Point) and The Rue (*ruadh*, headland), the Rue Point of the maps. *Fundáney* is perhaps a corruption of *fundalyn*, folds, and refers to a landmark ; *lag*, a hollow, is commonly understood to mean an anchorage also. A place of the same name is described in a detached fragment of 17th-century manuscript as being " a vale near the shore " in Kirk Bride.

Lag ny Farrane, " Hollow, or Anchorage, of the Spring," lying off the junction of the Andreas and Jurby coasts, is of a similar character to *Lag ny Fundáney*.

Lough Rushinagh, occurring among the names of Andreas intacks in the first Manorial Roll, is interesting as embodying the word *rushen*, meaning wood, brushwood.

Thalloo Curragh, " Curragh Land," was the former name of land now comprised in Ballachurrey, which latter name is said to be a comparatively modern coinage.

Among the **Field-names** on Braust are *Cronk Vet,* "Bet's Hill"; *Bull ny Baar,* "Place of the Road;" *Cronk Bedn,* "Light-coloured Hill." On Ballaghaue are *Booilley Vedn* and *Booilley Vooar.* Though not of interest in themselves, they are examples of the type of name which here and on many other farms has been replaced by English names.

The Parish of Arbory.

Poached by Rushen and Malew, her short shore-line sinks between the grandeurs Westward and the twisted rocks of Scarlett. Between hills and sea she has many pleasant places, of which Colby Glen is chief. The great name of Columbcille which the Church would have fastened upon her she has with becoming modesty rejected, and held to that of her baptist, Cairbre.

Ronnag, formerly Arronag, Aryhonick, Arystonick, etc., is a decayed district understood to comprise a dozen or so farms, which was formerly much more populous and thriving than it is to-day; but it lacked that valuable aid to prosperity, a Fair, until in the 19th century a middle-aged resident with a sense of citizenship, Juan Illiam by name, saw what was needed. He therefore persuaded some of the women to set up stalls beside the only main road to attract the inhabitants of the rest of the parish and as many outsiders as possible. By his personal endeavours he maintained this unofficial function annually until he died, but no one had sufficient enterprise to

carry it on afterwards. He is remembered as "Juan Illiam y Marghey," John William of the Fair.

It was in Ronnag, among many other places in the Kingdom, that they built a wall around the cuckoo to prevent his flying away and taking the summer with him.

Glion ny Craiee (so pronounced) extends from the Garey Mooar towards Ballahowin, North of Ronnag, and includes a stream and a bridge or culvert on the highway.

Lhingowl, "Confluence Pool," in the Ballachrink river, was the home of a colony of Glashtyns who worked on the farm. The *Glashtyn Mooar Lhingowl* is still famous locally for his strength and shagginess. There has evidently been some confusion here between the Glashtyn, a water-monster, and the hairy Fenoderree who, when the fit took him, would do three men's work for the farmer he favoured.

The Round Table, one of Man's three Round Tables, is a small mound or "fort" on Ballanorris near Ballabeg railway station, partly ploughed over at the end of the 19th century, but still standing well above the level of the field. Traditionally, it was a burial-ground.

Cronk Craine, Mount Gawne, contains a *rhullick* or ancient cemetery, and the name, though apparently signifying "Craine's Hill," may possibly have been *Cronk Crawyn,* "Bones Hill."

Sker Lheeah, "Gray Tidal-rock," is a reef of limestone at low-water mark about half a mile West of Balladoole House and on the North side of Pooylvaash.

Cronk ny Gamal is a hill and croft on Ballafoda, mentioned in the Lord's Rent Book.

The Dronagh is referred to in Thwaites's account of the Island as the site of a schoolhouse.

Thalloo ny Carnane, "Land of the Cairn," occurs among *Isle of Man Charities* for Arbory.

The Parish of Ballaugh.

Secondary heights, a firming curragh, a melting coast, and the birthplaces of the Manx halves of a famous novelist and a famous naturalist, all belong to Ballaugh. Her church must be the oldest still in use, after Kirk Maughold. Among its hoary tombstones is one ornamented with carvings of unchristian trammon-leaves, a reminder of the obsolete custom of burying a few of these leaves with a corpse, especially a child's in later times, "to keep off the fairies" during the hazardous interval which precedes the Day of Judgment. This, like so many other superstitious practices, contained an element of inconsistency, for the fairies lived in trammon-trees, and were not likely to be afraid of its leaves. But we must not expect a superstition in its modern and decayed state to be governed by logically reasoned motives. Many such observances were so inveterately rooted in the common life that they came at last to be performed as matters of routine verging upon the instinctive, with little understanding or questioning of their import, though reasons might be assigned to replace forgotten ones. Whatever may have been the radical significance of the elder-tree to our forefathers of the undivided Aryan stock, or to the race from whom they learned it, it has

branched out into various allied matters relating to death, to preservation from it by the cure of disease, to the grave, the Underworld, the family ancestors, and the fairies. Celtic-speaking nations have shown less regard for the tree than some of their brethren; though it entered a little into their cures, Irish fairies were all for the whitethorn. But Puschkait, the ancient Lithuanian God of the Lower World, was understood to dwell beneath the elder, and in the shadow of it, at evening twilight, the country people left their propitiatory offerings of bread and ale. In North Staffordshire he was "the Owd Lad" who was liable to appear when elder wood was burnt. In Denmark his place was filled by the Elder-mother and her brood of little sprites; once, because a child was laid in a cradle made of elder-wood she gave it no peace until it was taken out. In the Danish island of Zealand there grew an elder in a farmyard, says Keightley, which often took a walk round the yard at twilight, and peeped in through the window at the children when they were alone. A Gypsy charm cited by Leland commands the pain to pass from the eyes, which are first bandaged with elder-bark, down through the body to the feet, from them into the earth, and thence *andre meriben*, into death. In Bohemia the growth of a twig planted on a grave was a sign that the soul was happy in its life beyond; the old Jewish cemetery at Prague was full of elders. Even in Somerset and other parts of England until lately it was thought unlucky to burn elder-wood in the house.

In Man the elder is, together with the rowan and the

thorn, the most significant of trees. It protects the house and its vicinity because it is inhabited or frequented by the kind of fairies who were formerly understood (there seems reason to believe) to be the souls of the ancestors; "the Good People from the sunset land," as a Manxwoman calls them in one of Roeder's anecdotes, "the Good Neighbours" of the Scottish peasantry, the Irish *Daoine Maithe. De mortuis nihil nisi bonum.* They live in the trammon, not like birds among its branches, though that is where, and sometimes how, they show themselves, but inside its hollow stems, as though they were drawn up through its roots from the earth itself. So, when a soul was dispatched to join its buried kindred, a handful of the leaves (preferably, no doubt, gathered from the house-tree) was laid by its mortal framework with a vague proprietary sentiment, to help its identification in the other world and its consolidation with the collective body of those who awaited it. This I imagine to have been the earlier feeling about the custom; for it may be supposed that if the fairies, though feared, had been deemed utterly alien and inimical to the living the practice would not have arisen of planting a trammon against the house-wall.

Historically, Ballaugh Church (why are Ballaugh and Jurby, alone among the 17 parish churches, never called "Kirk"?) was, in the hands of Archdeacon Philpot (1827-1838), instrumental in ending the ecclesiastical punishment called "penance." "By degrees I abolished many old superstitious customs, such as swearing to the amount of the debts claimed

on the grave of the deceased debtor, while standing at its East end, also the custom of doing penance in a white sheet in the chancel. Many of the cases dealt with in the Vicar-General's Court were clerical delinquents who had misbehaved themselves. Some concerned those who had been suspended, praying for restitution. . . . The affair which led to the abolishing of penance was this. Three bad characters at Ballaugh, in scorn of Church rites, led a horse into the porch of the Church on a moonlight night and, tying a white sheet upon its head, made game of baptizing it. The case came before me, and I passed the sentence of full excommunication, which included penance in white sheets in Ballaugh chancel. I charged the Sumner to place himself in the rood-loft within sight of the penitents and report on their behaviour at the next Consistory Court at Ramsey. The Sumner reported that they passed the time dancing Scotch reels. After that, I made a general appeal to put an end to these old Popish relics, which was ultimately successful, though the new Bishop for some reason did not like it."—(*Our Centenarian Grandfather*, A. G. Bradley, pages 162 ff.) The "new Bishop," William Ward, was installed in 1827, therefore the abolition of public penance must have come about shortly after that date; and the late Sir John Rhys, in his *Celtic Folklore*, i., 351, has a corroborative account of the matter gathered from the lips of a Ballaugh man whom he conversed with in 1888. This man remembered the performance of penance in Ballaugh Church about or shortly before the year 1832, and the Vicar-General's putting a stop to it soon afterwards.

Ballakoig (O.S. map) across the bridge near the old Church, belonged in 1513 to the treen of Balyskebag, and its name as now pronounced, "Ballakeg," is evidently a worn-down form of the treen-name. Another treen to the South-East of St. John's was Balykebag, and there was a Balyskebeg treen in Maughold containing the farms now called Ballaskeg. That the "e" in Balyskebag was short is evidenced by a later spelling "-skebbag," which points to *skibbag*, a divided portion, as being the qualifying term, now "skivvag" and "scavag," for which see *A Vocabulary of the Anglo-Manx Dialect*. It is probably referable to the same root as "Cappog or Cappoge (little plot), the name of several places in Ulster, Leinster, and Munster," (Joyce, i., 219), and Keppoch in Badenoch; diminutive and adjectival forms respectively of *ceap*, a block, which has the subsidiary meaning of a piece of ground. The Scottish derivative has analogies in *Close Keppaugh*, a Jurby intack, and *The Kappagh*, a Lezayre intack. Is it not possible, by the way, to identity the latter with the "Hescana-ap-payze," also, and more plausibly, written *Hescanakeppage* ("Bog-stream of the Tillage-piece") at which began and ended the boundary between the Lord's and the monks' lands? If so, it should lie North of Ballamona and East of Close Chirrym (O.S. map), the *veterem siccam* of the text of the Boundaries.

Much land has been lost here to the sea. The rent of the croft called *Crot y Grazy* (referred to under *Chibber Woirrey*, Ballaugh, page 77) which was submerged before 1703, was still being paid by the owner

of Ballakoig so late as 1860, when Oliver wrote. Farther inland the place once possessed a venerated tree or trees; whether they were the two tall ashes which still stand over the site of a recently filled-in well remembered for its excellent and probably curative water, or whether they were the elders mentioned in the following passage, I am not certain: "The old trammons at Ballakoig having been cut down, the fairies (*feathag*) came every night to weep and lament. So many met that a fight ensued, and the following morning the people found the 'street' strewn with fairies' thumbs." (*Lioar Mann.*, i., 223.) "Fairies' ears"—*cleayshyn hramman*—is a fungus which grows on trammon-trees, and I presume their "thumbs" are of a similar vegetable nature. There is a third well of interest, once a cure-well, up the slope Eastward of the farmyard.

Where the Ballaugh river meets the sea was once a small croft called

Cass ny Hawin or **Coshnahowne,** "Foot of the Stream," which is now absorbed into Ballakoig. On it stood an old building called "Hackett's Tower," which long ago fell or was washed away by the encroaching tides. Notwithstanding its lofty name it was, I believe, nothing more dignified than a gorse-mill.

Farther down the coast and about half a mile North-East of Orrisdale stood

Keeill Pharlane, "Bartholomew's Church," or perhaps *Keeill Valane,* the Church of (Mary) Magdalen. The site has been destroyed by the crumbling of the cliff. A little farther South is

Cronk y Clagh Vane, "Hill of the White Stone."

Turning inland from Orrisdale and up the long narrow valley called Ballaugh Glen and Ravensdale, past

Cronk y Chreeney above Carmodil—*creeney*, frequent in hill-names, signifies bushes of little sap which grow on dry ground, as distinguished from more luxuriant vegetation—the enquiring traveller will find that

Scroundal was once "a great fairy place," a quality which does not differentiate it from most other places in the Island. The better part of their history has been forgotten ; but of Scroundal a woman of 80 who was born and bred there, and bore before her marriage a name celebrated in song and legend, remembers many things with affection and sadness. On the grinding-stone of the mill, now at rest, the fairies used to sit with lights in their hands and sing with happiness while it was turning. They often came into the house, and were heard singing there too. Lest it may be thought that the music of the mill was due to lack of lubrication, it should be added that both these manifestations occurred at night only. The fairies were also to be heard sweetly singing as they went about the mountains above the glen. The Fenoderree himself lived among the gorse and oak-trees which encircled Scroundal, and there was something else which was less friendly than the Fenoderree. "There was one oak-tree there that a spirit, or whatever it was, lived in, and whenever it was seen it went into the tree. It was the spirit of somebody who was dead." Her father cut down the gorse-bushes and the tree, and was very ill for a long time after. In the bogs above Glenshoggle there was a Tarroo-ushtey which was sometimes seen about, and

disappeared into the wet places. It was often heard shouting before rain. The people gathered in the big barn for the Mheillea, and had a great supper, the men drinking jough and the women drinking tea. They danced the Mheillea Dance and the Fathaby Jig, and lots of other dances.

The best comment I can offer on the most interesting of these items is a passage from *The Golden Bough*, page 115 of the abridged edition: "Sometimes it is the souls of the dead which are believed to animate trees. . . . Some of the Philippine Islanders believe that the souls of their ancestors are in certain trees, which they therefore spare. If they are obliged to fell one of these trees, they excuse themselves to it. . . . The spirits take up their abode, by preference, in tall and stately trees with great spreading branches. When the wind rustles the leaves, the natives fancy it is the voice of the spirit; and they never pass near one of these trees without bowing respectfully and asking pardon of the spirit for disturbing his repose. Among the Iguorrotes every village has its sacred tree, in which the souls of the dead forefathers of the hamlet reside. Offerings are made to the tree, and any injury done to it is believed to entail some misfortune on the village. Were the tree cut down, the village and all its inhabitants would inevitably perish. . . . In China . . . . the trees that grow on graves are sometimes identified with the souls of the departed. Among the Miao-Kia, an aboriginal race of Southern and Western China, a sacred tree stands at the entrance of every village, and the inhabitants believe that it is tenanted

by the soul of their first ancestor and that it rules their destiny. . . . In most, if not all of these cases, the spirit is viewed as incorporate in the tree ; it animates the tree and must suffer and die with it. But, according to another and probably later opinion, the tree is not the body, but merely the abode of the tree-spirit,which can quit it and return to it at pleasure." Out of these beliefs, Sir James Frazer proceeds to show, developed Tree-worship. In some European instances, as the village tree of the Basques, they may be merely the vestiges of such a worship. Manx tree-lore in Ballaugh and other parishes is now perhaps too tenuous to bear the weight of theories or generalizations ; the following example of another branch of it may be cited with more profit. The name of the family and village concerned are designedly withheld ; but I believe the practice was by no means singular, though doubtless rarer now than formerly. It was simply to plant a tree at the time of the birth of each child ; the growth and vigour of the tree was then supposed to have an intimate connexion with the health and fortunes of its co-natal patron, or partner in the prevalent influences. In the particular instance now under notice, shortly after one of these secret sharers of life suffered destruction or serious injury, the family received news from Australia of the death of the son whom the tree was understood to represent. It is hard to say which of the two was believed to have reacted on the other ; whether the man's vulnerability was supposed to have been located in the tree, or whether the tree was regarded merely as an indicator of his well-being.

Neither in this nor in the rest of its tree-lore has the Isle of Man, so far as I am aware, any strictly peculiar features, though some may have been lost in the general break-up of tradition during the last hundred years, of which the last twenty have been the worst. The cult of the elder has been more vigorous than in other Celtic-speaking countries, and those of the whitethorn and the mountain ash not less so; but a Manxman who could readily give reasons for the significance of the *trammon* would be hard put to it to explain the white magic inherent in the *kieran* and the darker magic inherent in the *drine*. As their respective properties and uses have already been described by more than one writer, I need not recapitulate them here; anything of the kind which may have escaped my predecessors will be found in its local setting. One item may, however, be mentioned now, as it is undesirable to associate it with the name of the village where it happened. Its interest lies in its unique contradiction of the beneficent qualities everywhere and always attributed to the mountain ash. A woman who had been ousted from her dwelling left in it, on one of the landings, a pot containing a slip of *kieran*, with the avowed intention of bringing misfortune to the new occupants. By all repute, she was far from lacking in skill and knowledge of an occult kind; otherwise one would suppose she had misread her pharmacopœia. Perhaps she wished to test the principle of *corruptio optimi pessima*.

It need hardly be added that the thorn-tree—*drine*—betokens fairy activities, especially in secluded spots.

To sit too long under one is not advisable ; to sleep under one is dangerous. A young girl of the Northside who did so remained ' away '—*ersooyl*—what Scotch people call ' fey,' until the fairies finally claimed her.

Scroundal, besides being the name of the treen, is commonly applied to the mill and its neighbourhood ; the Ordnance map has simply "Corn mill." Opposite it a little road branches off the glen road and upward into

Glion ny Woirrey, which is the old name of St. Mary's Glen. As there appears to be no chapel-site or sacred well in this little valley, merely a " Giant's Grave " at the top, perhaps the connexion was with *Keeill Woirrey*, the site of which, however, lies nearer the parallel glen of Carmodil. A short distance farther up Ravensdale is

Ballathoar (O.S.map), where the Scroundal Fenoderree reappears, or a fellow-clansman of his. The tale of his obliging a farmer by carrying up a boulder from the shore to set at the corner of a new house is connected by Cumming (*Guide*, page 23), with this estate. It seems more at home here than at Tholt-y-will, which is a good deal farther inland, though perhaps that would not matter much to the Fenoderree. Cumming adds the sequel which is so widely dispersed throughout Northern Europe, the farmer's offer of clothing and the brownie's comment.

In an account of an excursion to Ballaugh parish in 1888 (*Lioar Mann.*, i., No. 10) occur the following unmapped place-names, most of them belonging to tumuli. *Creg Bane y Bill Willy*, the White or

Conspicuous Rock of Bill the son of Willy, whence a circle of white stones had been removed for gateposts; *Cronk Ailey*, Fire Hill; *Cronk y Sthower*, Hill of the Treasure; *Cronk Coir*, Hill of the Chest or Cist; *Cronk Armyn*, Hill of the Warrior, Sc. *armin*; *Cashtal Lajer*, Strong Castle, a tumulus on Cronk Ould; *Faaie ny Cabbyl*, Meadow of the Horses; and *Cronk Skeylt*, Cloven Hill.

The Parish of Braddan.

Elongated beyond all the long Manx parishes, Braddan stretches her finger-tip over the mountain-range level with Snaefell to touch the hem of Michael and Lezayre, and the sole of her foot rests on the back of Santon. She alone of the parishes has land in both the North and the South, and her hour-glass waist, once adorned with a Tynwald, is their meeting-place. Since she lost her Courts her Southern portion, like that of Malew, has been overmuch Englished.

Castleward is a small earthwork in the broad green valley of the Glass which has given its name to a treen and a farm. The mound has also been called *Knock y Troddan*, "Hill of the Fight," and is still called "the Sod Castle." The Manx of the latter name would come within a reasonable distance of the sound of "Castle Ward," but the nearness of Tromode favours a derivation from the Scottish Gaelic *mod*, which doubtless was once a Manx word also. The true form of the name then, *Cashtal yn Mhoid*, would be equivalent

to Castle, or Mound, of the Court, in consonance with, *e.g.*, *Clach a' Mhoid*, "Stone of the Court," at Dunkeld, Perthshire. The gossip attaching to it, however, is of a military nature. "The large conical mound at Castleward is the remains of a Cromwellian fort. Large stone cannon-balls have been picked up in the immediate vicinity, and there is a tradition that this fort bombarded another on the opposite side of the valley, where also stone balls have been picked up."—(Extract from a letter dated 15th January, 1867, from Dr. Oliver, addressed to the Ordnance Surveyor.) I have heard a similar story of two parties "shooting at each other" across the flats between the two banks at Port y Chee, with special reference to the small tumulus on the Western bank; and at Kewaigue, still in the same neighbourhood, are mounds and a *Lheeaney Streeu*, "Meadow of Strife," to which the same tale clings. "The fort on the opposite side" was presumably that in *Magher y Caggey*, "Field of the Battle," on Ballanard. A note by the Surveyor adds that tradition asserts Castleward Fort to have been erected by General Fairfax during the Cromwellian era. The same origin is attributed to other earthworks in the Island, notably that at Ballachurrey, Andreas (where there is some evidence for the date), and to the vestiges of one on Peel Hill.

The once-sacred well and the pool under its tree near the remaining scrap of the wall of the keeill adjacent to Castleward farmyard are now given over to the animals.

The Saddle Stone, near Kirk Braddan, is said to have been a penitents' seat "in the old times."—(Oswald.)

Presumably it was used for this purpose after it was removed from among the great stone remains called "the Camp" close by and inserted in the roadside wall from which it now projects. Either because of its peculiar shape or for some better-founded reason, popular belief has long associated it with the fairies. Forty years ago there were rumours in the neighbourhood that women straddled it to promote child-bearing. Even in Waldron's time it was called "the Fairies' Saddle," and was then known for certain to be used by them when night-riding the horses of the local gentry and farmers. At that time it lay conveniently loose on the edge of a small rock.

Croit y Killip, "Killip's Croft," adjoining Ballamanaugh on the South, and

Croit y Cottier, "Cottier's Croft," adjoining ground formerly known as "Stoale's Rent" on the North and Ballamanaugh on the East, were the "five or six days' ploughing of good arrable land" promised in exchange for the old Braddan glebe and vicarage by Captain Edward Fletcher in 1742, that a new Vicarage might be built. The old house had been found so unhealthy on account of its low and damp situation that the Vicar and his family had been obliged to rent a house in Douglas. Both crofts extended to about 518 paces from the old church. *Croit y Killip*, on which the new house was to be built, was also more convenient to

Ballacretney, "Cretney's Farm," "lately purchased and endowed by the Bishop [Thomas Wilson] for a new Glebe."—(*Statute Laws.*)

Crosh ny Kaire Thorne, "Cross of the Four Bosses,"

thorrin—compare the five on the Port y Vullin cross—stood on the road between Kirk Braddan and the Vicarage, as may be gathered from the MS. Bishop's Book for 1798. In all probability it was a funeral cross.

The Cronags, "The Little Mounds," was formerly the name of a part of Ballafletcher *alias* Kirby.—(Bishop's Book.)

Snugborough, though apparently a modern name, dates at least as far back as 1780, when it was "Snug Burrow" in a sale advertisement.

Lhergey Crebedy, "Creased, or Wrinkled, Slope," is an old field-name on Ballaoates which has now degenerated into "Lippety-Crippety," and survives in the name of a road descending to the Union Mills.

Camlork, formerly *Camlorge*, is probably "Crooked Path" rather than "Crooked Shank," which could only have arisen from some fancied shape in the land. There is a popular rendering, "Crooked Staff," to explain which a story has been provided of the owner's appearance at a law-court with a walking-stick of the Harry Lauder type.

Baldwin has a Manx form *Boaldyn* which comes a little nearer to the original as indicated by the names of the treens here, *Baldall Brew*, *Baldall Cryste*, and *Baldall Reynylt*, with the meaning of "farm of so-and-so's portion." The popular derivation from *boayl dyn*, "the place for us," fortified by a yarn about Danes looking down approvingly from the head of one of the valleys, was perhaps suggested to its ingenious inventor by the presence of a small croft near the top of East Baldwin called The Place.

Craig Vallavrew, "Ballabrew Rock," is the full name of "The Creg" (O.S. map) on the edge of Colden mountain, above Awhallan (Ardwhallian).

Keeill Abban, the remains of the old Tynwald Chapel in Baldwin, had at its East end a remarkable stone (possibly the altar-stone) which somebody removed from its place, with the usual penalty of dire misfortunes including mortality among his cattle, until the stone was rebuilt into the wall of the present church. This is a well-known story of which several variants have appeared, and I mention it only to illustrate the inconsistency of popular credence; for another stone, said to have been a portion of a cross, which stood in the porch of the present Tynwald Chapel at St. John's, was many years ago secretly removed and buried at some unascertained spot, in the belief that its presence in the chapel was causing sickness among the cattle of the neighbourhood.

Carraghan (O.S. map) with the meaning of "Stones" or "Rocks," or an adjectival derivative from that noun, is a mountain famous in folk-lore chiefly for its presiding genius, the little red-cloaked *Ben Veg Carraghan*. To her already well-known legend it may be added that when travelling among the hills she was sometimes followed by a goose. Though most frequently seen flitting about Carraghan or seated in a sheltered nook of the mountain busy at her spinning-wheel, she did not restrict herself to this locality. On one occasion she was encountered by a great-grandfather of my informant when he was cutting turf on Snaefell. She honoured him by speaking, but he refused, it is said, to divulge

her communication to anxious enquirers. So far as her attribute of a goose is evidence, this elusive frequenter of Carraghan, Beary, Snaefell, the Sulby highlands, and North Maughold (in all of which regions she has let herself be seen) is to be associated with the Teutonic Goddess Bertha or Berchta, for whom consult Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology* and works of a similar character. By her other and better-known attribute of a wheel (now become a spinning-wheel, but that was not invented until the 15th or even the 16th century) the *Shen Ven* is comparable with the Norse Friggja and the German Frua. In folk tales they both foster spinning among the girls, if indeed a wheel may not be said to have been Frua's emblem. That the good Manx dame's wheel was originally something quite other than a spinning-wheel is suggested by the curious tradition in the North that her mode of travel was to curl herself up into it and roll down one hill and up the next. Western accounts of her, in the parish of Patrick, say that when on the move she sat on the "spool" or spindle of her wheel, a conception which reduces her to very tiny proportions ; but according to Grimm the Swedes gave the name of *Friggerock*, Frigga's Spindle, to the constellation of Orion's Belt—a more capacious saddle for a long journey. Though the *Ben Veg* has been provided with a human origin, I think we may rather credit her with having been at first a divinity, who—probably before she arrived in the Isle of Man—declined into a mountain-roving giantess, and has since dwindled by degrees to her present and perhaps final invisibility.

The Fenoderree's Track descends from the Northern side of Slieu Charn Gerjoil into East Baldwin. The white stones which mark it were kindly placed there by him for the benefit of a Glen Roy woman who often had to make the journey across the mountains.

Struan Chalmane is the Manx name for the "Pigeon Stream" of the map, just South of Douglas Head.

Port ny Choan, "Port of the Narrow-place," is immediately North of the Little Ness. Variants given to the Ordnance Surveyor were Port a Cubbon, Purt y Chubbon, Port a' Chobhain.—(Name Books.) With these may be compared *Creg y Cuvin* and *Creg Cubbin*, both on the Rushen coast. Though *coan* is a dictionary word and common in Manx place-names, it is of some interest to find it approximating in these instances to the Irish *cabhan* of (County) Cavan, etc. As in the cognate Latin *cavus* the radical idea is that of hollowness.

The Parish of Bride.

Bride is sand under a thin mask of green. Even her smooth, strange-looking hills are but dunes blown inland and overgrown. Remotest and least of the parishes, she has through centuries been reshapen by the sea, which is still adding barren acres to her Northern extremity in derisive return for the drowned farmlands off Shellack. Like the other wholly rural parishes she has sent more sons into prosperous exile than she has kept at home; among them she owns a bard whose lusty praise of her is heard across the Atlantic.

The Church of Bride seems to have belonged in the

14th and 15th centuries entirely to the Monastery of Whithern in Galloway, according to a document (No. 461) in the *Registrum Magni Sigilli Regum Scotorum*. "Apud Edin., 1st July, 1451. *Rex confirmavit Roberti Regis, qua concessit et confirmavit priori et canonicis Candida Case Premonstraten. Ordin. omnia ecclesias, terras, redditus, possessiones, picarias, et libertates subscriptas, viz., . . . ecclesiam S. Brigide in Lair in Manne, quam habebant ex donatione Tho. Ranulphi Comitis Moravie, domini Vallis Anandie et Manne, nepotis dicti Regis . . . etiam . . . libertatem tenendi in liberam baroniam cum furca et fossa etc. omnes terras quae* [*sic*] *tenebant de Comiti Moravie infra insulam Manne—quasquidem libertates dictus frater regis et comes predictus concesserunt.*"

The witnesses to the original grant, dated at Arbroath, 20th May, 1326, included Gilbertus, Bishop of Sodor (Gilbert McLellan, died 1328). The other churches mentioned in the *Confirmatio* were mostly in Galloway. The last clause may be taken as including the barony of St. Trinian's.

Moore, *History of I.O.M.*, page 351, says that Whithern had tithes in Lezayre, but it is probably the treen name, *Le Ayre* ("Lair" in the foregoing excerpt), which is concerned, and the reference was to Kirk Bride and not to the parish or churchtown of Lezayre.

Cronk ny Vowlan (O.S. map) is pronounced locally "Voalan." Variants in Oswald's *Vestigia*, pp. 62 and 80, are Cronk na Bullen and Cronk y Vallan. *Bullan*

signifies a rounded, swelling piece of ground. It occurs also in three field-names on Ballavair in this parish; see *Mannin*, No. 7, page 435.

Cronk Bouyr, "Deaf Hill" or "Hill of the Deaf"—query, the dead?—is a burial-mound on Ballacregga. There is another mound with this curious name on Skyhill, Lezayre, which see for further remarks on the word *bouyr*.

Cronk Villey, "Tree Hill," on Ballacree, was also a burial-mound. The tree was probably a venerated one. *Yn Lioar Manninagh*, i., 183, says the hillock was levelled about 1860.

Glen Unjin, "Ashtree Glen," is the shallow valley below Kionlough.

Samson's Stone or **Castle** is a remarkable erratic glacial boulder on the top of a grass-grown sandhill at Shellack Point—which is no longer a Point—whither Samson tossed it across Ramsey Bay from Maughold Head; the effort was so severe that the imprint of his hand remains in the boulder.

Citten (O.S. map). This quarterland was "The City" from the 17th to the 19th century, and it would not be surprising to hear that it is still occasionally so-called.

(**Balla**) **Yonaigue,** "Young John's Farm." "William Christian als. Jo. Aig in Kyrke Bryde," 1662.—(*Illiam Dhone and the Manx Rebellion*, page 33.)

Field-Names on Ballavair:—*The Reelaughs*, places where the soil is thin—a mere "sifting"; *The Ochtaughs*, "the Breasts" or steep places. *The Fanks* are the grazing-land extending from Kionlough to Claghbane. For the names see *Mannin* as above.

The Parish of Conchan.

Conchan contains Douglas, but is not all so bad as that. Though her coast lacks character, there are charming solitary spots among her low hills, which have not changed since I was a boy. To betray them now by name would be ungrateful.

Douglas. The notion that this word is a combination of the names of the rivers Dhoo and Glass which meet a mile and a half above the harbour need not be considered. "Douglas" in its various forms is common to all the countries in the British Isles, and the meaning is simply "dark river." Whatever aspect of the Douglas river prompted the bestowal of the name, it suits well enough to-day the steep, tree-lined banks, which were formerly tidal much farther inland. Probably the valley, seaward from Kirk Braddan at the least, has always been well wooded; Pulrose—*Pooylroish*, "Wood-pool"—points in that direction. The earliest occurrence of the name is in *Chronicon Manniae;* from 1192 to 1196 the monks of Rushen, or some of them, were living at a place called *Dufglas*. If, as is likely, this was in the neighbourhood of the modern town, the site of their residence may be conjectured to have been the land now known as Ballabrooie, "Farm of the Hostel-keeper"—Gaelic *brúighe*— on Douglas treen; unless, as Cumming suggests, the Nunnery was previously a monastery. Douglas treen is so spelt in the Manorial Roll of 1510, and this must have been retained—or restored—as an English official form, the Manx having naturally become

Doolish. The word belongs to an early stratum of place-names, and it is probable that all the other instances of *glas* in the Island are the colour-term, best rendered in the case of water as "clear."

The name of the Glass seems to have been applied for a while, in translation, to the joint stream below the confluence. "In 1728, the people of Douglas and Braddan petitioned the Tynwald Court 'that a Bridge should be erected over the Bright river on the road between Douglas and Kirk Braddan church.'" This was enacted in 1739.—(Moore's *History*, page 448.)

Cold Clay is now a part of Glenville or Hillberry. The name is probably a perversion of *Cooill Cleiy*, "Hedge Corner," and it is only an accidental coincidence that the soil is of a sufficiently clayey nature to have provided material for constructing the sides of Douglas Reservoir.

The Clypse (O.S. map), as a name, is comparable with "the Cleps," two pointed coast-rocks at Maughold Head, and with the dialect word 'clipe' or 'glipe,' a detached strip or fragment—Old Norse *klippi*.

Cronk y Berry was an earlier name of Hillberry, which half translates it. "Hill of the Sharp Point."

Keym Mooar, "Great Path," a field on Ballakilmartin, contains a stone-paved floor of some antiquity. The name appears to refer to a pathway which runs from the house to the remains of an ancient chapel dedicated to St. Martin.

The Nikkesen's Pool, in the upper part of the Groudle River, was haunted by a being similar to him of the same name in Lonan, but the details here are wanting and probably forgotten.

Lag Birragh on the coast at Banks' Howe is usually pronounced Lagaberry or Langalberry, but the Ordnance map form, or perhaps *Lag ny Birrag*, is likely to be the correct one, with the signification of "Pointed Hollow" or "Hollow of the Pointed Rock."

Tromode (O.S. map) was formerly *Tremott*, with which may be compared *Tiremod*, "The Courtyard," a natural tumulus at Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, mentioned by Gomme, *Primitive Folkmoots*, page 265; even if natural, it has the appearance of having been used as a place of public meeting, so far as I am able to judge. The so-called Fort at Castleward, though not within the treen of Tremott, being in fact in the next parish, Braddan, is within a few hundred yards of Tromode farmhouse and village. In the village of Muthill in Perthshire "there is still a place called 'the Ward,' where the chief of the strath distributed justice to his vassals."—(*Ibid.*, page 267.) If it was from the Castleward mound that "Tremott" arose, the name must have been in use before the present parish boundary-line, which here follows the river, came into being. But there are other earthworks within the limits of Conchan which are sufficiently near to Tromode to have originated the name, though none of those which survive is so noteworthy.

The Parish of German.

German oversteps her natural boundary Southward and her ecclesiastical boundary Northward. Though without a parish church by reason of being a sub-

division of Patrick, this spiritual shortcoming is atoned for by her physical charms; they are as numerous as her appearances in history, which discovers her seated in her islet at times, but more often at her moot-hill. This last, intermediate between Bishopscourt and Castle Rushen at the spot where the Central Valley cuts the only gap in the mountain barrier—at the triple intersection, that is, of two natural lines and one artificial line—stands as the focus-point of the Island.

Passing from East to West, with an excursion Northward, on the Marown border of German lies

Greeba (O.S. map). The name of this mountain is doubtless derived from the Norse *gnipa*, a rocky peak. The same word occurs among North of England place-names. But it is noteworthy that Chaloner in his account of the Isle of Man (1653) calls the mountain "Cubgreve"; was the full Scandinavian form "Cunb-gnipa," beak-rock, or does Chaloner's name represent a Manx "Gob y Greeba," snout of Greeba? Perhaps the latter is the likelier alternative, since there is at the present day a Gob ny Creg on Creggyn Greeba. Moreover, the simple form is found long before Chaloner's time in the "Balygniba" of a 13th-century grant referred to on page 134. Creggyn Greeba, Greeba Rocks, lie on the Marown side of the boundary. On the opposite or North-West slope of the hill, and in German parish, is a farm entered on the Ordnance map as Kerroo ny Claghagh (Ploughland of the Stony-place); it is now usually called

Kerroo ny Glogh, "Ploughland of the Stone," and was *Kerroo Clough* in the 17th century. The slope of its land to the Awin Dhoo, now called "the Dark River," near Greeba Mill, has produced or attracted a story. The wife of the farmer—this was long ago, of course—took some of their calves down to the river-side to graze. After a while she suddenly missed one of their number, but a thorough search revealed nothing more than some tufts of hair scattered about the bank. She drove the rest of the calves home and told her husband of the loss. Next day he took the calves out himself. When he was passing the same place he heard a sound of splashing and trampling, and on looking round he saw a monstrous creature come out of the water, seize a calf, and begin to tear it to pieces and devour it. After this the calves were always kept away from the river. A few weeks later the couple's only child, a girl in her teens, went out one evening to do some small task on the farm and did not come back. A thorough search revealed nothing, and she was never seen or heard of again ; but no calves were missed afterwards.

The creature, though not specified in the story, would be the greyish Cabbyl-ushtey rather than the darker and commoner Tarroo-ushtey, which is more given to increasing the farmer's stock of cattle than to diminishing it ; but his progeny is always distinguishable by its peculiar ears. He himself resembled, according to current accounts, the *bochaun* or extinct Manx breed of cattle, in that he was small and black ; but there is a fragment of native song which calls him *spottagh,* spotted.

Garey Feeyney, "Wine Garden," is thus described in the Ordnance Books: "a small rock, the top of which is very flat and square and covered with a beautiful greensward, giving it the appearance of a garden. The Southern face of the rock overhangs and forms a small cave." Need it be added that this was a haunt of the fairies?

Beary Mountain (O.S. map) gives its name to Beary Farm on its Western side, in the order usual to such duplications. An early form is lacking, as for most of the Island's natural features. What use, if any, has been made of the curious raised plateau on the summit I have never heard; but a story resembling one which has been published concerning the neighbouring height of Carraghan is told of the mountain at large. A shepherd and his two dogs, who were looking for sheep not far below the level top of Beary, saw—all three of them—a little old woman seated at her wheel a-spinning. The dogs went up to take a sniff at her, but "she put something on them that frightened them back." The shepherd, too, had a feeling that she was not "right" (canny), and he and the dogs were astray up there for two days and two nights. After getting home he was unwell for some time; both the dogs "took sick," and one of them died. The apparition is not said to have worn the red cloak which is a distinguishing note of the *Ben Veg Carraghan;* on the other hand, the latter is not thought to bring misfortune on those who are privileged to view her—rather the contrary, I understand, so long as they remain at a respectful distance.

It was up the Western slope of Beary that the fairies were seen taking their departure from Glion Mooar, the continuation Southward of Glen Helen, and what frightened them away was the disagreeable noise made by the new fulling-mill near Ballig Bridge. The mill is now old, and has long been roofless and silent, but the fairies never came back, or I must surely have seen them when I lived next door to the former source of the sounds which offended them. At present the valley is suffering another temporary access of minor industralism.

Port y Candas at Ballacraine Corner, half a mile East of Tynwald Hill, though not a map name is well known to the inhabitants and to the Post Office. It is applied to a croft containing a couple of houses, a shrunken pool among trees, and three fields to the West of them which are separately called " The Rhynes," and now belong, I think, to Ballaspur. Porter's *Directory*, 1889, gives " Port Cauda " as Ballaspur land. " Rhyne " is apparently the Irish *rathín*, diminutive of *rath*, a circular mound or entrenchment, and if so must refer to the neighbouring earthwork, unless a smaller one has been destroyed. A local tradition runs to the effect that *Port y Candas* was given to a Ballacraine farm-servant in lieu of his year's wages, amounting to £3, which the farmer was unable to pay him. The man then went to Peel and earned enough money " by working on the Breakwater, which was then being made," to build himself the first house on the property, of which only the gable now stands. It is remembered as having contained a stone oven of remarkable size with an

extensive fire-place of the old type underneath it. As the successor to this house is said to be over 90 years old, the transaction between the farmer and his "boy" must be dated to a much earlier period than that of the construction of the present Peel Breakwater; possibly the quay was meant. A wage of £3 per annum, with lodging and food, was a rate ruling about the middle of the 18th century. The other house on the spot, still inhabited, is evidently a much older structure than the one just mentioned as rising 90; perhaps that is why "the fairies used to come into it at night." Opinions conflict as to whether they came from the little wooded pool or out of a tumulus across the road called *Cronk y Vannin;* there seems to be no sound reason why they should not have come from both places, but if they did they would be two different kinds of fairies, and good luck to them all.

The name *Port y Candas* is by some persons applied to a low mound of earth with the vestiges of a double bank partly encircling it, which lies in a swampy place on the North-West side of the road from Ballacraine to the Hope, and is marked "Camp" on the Ordnance map. The Name Books describe it as "the remains of an ancient encampment or enclosure in an almost perfect state of preservation. The high-road bisects it and has destroyed a portion of the inner circle and central mound. Dr. Oliver states this place of meeting to be an ancient judicial or 'Thing Hill' analogous to Tynwald Mound. In its original condition a small streamlet encircled the space between the inner and outer circumvallations." It is shown as completing its

circle on the opposite side of the road, but nothing of the kind is now visible in the driest weather. The top of the mound has been lowered, by local accounts, and altered in appearance by the digging of turf from it, and by ploughing. In it was found a round stone a couple of feet in diameter, described as hollowed out in the centre into a deep basin large enough to contain a man's fist. Another informant tells me that in ploughing he removed "a lot of stones and small boulders" lying on and under the turf; there was a good deal of black ash present with the stones. Jenkinson in his *Guide* (1874) noticed "a spot called Port-e-Candos, near an existing morass, the remains of an ancient lake"; but it has not, so far as I know, ever been subjected to serious investigation from an archæological point of view. His further remarks imply that the word Port is to be understood in its ordinary English sense, and as relating to a time when the sea flowed thus far inland; but *port* and *portach* are used in Irish place-names for a bog as well as for an embankment or landing-place. It may be suspected also that in the Isle of Man the word *fort* is liable to become *port*; there is, for example, a spot on Slieu Curn, Ballaugh, called *The Port*, which is the kind of earthwork commonly known as a fort. Whatever may be its significance in the present case, the boggy ground on the opposite side of the road, comprising part of the "Camp" according to the Ordnance Survey, is now called by the local people *The Pot*. *Pot*, though not in the dictionaries, is a Manx-used word, of respectable antiquity, for sedgy ground; it occurs in the *Pot-mine*

Curragh of the Abbey Turbaries and in the mountain name Pennypot. In meaning it contrasts with *moainee*, dark peat-land.

It is evident that a good deal of material must have been removed from the central portion of the "Camp," for it is no higher than the now dry ground to the South-West, which was undoubtedly at one time swamp; when this was submerged the "Camp" and its encircling banks, at their present altitude, would have been submerged also. The only alternative would be that they were constructed subsequently to the subsidence or draining off of the marsh-water. "The Camp," though an interesting if inconspicuous object, is not unique in the Island, and has been compared with "The Ring" at Ballanicholas, Marown.

Close by *Port y Candas*, at the South angle of the cross-roads, stands what is left of

Cronk y Vannin, an old burial-mound locally associated with Manannan Beg, who is said to have "held his Courts there." It was formerly more extensive, but has been cut into by ploughing on one side and road-making on two others. It has probably suffered a good deal of surface-change also, since in the past cists have been observed protruding from it. With its name may be compared that of the *Follagh yn Vannin* road below the Tynwald Hill a short distance away.

Tynwald Hill. The derivation is of course from the Norse *thing*, assembly, and *völlr*, field or enclosure. "Very probably *thing* (German *ding*) originally meant 'word'; *i.e.*, anything we may chance to speak of, and

was identical with the Old Latin *dingua* for *lingua*. Adelung conjectured long ago that the German *ding* originally meant 'speech.' " — (Fox - Talbot, *English Etymologies*, 1847.)

Tynwald Hill is said traditionally to consist of equal quantities of earth brought from each of the other 16 parishes, with the ground of German parish for a base. *Sconiana*, anon., Edinburgh, 1807, page 10, quotes a legend that when Bruce was crowned in 1306 the Barons reared the Mote-hill of Scone by casting down earth from their lands, which hill afterwards " by the auld laws of Scotland " was reckoned a microcosm of the whole country. There was a proverbial saying that when a man had walked over this hillock he had walked over all Scottish land.

Another account of the composition of the Manx hill says that it, or its crown, contains three sods from the three chief mountains of the Island. Their names, and whether " chief " means highest, I have never been able to ascertain ; but Waldron (1744, page 115) has a reference to Snaefell, Barrule and Carraghan in the order of their height. " Under these, they tell you, lie the Bodies of three Kings," to whose burial the mountains owe their origin as being cairns raised during the ages by the contributions of passers-by—rather a fine bit of mythical geology or geogeny ; so imaginative that one fears Waldron confused the mountains with the cairns on their summits. Under Snaefell " we may suppose, either the greatest, most ancient, or most beloved Monarch lies." Waldron is not likely to have been precise about altitudes, and these are not in fact the

three highest points; but if the Southern Barrule is intended, they do represent the North, the middle and the South of the Island, and might fittingly be those of the Tynwald tradition.

Whether for these reasons, or on account of its *kudos* as the centre of governing power, the Hill is regarded in the light of a fetish, and to walk three times round its base sunwise is believed to bring good fortune. Nine circumambulations were employed in the more complicated machinations of witchcraft, and the earth at the centre of its top round must have been a source of temptation to practitioners generally.

Cronk Grianagh, immediately East of Tynwald Hill, as spelt on the Ordnance map would mean "Sunny Hill," but the local tendency to call it *Cronk Chreeney* or *Cronk y Chreeney* suggests a more satisfactory explanation. *Creeney* is a word often applied to places of low, scrubby vegetation—gorse or other small bushes. In the Highlands of Scotland it is used for small sticks suitable for firewood, the Manx *brasnag*.

On the North-West side of Tynwald, in the steep-sided hollow of Glen Mooar with its old Mill-house, lies the land formerly called *Balnyhowin*, "Farm of the River." Immediately Northward, on Ballachrink, is

The Cambel, a well-known riverside field skirted by the Neb, interesting on account of its name and for other reasons. The explanation of the name, as of Cammall in Michael and *Cronk ny Gammall* in Arbory, may perhaps be found in the Gaelic *camoil*, used in Scottish and Irish place-names in the sense of "curving stream." Still going Northward,

The Court is outlined and so-named on the 6-in. Ordnance map, but even with this aid nothing is now discernible, from the ground, of any remains. Here, as in many other places, an aerial photograph would be of value. As the site did not attract the attention of local antiquaries in time, we must be satisfied with the following description of it as it appeared sixty years ago to one who was not a specialist in such matters: "A square mound of earth on the farm of Lhergydhoo. . . . . About fifty feet square on the summit and about fifteen inches high, defended on the South and East by a ditch or moat, now filled up but still distinctly traceable, and on the North and West by a small river or stream, as no trace of any works can be seen on those two sides. It is something similar to the square mound in the interior of Peel Castle, and it is supposed, as the name indicates, to have been a Judicial Mount. On a small eminence immediately North of The Court an urn containing human remains was discovered. Mr. Cain removed a great quantity of stones from two heaps a little North of the said eminence, disclosing several clay urns. Two small mounds still mark the site."—(O.S. Name Books.)

Claveg. Cumming, *Isle of Man*, page 201, says a stream of this name runs from Lhergydhoo to the sea, which would seem to be the one partially enclosing The Court. If so, *Cleigh Veg*, "Little Bank," might possibly refer to the earthwork. I have not met with the name elsewhere than in Cumming.

Crosh Mooar, "Great Cross." "A circular heap of stones and earth, principally the former, about sixty

feet in diameter, and four feet high. The interior has been nearly removed for building purposes. Stone cists and urn found. Up till about fifteen years ago a large slab or stone stood upright near its centre. . . . No portion of it is now to be seen."—(O.S. Name Books.) The old by-lane, here called *Bayr ny Ooillyn*, forms a right angle in avoiding the *Crosh* before joining the deserted hill-top highway to Michael, known as the *Raad Manachan*, at a point close to

Manannan's Chair, or *Stoyl y Manannan* or *Manachan*. The two latter terms are used interchangeably, and Manannan MacLir is occasionally called Manachan in Ulster also; but both the Manx and the English name of the earthwork give me an impression that they are comparatively modern inventions. The "Chair," a large but eroded rampart, is said to have formed a complete ring originally, but only about two-thirds of a circle now remain, and that is steadily perishing. Up to about 60 years ago there was an object of some kind within the vallum, but the evidence differs as to both its character and its position. "Mr. John Quirk of Ballabooye states that before recent improvements took place on this eminence a peculiar earthen mound in the form of a seat or chair stood in the North-West corner, from which Manannan MacLir is supposed to have dispensed the law, hence the name, pronounced in this locality 'Mánachan.'"—(O.S. Name Books, *circa* 1869.) A tradition that this misty monarch of the Island not only held his Court here but was buried within the enclosure has not yet quite died out, but it may easily have been suggested by the name. Moore,

Place-names, says " . . . . this 'seat' . . . was a cromlech. It has now disappeared." I have seen a third reference to this mysterious object, but cannot at the time of writing lay my hand on it. The disappearance of a mound or cromlech from the North-West " corner " of the ring might be accounted for by the presence of the hedge. Possibly it was never a circle, but a crescent-shaped work like the *Lhieh Eayst*, " Half Moon," in Maughold and the destroyed earthwork at Ballanard, Conchan. The field in which the " Chair " stands is called *Manachan*, evidently by transference from the monument.

On the West side of the Island a proverbial saying is current, " that beats Manachan, and Manachan beat the Devil," a formula found in England and Ireland, but with nominal substitutes for the two leading actors. In England " he caps Bogie, and Bogie capped Old Nick " ; in Ireland " Bogie " becomes " Banagher," which may have suggested the Manx " Manachan " so far as the proverb is concerned. "That bangs Banagher, and Banagher banged the Devil " most likely takes its origin from the Banagher in Co. Derry (there are several others), the sand from whose sacred site was a powerful antidote to witches, the evil eye, and similar unwelcome influences. Is the " Banaghan " of *Court Banaghan* earthwork, said to stand above Glen Cam, an intermediate form, or simply " hillocks " ? Personally, I have never been able to find this monument of antiquity, but my enquiries locally have elicited the opinion, right or wrong, that it is " the same as Manannan's Chair."

Returning Southward, at the foot of the hill-range stands the farm of

Ballalough (O.S. map), "Lake Farm," which is said to have once possessed a "cross of stones" with rabbits and birds carved on their edges, and my informant used to play around it when a boy. A farmer took the stones to make lintels, but a murrain came on his cattle, and in a panic he buried the stones in the sandy soil, where Manx antiquaries occasionally look for them. (This tale of buried stones is well distributed about the Island. At Gretch in Lonan they were "covered with moons and stars.") The same man, who is both a blacksmith and a student of history, and has evidently swallowed but not digested much learning from Guide Books and talkative strangers, tells of numerous great battles in various places round about. Everywhere, indeed, the existence of an old burial-ground is taken as evidence of a battle; nothing less than a great one was ever waged. Though topographically out of its place here, which does not matter much, the following military event may be cited as a specimen from the conglomerate of apocryphal Manx history, since it seems to blend the tradition—as distinct from the record—of the conflict at Santwat into the Chronicle's account of the Skyhill battle, plus a hint of the struggle with Irish invaders on South Barrule also recorded in the *Chronicon Manniae*. Somewhere between the years 1100 and 1200 there was a great battle between the Irish of the North side and the Manx of the South side. After they had been fighting a long time the Irish began to give way, and at

last were driven in disorder up Sulby Glen, where they mysteriously disappeared and no trace of them could be found by the victorious Manxmen. "The Sulby river then went out at the Lhane," which my historian seemed to think an important element in the strategy of the day. His theory was that the vanished Irish took refuge in the hills around Sulby Glen, where their descendants flourish to this hour, as he proved by their surnames.

This inexplicable disappearance of the vanquished is a reflection from oral accounts of the battle of Santwat, which is dated therein to prehistoric times; whether that has been handed down verbally from the era of the event or was a later offshoot from the record in the Chronicle I should not care to have to decide. I prefer to offer the more historically authentic fact that Ballalough used to harbour in its bogs at the base of "Cronk Lammag" a Tarroo-ushtey of considerable ferocity. In the days of its decline its reputation overawed naughty children now grown up into exemplary members of society; since then it has emigrated or shrunk to invisibility and inaudibility with the shrinking of the bogs. During the *floruit* of this monster the isolated eminence now called

Cronk Lheannag (O.S. map) was the meeting-place and camping-place of some of the Northern and Western companies of the malcontents instigated by Illiam Dhone. In papers relating to the affairs of the time (*Illiam Dhone and the Manx Rebellion*, page 17) it is stated that Thomas Crain of Ballaugh, Captain of German parish, overtook Sam Radcliffe of Gourden

on their way back from Castletown, and Radcliffe told Crain that a Cromwellian fleet was on its way to the Island to reinforce them, and bade him assemble his company at *Knocklanech* in German. Radcliffe did so, but afterwards dismissed it. Subsequently, however, the same party, with the aid of other parish bands, ventured to lay siege to Peel Castle.

The present pronunciation of the name of the hill is "Cronk Lammag," with the explanation "Snail Hill"; and it certainly has from the South the aspect of a giant snail carrying its shell. But the 17th-century form must be preferred to this and to the spelling of the map, and *lanech* probably stands for the Gaelic *clannach* in its sense of "bushy." Clanner (O.S. map) in Santon, correctly *Clannaugh*, retains the initial.

Between Cronk Lheannag and Ballalough farmhouse is

Creg ny Gat, "Rock of the Road," just East of Cronk Keeillane, or forming part of it. No rock is now visible.

Mullagh Dawson, "Dawson's Summit," was formerly the name of the hill which is now occupied by Peel Cemetery. Dawson has been a local surname for nearly three hundred years.

Cronkbreck means "Speckled Hill" literally; but *breck*, at any rate in its Gaelic form *breac*, seems to have had a secondary meaning approximating to "sacred," or devoted to special use in some way, and such may have been its original implication in the present case. "A few chains North-East of Cronkbreck Cottage the

remains of a mound are still visible; on its summit was a stone cross. The mound has been used as late as the early part of the last [18th] century for legal purposes, such as the proclamation of Chancery and other decrees, announcements of Coroners' sales, fodder juries, and Foresters' fines. So says Mr. C. Crellin of Cronkbreck."—(O.S. Name Books.)

Butt a Joe. " A prominent ridge extending from near Ballashimmin South-East for upwards of half a mile. So called from a person named Joseph being found dead on it."—(O.S. Name Books.) *Butt* certainly is " ridge," probably from the Gaelic *búta* rather than the English word, but of *Joe* I do not feel so sure. The word occurs in two other place-names in Rushen parish.

Peel. Taking the year round, to get the visiting industry in correct perspective, and the centuries round, to average the fluctuations of the fishing industry, now dormant, the sea may be called the life-blood of Peel, and the harbour its main artery. If the simile must be continued, the speech-centre of the quay, so long as the weather is bearable, is Munn's Corner; for other conditions there are interior refuges, but the Corner has the inestimable advantage of a good look-out seaward across the bay, and the annual quantity of tobacco consumed, yarns exchanged, and gossip circulated along its narrow wall-backed bench has never been computed. As the Biological Station at Port Erin fosters fish and other specimens of marine life, Munn's Corner fosters stories, fishy and otherwise: so does it catch them or hatch them, so cultivate them, promote their growth and multiplication, study their beauties from every

ST. PATRICK'S ISLE, PEEL, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

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angle, and finally turn them afloat for the benefit of humanity. Of the inn formerly kept at this point by the Munns only their name and this social habit survive; Munns there may be in the Island yet, though I have met none, but certainly their blood runs in Peel veins to-day. Angus, who was probably the first of the clan to arrive from Scotland, died in 1792, after marrying into his adopted town through the person of Leonora Callister, who died in 1808. The pedigree of their descendants is extant in MS. down to 1846, and could be continued almost to the present date without much difficulty, if the genealogist invoked the aid of Munn's Corner in full session.

The various names under which Peel has passed are inseparable from the history of its castled and cathedralled islet, and their consideration must yield first place to matters of greater moment. An old Ballaugh woman knows a good deal about these. She says (1927), that "big fairies were seen walking about among the ruins of Peel Castle, and fairies were heard shouting on the broos when the fishing-boats were going out. If a man's voice was heard shouting it was known bad weather was coming, and they put back. Once they were going out, and the Man at the back of Peel Castle shouted to them there was a storm coming and they were not to go out, but they went, and the fleet was lost off the Calf." Another tale of warning, from the parish of Patrick, says that "the Peel boats were fishing at the Wart off Spanish Head. The weather was looking bad. A mermaid appeared among them out of the sea and shouted '*shiaull er thalloo*'—'sail

to land.' Some of the boats hauled in and ran for shelter ; those that stopped there lost their tackle, and some lives were lost as well." Bishop Wilson's diary records, on the 3rd March, 1721, a very similar incident. Two Ballaugh boats were at sea together, but out of mutual hearing distance. The men in both boats heard a voice repeating very distinctly the words *churr hood*, " weigh anchor "—(*sic*). They obeyed, and thus preserved, in all probability, their lives from a violent storm which arose within half an hour of the warning. The Bishop adds, " This is well attested." In other cases the warning has been delivered by the visible shape of a man in the neighbourhood of the boats when at sea. All these anecdotes of admonitory apparitions have a strong resemblance to one another, and seem to describe a kind of collective second sight and super-audition.

On one occasion at the least, the kindly guardian of seafarers sent a messenger ashore in a shape which, though long and conspicuously associated with Peel, is not as a rule highly thought of anywhere. The skipper of my informant's boat was expected by his crew to join them at the harbour one evening for a night's fishing, but he failed to turn up, and consequently they did not put out. Next day he told them that after leaving his house near the Reservoir he was faced at the top of the town by a big black dog which would not let him pass it. He went back home and got a thick stick, but all his threats were disregarded by the animal, and whatever way he tried to get round to the quay the dog was there before him. Finally he came

to the conclusion that it was a "sign," and returned home for good. Early next morning a heavy gale sprang up with great suddenness, through which the boat, if it had been caught in it, might not have lived.

"The three great losses of the Peel herring-fleet" were: in the *Mooir ny Fuill*, the Sea of Blood, South-West of the Calf; at "the Wart," a fishing-bank close to Spanish Head; and under the landslide of the Garroo Clagh, North of Fleshwick. Each of them was the consequence of neglecting a warning; in the third case the message was not supernaturally conveyed, but was merely a clerical warning against fishing on Sunday. The first and worst so impressed the mind of an old woman who was "not quite right in her head," or "a bit astray" or "clicky," and got the best living she could by "going about on the houses," that she commemorated every anniversary of the disaster by wading barefoot into Peel Harbour at low tide, facing South-West towards the place where it happened, and "saying something to herself" while standing there. The spot where she used to wade in, called "the Gut," was filled up when the railway station was built. The calamity which impelled her to this pious act was foreseen by another woman of Peel—a Wise Woman this—in a basin of charmed water. A different account says it was actually caused by some such means, and that the guilty witch was afterwards rolled down the Northern slope of Slieu Whallian in a spiked barrel.

Not only was Peel Castle the abode of a giant who is sometimes said to have been Manannan himself, and to

have stridden habitually across the strait between the mainland and his islet, but on one occasion a crew of fishermen leaving the bay had a surprising view of innumerable fairies climbing up and down the Castle flagstaff. Did these bear any relation in a folk-lore sense to the climbers of the pole in the Crammag river, referred to on page 275 ? If not, they are without a parallel in my experience. Another adventure which befell Peel men suggests that the Man of Peel Island sometimes took a trip across to Ireland. The crew of a Peel fishing-boat lying in an Irish port, either Ardglass or Drogheda, but anyway " the nearest port to the Isle of Man," saw about 10 or 11 o'clock of a clear summer night a man twice the size of an ordinary man appearing and disappearing on the quay ; he kept looking down into the water and shouting in a tremendous voice which seemed to shake the buildings, but the men were not understanding what he was saying. (They must have been on the quay themselves, because) no one would dare to go down into the boat to make it fast. At last one volunteered to do it. Afterwards a policeman came along and they told him what they had seen and heard, but he knew nothing of the matter and could not explain it. Nobody but the Manxmen had any knowledge of it. So far as is now known, nothing bad—no accident to the boat or unusually severe weather—followed what is commonly considered to be a warning of impending danger. Possibly it was a practical joke on the part of their protector, whose whimsical nature is portrayed in other island stories.

The Vraney (*brainagh*, a grinding-mill), is mentioned in *Isle of Man Charities*, page 69, as an estate in the parish on which a school was built subsequent to 1781 and was in use in 1831. I do not know where it was.

The Parish of Jurby.

Jurby has given greatly to the sea, and her coast, with that of Ballaugh, is pared to a regularity stricter even than that of their landward boundaries. On the green swell of her slight and only eminence, once an islet, bulks her ponderous church, chief landmark of the flat North but no longer a nucleus of population. Hill, church, and well now obliterated, all bear the name of St. Patrick.

Keeill Coonlagh, or **Cuthlan** as occasionally pronounced (referred to in a note on *Chibber y Varkish*, page 70), is "said to have been at one time the Parish Church of Jurby."—(O.S. Name Books.) This at least shows that it was traditionally believed to have been of more importance than the other keeills in the parish, a belief which may have arisen from its having been in use as a place of worship down to a later period.

Old Dad, "a large boulder of conglomerate sandstone, situated between high and low water marks near Jurby Head. About eight feet high, its shape somewhat resembles the figure of a man."—(O.S. Name Books.)

Ballasalla, "Foul Farm" in some sense which is not now quite plain, but probably "muddy." The Ordnance

Survey Books say that the name was applied to *five* small farms in Jurby.

Lag ny Vakillya (thus pronounced) is the name given to a long ridge of submerged rock running out Westward from the Jurby coast. It is purely a fishermen's and seafarers' name, and probably signifies " Hollow of the Church-field "—*Lag ny Vagher-killey*, from a landmark giving the situation of the reef. Did this ridge give birth to the tradition that the mysterious island which was seen from time to time off the Jurby coast was connected with the land by a raised causeway or gang-way which appeared and disappeared with the island ? Whether or not, the vanishing island must be associated with the departure of Manannan Beg by rolling in the shape of Three Legs into the sea at Jurby Point, a legend which belongs also to Spanish Head in the South-West.

Cronk y Scoltey, " Hill of the Cleft " (Cronk y Scottey on Ordnance map) on Ballagharraghan, is now nearly undermined by the action of the sea, a fate which awaits the remainder of the tumuli surviving along the edge of the North-West coast.

The Parish of Lezayre.

Lezayre is the largest parish and the most abruptly diversified in contour and scenery. The highest land and the lowest, the richest and the barrenest, the longest river and most of the Curragh, the greatest glen and the loveliest, all these are hers. Ages before she was made a parish the sea retired from the feet of

her hills; their waters followed it North-Westward, wearied, and found it again in the East. Since she was fashioned and christened the mouth of the same river has been straightened Southward the better to feed Ramsey. Within her boundary are the broadest desolate spaces; yet for the fertility of her alluvial soil she has rightly been called the Garden of the Island.

Ramsey. Though the 13th-century spellings of the name in the *Chronicon* vary between *Ramsa* and *Ramso*, the former is the more frequent and there is an accusative *Ramsam;* that these and the modern Manx form *Rumsaa*, with accent on final, are to be referred to a Scandinavian *Rafns-vad*, "Rafn's Wading-place," and not to *oe*, an island, is clear from the *Ramswath* in Alexander of Scotland's Grant of the lands of Holy Trinity, Lezayre, in 1235. This is supported by the treen name *Ramessay* in 1510, and by the spelling of the town's name as *Ramsway* in Durham's map of 1595, published in Speed's Atlas, 1610.

Cur Dhoo, *i.e., Creg Dhoo*, "Black Rock," is a large and conspicuous shore-rock at the Northern end of Ramsey Bay, well-known to fishermen.

Croit Vess, "Bess's Croft," "now *Lowdes's Garden*, a dwelling-house formerly." These two names, occurring in documents dated 1782 and 1815, belonged to ground at the top of Ramsey Harbour which has long ceased to be either a croft or a garden.

Cronk y Croghee, "Hill of the Hanging," is the name of the point of the cliff at the North end of the Mooragh

Park, above the old river-course.—(Dr. Tellett, *Lioar Mann.*, ii., pt. i.) It suggests, without necessarily implying, episcopal jurisdiction here, since the Bishop's Baronies were originally held *cum furcâ*. Land called " Ramsey " was included among the Bishop's Baronies in 1505.

Cronk Ruagh, " Striped Hill," is on the Jurby road near Ramsey ; Gaelic *riabhach*, as also in *Drom Rewach* treen, Michael parish.

Glion Cro is the small cleft in the hills immediately above the Crossags, West of Ramsey, now known by the English equivalent of " Nut Glen." From it flows

Struan ny Crawe (O.S. map), which would mean " Stream of the Bone," but perhaps the name is rather to be associated with that of the foregoing glen. Though now but a narrow and disciplined brooklet, it marks for the greater part of its course the boundary between Lezayre and Maughold, and between the Sheadings to which they respectively belong. It was thus a meeting-point of the Northern and Southern halves of the Island, according to the old method of dividing it. In all these important duties it would seem to have usurped the natural prerogative of Ballure Glen.

Cronk Knowle, " a circular mound of earth situated in a field North of Balleigh."—(O.S. Name Books.) This appears to be what is otherwise known as *Cronk yn Oe*, or more fully *Cronk Beg yn Oe*, probably so-named from the family called Christian " Noe," *i.e.*, Christian the Grandson, which flourished in the neighbourhood.

Glen Aldyn. As regards this name, we have the choice of three views: that the Norse *Altadale* of 1513 was an adaptation of the Manx *Glion Aldyn* or something similar; or *vice versa;* or that they had no connexion with each other beyond relating to the same valley. Perhaps the last theory, that of their mutual independence, is the most plausible. The two names were in use concurrently at one period, for two distinct mills were called in the 17th century Altadale Mill and Glen Auldyn Mill. At the same epoch occurs the spelling *Glen Olden*. Doubtless the Norse name of the glen lost its vogue after the disuse of the language and survived only in documents, as did Wardfell for South Barrule, Rozefell for whatever was the Manx forerunner of "Windy Common," Bordal for Glen Wyllyn, etc. *Glen Alten* in Conchan parish, though not numbered in Wood's Atlas, is situated on the West side of the Mountain Road below Keppel Gate. By a coincidence it, likewise, debouches into a Sulby river. That both these names have their source in *alt*, a mountain stream, as stated by Moore, is more than I should venture to affirm.

The main vein from the Snaefell Mine is supposed to lie hidden in Glen Aldyn. I have heard that it was discovered there during the nineties, but as another man held a licence to work the spot, the finder, not being offered a fair price for his discovery, refused to divulge the secret. The licensing law, I am told, is now adjusted more equitably; if a holder does not work his claim within a certain time the licence lapses.

The charm of Glen Aldyn has suffered from its

proximity to Ramsey, but I am not at the moment concerned with conveniently situated villas. At its entrance is

Magher y Troddan, " Field of the Contest." Whether the contest was the historic battle of *Scacafell* and its Eastern approach legend has not informed me, but the field is said to contain an ancient cemetery. At any rate, it was a haunt of the fairies, which is often significant of early interments. The Tarroo-ushtey who used to come out of the river and disport himself in the meadow has not been seen since the Volunteers used it as a summer camp for several successive years. The conjunction of a river, a water-mill or two, a reputed burial-ground, and an avenue of overshadowing trees, combined to make " Milntown Corner " a place to be hastened through if the night were dark ; but it is hard to distinguish now among the various vague shapes and presences which haunted it. The one most definitely reported was the inevitable Moddhey-dhoo ; a Cabbyl-ushtey or Water-horse lurked there as well as the Tarroo-ushtey aforesaid, also a Cabbyl-oie or Night-horse, a near relation of the Cabbyl-ushtey if not actually the same creature. Even a human inhabitant of the big house there added, many years ago, to the terrors of female wayfarers, both in his lifetime and afterwards. Let us then leave Milntown Corner behind as quickly as possible, and proceed to the pleasanter consideration of

Glion ny Billey Gorrym, " Glen of the Blue Tree " or mountain-ash, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Glen Aldyn, under the branches of which the Fairy

Prince conducted the courtship which led to his disgrace and transformation into the Fenoderree, in the tale exploited by several embellishers of Manx folk-lore. Like many another pretty fairy-tale, it has an air of having been made to wear clothes and go to Sunday-school.

Glion ny Billey Gorrym cannot be vouched for as an authentic place-name; that there was a venerated tree in this locality, as in many others in the Island, need not be doubted, but its site is now uncertain. The late A. W. Moore made unsuccessful enquiries about it, and Charles Roeder told me in 1901 that he too had been unable to ascertain its former position. It has been ascribed to a tract of land in the Eastern fork of Glen Aldyn called *Magher Glass*, and I have been told locally that a place near the *Spooyt Vooar* below the Neary "was once called the Billey Gorrym." In the Lord's Composition Book of 1703 there is mention of a quarter-land called Ballavilly, whose name implies the presence at some time of a tree of remarkable qualities; though not within the limits of the glen proper, the farm was adjacent to its river, and might possibly provide a clue to the lost tree.

Gorrym, though usually translated by "blue," seems to have been applied to fairly deep shades of colour between blue and green, while *glas* was used for lighter tones of the same hues. The confusion may not have been wholly unintentional; in parts of the Hebrides blue was sometimes substituted for green in terminology, because green was a colour specially favoured by the fairies and therefore taboo to mortals. There is still, of course, a prevalent belief that it is unlucky to wear.

The Western wall of Glen Aldyn is politely and cartographically called

Sky Hill, but on the lips of the people it is " Skyall," accented like " trial." This is not a case of h-dropping, but comes a little nearer to the Scandinavian original. As befits the scene of the battle of *Scacafell*, " Jutting Hillside," between the Manx and the Norse, described in the Chronicle at 1076, it is dotted along its ridge with burial-mounds, not all of which are likely to be due to that historical event. Indeed, there is, or was a couple of dozen years ago, a feeling—one can hardly call it more—concerning this hill which suggests that it was once occupied by a fundamental stratum of the population, confused or identical with " the Fairies." One of the farms on top was held to have been " the first house " (or " the oldest house ") that was ever lived in in the Isle of Man." Moreover, " the fairies had a regular city up there." Though most legends are liable to diffusion, I have not heard this definitely asserted of any other place, though there is a general notion that " the first people lived on the mountains."

Kelly, in his *Sketches of the Isle of Man*, 1844, thus reports or redecorates the Glen Aldyn tradition as it existed in his day: " Away to the left is Sky Hill, renowned for the numerous battles which were fought in its vicinity during the early periods of history. It is said that a noble fortress once stood upon its summit, but now it is an undistinguishable heap of ruin. The sheep browse over it, and the shepherd makes his pillow where formerly proud warriors and noble dames oft met in chivalric pomp, and the chieftain held his

feudal and barbaric court." To this may be added the earlier and more sober statement of Waldron: "As they confidently assert that the first Inhabitants of their Island were Fairies, so do they maintain that these little People have still their Residence among them. They call them *the good People*, and say they live in Wilds and Forests, and on Mountains."

Creg Bouyr or **Creg Keeill Bouyr** is a narrow ridge of outcrop about 20 yards in length. "Deaf Rock" or "Rock of the Deaf Church" is the meaning assigned; deaf, that is, by inversion, on account of the silence of its inhabitants—it is a place of interments. But this seems too fanciful to be quite satisfactory; and there is a Glen Bower in Braddan parish. The word is fairly common in Irish place-names, and Joyce, ii., 46ff, gives it this—the ordinary Irish colloquial—meaning, but confesses to being puzzled by it. Concerning one of the Irish Glen Bowers he quotes a statement that it has a remarkable echo, which reminds me that Feltham, Mx. Soc. edition, page 147, mentions "a remarkable echo on the North side of Skyhill," without locating it more exactly. "Echoing," due either to repetition of sounds or to hollowness of the ground beneath the foot would be a more satisfactory explanation than "deaf," if it could be established by tests. Unfortunately such phenomena are apt to disappear in the course of natural and artificial change.

Cronk Alisha is another burial-mound. The second word is a woman's name which in the Isle of Man became merged in the English "Alice," but I do not know of any reason why it should be applied to this

tumulus. *Aillse*, a Scottish word for a fairy, is not used in the Island.

Cronk Crock is a pointed outcrop of rock, also on the ridge of Sky Hill, and having early interments in its vicinity, I believe. The name, together with Creg ny Crock, Glen Rushen, is puzzling. The Irish *cnoc*, which would give *crock* in Manx, means wild cabbage, according to O'Reilly; but plant-names vary in their application in different regions and epochs, and if this is the true derivation, some other plant may be concerned.

Magher Hooigyn, "Graves Field," contains a number of cists.

Before crossing to the opposite or South-East side of the Glen a practice may be mentioned—though it has already been given publicity—of gathering at a keeill-site on Ballameanagh, close to the bridge, on St. John's Eve about midnight. By the number of "lights" seen passing along the road, or seen by the side of the river, the watchers predicted the number of deaths which would happen in the Glen during the ensuing twelve months.

Glion Keeill Vael, "Glen of (St.) Michael's Church," preserves the dedication of a vanished treen-chapel. The valley, now renamed, I think, "Fern Glen," extends from the Mountain Road to Balleighteragh. In it is a field called

Lag-eel, which may mean "Church Hollow," but may also mean "Narrow Hollow." The other Eastern fork of Glen Aldyn is now imaginatively advertised as "Niagara Glen"; the proper name of its "Niagara"

is *Brafost*—Norse *fors*, waterfall, and probably *breidr*, broad. The gorge in which it is situated has been recorded as the

Gulley Mooar, "Great Gullet"—the Gaelic *gulaid*, frequent as *gullet* in Manx place-names, both inland and on the coast. The ground above this place was called

Magher Glass, "Greenish, or Greyish, Field."

Lag ny Darrag, "Hollow of the Oakwood," lies on the steep side of Ballagarrow (locally pronounced Ballagorra), on the West side of the river. Through it climbs the zigzag track called *Bayr ny Darrag*, "Road of the Oakwood." On the same farm is a croft known as

Keeill Phooigyn or **Phooigynagh,** "Church of the Graves, or of the Graveyard," but of the keeill nothing but this name remains.

Dreem Gill or **Gell,** the second element being the personal name, forms the continuation of Skyhill Southward. In the Ordnance map the name, which means "Gill's Hillridge," is attached to a valley near the head of Glen Aldyn. It happens that the narrow part of the Glen, above the cloth-mill, is also called *the Gill*, *i.e.*, "the Ravine."

Park Watterson, like *Dreem Gill*, is a tract of rough grazing ground above the Glen. There was at one time a Watterson family in Ballagarrow, though it is properly a Southside surname.

Glion ny Gownagh, "Glen of the Young Cows," known also at different epochs by the names of its temporary tenants—Cartwright's Glen, Quirk's Glen, etc.—enters Glen Aldyn opposite the *Derry* or *Arderry*.

The remains of a smithy hidden among the trees on the left, about half-way up, date to the time of some abortive mining there. At the top is Skyhill farm, long abandoned as a place of residence, containing an old horse-worked grinding-mill. Just beyond *Glion ny Gownagh* going up the main glen, is

Broogh Brisht, " Broken Bank," which has slipped down and crumpled up through the undermining action of water from the hill above. A few yards farther is

Clagh y Dooinney Maroo, " Stone of the Dead Man," at the edge of the river. The name is commonly explained by a story that a man waylaid and murdered here was afterwards waked by his murderers on the stone ; but it seems more plausible that it was formerly a grave-slab brought from elsewhere and laid down at this spot to give convenient access to the water, or to a row of stepping-stones. Formerly the stream at its normal height washed the end of it.

Passing the *Croit Veg*, " Little Croft," on the river-bank, long a ruin, and the *Creggyn Mooar*, " Big Rocks," a conspicuous outcrop high on the opposite hill-side, the next building is

Tantaloo, a croft and old tuck-mill by the stream. Coming down the steep track just across the river used to be seen the figure of a woman in a grey cloak and a white head-dress resembling a sunbonnet, and holding above her head a frying-pan with which she would threaten people who were unfortunate enough to meet her ; for she was thought to be an evil portent. A spectre carrying a frying-pan, and making such

unconventional uses of it, ought to be unique; but in *Tales of the Blackdown Borderland* (Somerset), published in 1923 by Mr. F. W. Mathews, a volume which provides more than one striking parallel with Manx folk-lore, there is on page 67 a description of "a lonely road which passes under the hill down a steep little dip to a brook and an old ruined farm-house," whereon "mysterious shapes were seen . . . there were three women all dressed in white, wearing sunbonnets, and carrying frying-pans on their heads." What thing it was that looked to the beholders of these apparitions more like a frying-pan than anything else within their knowledge is beyond my power to guess; but there is some obscure memory in folk-lore generally of a class of people who wore an unusual and conspicuous head-dress. In addition to the foregoing, a nocturnal procession carrying lights along the East side of South Barrule had "something strange on their heads." Roeder tells of "three big Fairymen met with on the Howe, with caps as wide as a wheel—terrible caps." And Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, ii., 277, gives the following Danish tradition: "If anyone goes to church on Maundy Thursday, and has without knowing it a pullet's egg (*i.e.*, the first egg a hen lays) with him, he will see all the women that are witches with sieves or milk-pails on their heads."

A little farther up the glen than this small farm-house, and on the right-hand side, is

Spooyt Wooar, "Great Spout," a steep rocky water slide and fall in a thickly-wooded gorge, of some volume and beauty after wet weather. Above this rises

Creg ny Ghoayr, " Rock of the Goat," an elevated point beloved of that tribe, and in the neighbourhood is

November Crag, said to be so-called " because the sun does not shine upon it after that date."

Billey Shiaght ny Clagh, " Seven o'clock Tree," is another natural time-teller. In the same way the people in a district of Lochaber knew meal-time by the position of the sun with respect to a hill-top stone called *Clach an Acrais,* " Stone of the Hunger."

Gob ny Meayl, " Snout of the Hill." This and the two previous names were given to me by the late Miss Sophia Morrison, and I do not know the exact locality of the spots to which they relate.

Beyond the crumpled and water-seamed area in which the Glen Aldyn river has its birth, and equally near the head of the Cornaa Valley, stands

Clagh Ouyre (1,808 feet, O.S. map) or *Slieu Ouyre,* which as the highest point in the Island after Snaefell and North Barrule deserves consideration. The map name, now generally used, is due to the remarkable boulder just below the summit. The local pronunciation comes nearer to " Clagh Or," and in some of the old, though not the oldest, Lord's Rent Books for Lezayre, there is a *Slieu Our* intack which probably lay at its foot. But Feltham (1798) and others call the hill *Slieu Coar.*

The *clagh* which enters into the current name is a huge oblong boulder jutting horizontally into space like a gargoyle, near the top of the steep Western side. It has plainly split off the cliff behind at some remote epoch. Its upper surface would afford windy standing

room for a squad of soldiers and cover for a regiment of rabbits.

Returning Northward out of the mouth of Glen Aldyn into the level lands, it may be mentioned that

Cronk Mooar, "Great Hill," was the former name of "Bolivia Mount." The tumulus from which it was derived was a companion to Cronk Aust on the other side of the road.

Ballakillingan (O.S. map), "Farm of (St.) Ninian's Church," was in the 17th century *Ballacarga* or *Ballacargie*, and was owned by the family of Curghey, now Curphey. Particulars of their history are given in one of the old Manx Society's volumes, *Illiam Dhone and the Manx Rebellion*, pages 4 and 120. A little farther along the road Westward below hills which once were sea-cliffs, is

Lezayre Churchtown. The Fair originally held here was ordered to be removed to Sulby Claddagh in 1735 for lack of room (Moore, *Notes and Documents*), and has long been known as Sulby Fair. But Kennish in his poem, "The Manx Courtship," seems to date "the Fair of Kirk Lezayre" to a much later period. Either it did not move on when ordered or it retained its name for a while in its new surroundings as being the principal fair of the parish. The steep little valley above the hamlet is

Glion ny Killey, "Glen of the Church," whose waters flow under the floor of a house to reach the Sulby river. It is haunted in its upper parts by a Grey Lady clad in a robe of swishing silk. Glentrammon Woods a little farther on are likewise the home of a grey-silken

Lady who was not of Eve's kinship though possibly of Lilith's ; or there may be but one Grey Lady, given to ranging the hills and sometimes walking the roads, for she has been met with on the highway too. *Gob y Vunney* above the quarries separates Glentrammon from Glenduff. If the last name is Manx the retention of the final consonant in "duff" is exceptional.

Ellan ny Foillan, "Island of the Seagull," is the name of a field on Loughan y Guiy in which a crannog or lake-dwelling was discovered.

Mirescogh, "Swamp-wood," has been conjecturally identified with Ballamona, on what ground I do not know. This Norse-derived name belonged also to the King's Chase, and still belongs to the township of Myerscough, in the Lonsdale Hundred of Lancashire. Out of the Chase the warden was expected to deliver annually a buck to the Chancellor of the Duchy, wherein it has been confused with its Manx namesake. "The Mires" was the usual term for the Northern curragh-land in the 16th and 17th centuries. The Lancashire name occurs as Mirsco in 1258 and Miresco in 1265 ; its Manx doublet is first recorded at 1176 in the *Chronicon Manniae,* when the site was bestowed by the King upon the Abbey of Rievaulx in Yorkshire. The "monastery" built there—doubtless a very modest establishment—was afterwards relinquished to Rushen Abbey, whose site, Camden states, had also belonged to Rievaulx originally. The anecdote relating to Mirescogh in the Chronicle at 1249 was evidently inserted for the sake of its edifying miracles and to discredit the usurping King, Harald son of Godred. An

elderly native notable, a minion of the previous King, had been treacherously imprisoned by Harald in "a certain island which was situated in the wood of Mirescohe." One day the prisoner's (rust-eaten ?) chain fell suddenly and miraculously from his foot, and he found himself, through the intervention of a miracle, unable to replace it with a view to escape during the night. Concluding immediate flight was thus indicated, he gathered in his tunic and cloak and made off. The pursuing guard miraculously tripped over a stump and damaged his leg, and Donald reached the sanctuary of Rushen Abbey whence he had been cajoled, to tell his tale of miracles to the Chronicler. Goss, in his notes to Munch's edition, suggests that *truncum ligni*, the guard's stumbling-block, implies a crannog or lake-dwelling here; but the "island"—these little green eminences, which must have stood dry, though not high, above the marsh then surrounding them, are still called *ellan* throughout the Curragh—was evidently accessible on foot, no doubt by a causeway of logs—*trunci*.

In addition to the glimpse herein afforded of the character of the local scenery, and of the native costume, in the 13th century, a point of interest lies in the evidence that Mirescogh had then relapsed to, or been seized by, the Crown; and some soreness on this head may have prompted the insertion of Donald's adventure in the Chronicle. As Mirescogh is included among the possessions of the Abbey whose bounds are detailed in the additional matter at the end of the Chronicle, it may be inferred that these undated records, full of place-names now mostly obsolete, were not written after

1249, or very long before 1238, by which date, according to the Cartulary of Furness, Mirescogh had passed into the hands of Rushen. It seems likely that its lands were extended at or soon after the time of the transference from Rievaulx. It may be remarked, however, in respect to the dating of the Boundaries, that the form of words used in the delimitation of these Lezayre lands differs from that of the Malew and Lonan Abbey-lands in one particular: whereas the latter are in each case stated to lie within "the boundary between the land of the King and the land of the monks," the boundary of the Mirescogh tract lies "between Kyrkecust and the land of the monks." Kyrkecust is presumably Kirk Christ or Churchtown, but any land it may be supposed to have possessed at that date could only have marched with that of the monks for a very short distance unless we are to understand that the parish had already been constituted and endowed with, approximately, its modern area; in that event, of course, the monastic territory would have formed an island within it, but its land would have been the King's land with the exception of the small tract at Kirk Christ belonging to the Bishops.

Close ny Mona, "Enclosure of the Turf-ground," above Narradale (formerly *Nerindale*), has for the last 30 years, to my personal knowledge, been the current name of the farm or croft labelled Cronkgarroo ("Rough Hill") on the Ordnance Map.

Past several haunted spots, from one or two of which the danger has been removed by highway improvements, the road leads to the

Ginger Hall Inn near Sulby Bridge. An older form of this name is " Cringey Hall " ; it is evidently derived from that of the estate on which it stands, the Grangey or Abbey farm. On the neighbouring farm, Ballamanaugh, " Monks' Farm," is a further testimony to monastic ownership and possible monastic occupation in the name

The Monks' Orchard. Just outside this enclosure, on the Narradale stream, is a vestige of one of the primitive horizontal water-mills. Also on Ballamanaugh is

Carrac Hill or **The Carrick,** " The Rock," a conspicuous feature not named on the maps. A quarter of a mile West of " the Ginger " the road crosses the river by means of

Sulby Bridge, which has undergone several widenings since it was built in the middle of the 18th century, and can now be traversed with less risk, even at night, than was possible in the early 19th.

" Hardly anyone in the Island would cross a country bridge at nine o'clock at night, as at that hour they were all briefly occupied by witches. ' In one of my visitations round the Island, Mr. M——, a Manx parson, and my Registrar, was riding with me on his old gray mare. As it was nearing nine o'clock, and we were approaching Sulby Bridge, he was evidently in great anxiety, and kept hinting to me that it was time we pushed on. I knew what was in his mind, and out of mischief persisted in our slow pace. As we got close to the haunted spot, he pulled out his watch and so did I. It was just upon the fateful hour, and M——, without more ado, set spurs to his horse and galloped

across the bridge as if Satan were at his very heels, leaving me shouting with laughter.' " (*Our Centenarian Grandfather*, A. G. Bradley, page 180 ff.) No doubt the idea was that the witches on their terrene travels were held up by the barrier of running water ; but why at that particular moment ?

Guarding the wide entrance to Sulby Glen couches **Cronk Sumark,** " Clover Hill," *Knock Shemerick* in the 17th century ; Ballashamrock in Braddan and Glen Shameroc in Kirkcudbrightshire (*Old Statistical Account*) are comparable. In Scotland—Uist particularly—*seamrag na buadh,* the four-leafed clover, is lucky to find, and grows where a foal has been born. I do not know whether it was this kind of clover which gave Cronk Sumark its name ; its conspicuous isolation would be sufficient to invest it with the atmosphere of superstition which it has not yet altogether lost. There used to be a custom at a certain time of the year—Good Friday in later days—for women who felt in need of husbands to march in a circle round the base of the hill at night, singing. Hence a byname for it was " the Old Maids' Hill." What song these sirens sang, what raiment wore, and who was expected to provide the victims, I cannot say. Possibly it was a mysterious figure wearing a grey cloak and called " the Grey Man," who used to be seen from below in misty weather, dominating the summit of his hill. The proverbial saying, *Tra ta'n gheay s'y villey yiow shiu yn Guilley Ghlas,* now rendered " When the wind is in the tree you 'll be getting the Lockman," probably referred not to that prosaic civil official but to the Grey Man who

showed himself in various places up and down the Island. A sudden stirring of the air is well-known to herald the approach of invisible beings. There are special uses of *geay* and *billey* which suggest that the true meaning of the dictum may lie below the surface.

After writing the foregoing paragraph I noticed what I should have remembered at first, that Roeder, *Manx Notes and Queries*, page 37, offers a different explanation of the proverb. But whether "lockman" is the Norse *lagman*, law-man, or takes his name from the "lock" of meal to which, as executioner, he was entitled in Scotland, a translation into Manx based on *glas*, a door-lock, is highly improbable.

If the Guilley Ghlas was not the object of the old maids' supplications, their procession round the foot of the Cronk gives one the idea that there may once have been either a pagan monument or a chapel, shrine or cross on the summit.

At the time the quarries were in operation which have done so much to disfigure the shape of the hill, and yet have helped to give it the remarkable sphinx-like outline it now presents from certain aspects, the quarrymen found from time to time certain fossils resembling fish, which they called *braddan*, salmon, and regarded superstitiously as "signs."

On the left after entering Sulby Glen is

Daleveitch (O.S. map), pronounced "Dal y Vitch," two conjoined crofts. The Scottish *dail* and *dal*, as first elements in names, signify a field bounded by a river and a hill, which is an exact definition of the land of this little farm; but the possibility of *Dal y Veechagh*,

" Portion of the Inn-keeper "—Gaelic *biadhtach*—is worth bearing in mind, in case of corroboration by traditional or documentary evidence.

From here onward the most interesting feature is the number of rocky watercourses which rib the two sides of the valley.

Alt ny Bag is the steep and narrow stream which falls into the Sulby river from the East, opposite Killabraga Cottage. The name may be compared with *Cronaback* in Rushen. If *alt* here is to be understood as " mountain brook," *bag* is probably the Gaelic *baic*, a bend, or possibly the Norse *bakki*, a bank, adopted into Manx. In either case it is uncommon in the Island. A little farther on, the

Struan Reeagh, " Lively Stream," strings its white cascades down the rocks above the West side of the road and subsides into the Sulby, after marking throughout its course the boundary between Killabraga and the Craigmooar. On the Craigmooar, Jenkinson in his *Guide* reports, shortly before 1874, the presence of two women unable to speak English. They must have been nearly the last.

Ballaskella (O.S. map), " Wood Farm," lies high on the East side of the glen. A common-place story connected with it may be repeated here, if only for the sake of a picturesque phrase. A friend of mine, when a young man living and working on Ballaskella, was going home from Sulby up the steep zigzag road to the farm-house about two o'clock one very dark and foggy night, when a great dog nearly as big as a calf, whose " eyes glittered like the stars," came up behind and

followed him, growling terribly. He, being as matter-of-fact in his youth as he now is in his seventies, turned round from time to time and tried to hit it with his stick, but missed it with every "skutch." Though not afraid, he thought there was something unusual about it, and mentioned it to his employer the farmer next morning, fearing it might do harm to the sheep. The farmer said he had seen the same thing himself a number of times; there was no fear of its worrying the sheep, but there was "something not right" about it, and it was best left alone. My friend never went up by himself late at night afterwards, but preferred, if belated, to stop in Sulby till the morning.

This is a fair specimen of innumerable stories to be heard all over the Isle of Man, and not unknown elsewhere.

On the West face of Ballaskella is

Skella ny Ghoayra, "Wood of the Goats," an almost perpendicular ravine made impenetrable by trees, rocks and water. The first element in the name is pronounced "skellya" as in Ballaskella, and perhaps should be spelt so. The inflected genitive plural is unusual.

Paris Gill, to the North of Ballaskella, is a bit of foreign nomenclature due to an owner of the farm, who gave the name of "Paris" to a piece of grazing-ground previously called

Booilley Glass, "Green Cattle-fold," and the "Gill" was added afterwards. On the opposite side of the main glen, under the Sherragh Vane, is

Struan Daa Billey, "Stream of the Two Trees," though I suspect that *daa* has in some cases a meaning

which is ethical or superstitional rather than numerical. Can it be related to the Old Irish *dag* and Welsh *da*, "good"? I was told a few years ago that an aged and still-respected tree stood near the top of the gill, but have not yet climbed to look for it, for lack of a guide.

Blockeairy (O.S. map) is the house at the top of the high, narrow pass between Slieu Monagh and Snaefell. The name, which was virtually the same in the 17th century—*Blockayry*—is probably to be translated "Black Shealing." Of similar names in Co. Waterford Power says (*Place-names of Decies*, page 22, etc.), "the word *blac* is apparently loaned from English, to denote dark peaty soil," land reclaimed from the moor.

Lhingey ny Kay is in the Sulby river below Tholt y Will, where there is a barrier across the stream. The name appears to be equivalent to "Pool of the Mist," but I have been told locally that "*kay* means something between two other things" (query, a dam ?), and there I leave it. The Ramsey Saltworks bought the field adjoining with a view to generating electric current by means of water-power, but fortunately made no use of it.

Dockspout Bridge is Jenkinson's name (*Guide to the Isle of Man*, 1874) for the bridge which carries the road across at Tholt y Will. I have not met with it elsewhere. The Manx name is

Droghad y Cabble, "Bridge of the Chapel," written "Druid a Whapple" by T. E. Brown at the opening of his poem "Kitty of the Sherragh Vane." The Chapel stands adjacent. The *Lheim y Fheeah*, "Leap

of the Deer," mentioned but not located by Moore, *Manx Names*, is a spot on the river just above here.

Tholt y Will (not named on Ordnance map) was *Tholtar Willy* in 1703. The present full name of the estate is Tholt y Will and Alt, which a descendant of a former owner tells me should be Tholt y Will yn Alt. This is one of the places which is made the scene of the Fenoderree's chase of the hare under the impression that it was the smallest and most elusive of the sheep he was folding for the farmer; but Tholt y Will has an advantage over other localities to which the saga is ascribed in that the remains of the actual fold can be pointed out by an old kiln near the junction of the two small glens on the estate. Scottish localizations of the story are nearly as numerous, in proportion, as the Manx, and Scandinavian and Continental versions are to be found. J. F. Campbell, relates in *West Highland Tales* an anecdote he picked up in the Isle of Man which turns the usual Fenoderree story inside out, by making the swift-footed one to be the young son of a farmer, who comes home to tell his father that he has found a troublesome lamb among the sheep he has been folding, which was, though he did not know it, a "glashan" (glashtyn) in disguise. This comes much nearer to an old Welsh version in the Mabinogi of "Peredur and Evrawc." Peredur was the youngest and only surviving son of seven; he lived alone with his mother in a remote spot, and went into the forest every day to play. One day he met his mother's flock of goats with which two kids were running, and he was surprised to see that the kids had no horns like the

others. Feeling that something was wrong, he undertook the task of running then down and penning them in the goats' house at the end of the wood, and having accomplished this by his activity and fleetness of foot he went home to tell his mother what he had seen and done. " Mother, I have just seen something wonderful ! Two of your goats have been running wild so long that they have lost their horns, and you don't know what trouble I had to drive them back into the goat-house." The mother and her servants went out to behold this wonder, and were overcome with astonishment to find what the child had done. Such is the gist of the passage in Loth's French text ; for his " kids " Lady Guest in her rendering has " hinds," which would add to the difficulty of the boy's feat. What animal was actually intended I cannot say. Loth is more likely to have translated correctly, but having regard to the glashtyn in the Manx story, possibly the Welsh word in question may have signified some supernatural creature.

On Tholt y Will are

Alt ny Creggyn, " Stream of the Rocks," and another torrent called simply *the Alt.* Near the head of the latter is the site of the farm-house anterior to the present one. It was for the building of this that the Fenoderree carried the big white boulder up from the sea-shore ; but even he must have failed to get it beyond the bed of the stream near the old stables, for there it still lies.

Struan Arick flows between the Forester's Lodge (formerly *the Eairy*) and the Sherragh Vane. " Arick " is said by a local informant to have been one Eric

VIEW IN UPPER SULBY GLEN, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

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Corlett who lived there towards the end of the 17th (query 18th?) century, and left descendants in the district, notably the once-celebrated Nan Willy whose name has adhered to a well near the Chapel; but Averick and Arick were usually feminine names in the Isle of Man. In the manuscript Lord's Rent Book for 1877 and other years there is a *Leany Averick* intack, "Averick's Meadow," in Middle Third treen, which is probably the secondary source of the river-name. The name of the Eairy estate (actually in Michael parish), which is partly bounded by Struan Arick, was altered many years ago to "Forester's Lodge" after the flight of its owner from the Island, consequent on some unusually extensive transferences of sheep from a neighbour's flock to his own. Another version says he was hanged, and was the last man to suffer that penalty for sheep-stealing. The land, after further changes in proprietorship, passed into the hands of Captain Bacon of Seafield. At *the Close*, across Druidale and in the parish of Braddan, one of the remotest habitations in the Island before it fell into ruin, dwelt a famous pioneer of the "local preachers," if indeed he were not the originator of that respected avocation. "Illiam y Close" from his place of residence, by calling he was head gamekeeper to the Duke of Atholl. His son, a mason, is traditionally credited with having built the greater portion of Parliament Street in Ramsey, and with having thrown the first arched bridge over the Sulby river.

On the South-West side of Tholt y Will is

Glion ny Gowan or **Glion Gawne,** "Glen of the

Smith," with its picturesque pools and falls. At the Northern apex of *the Close* lies

Cosh ny Hushtaghyn, " Foot of the Waters," the confluence of the Druidale and Crammag streams, which unite here to form the Sulby river. *Cosh ny Hushtaghyn* is unique as being the meeting-point of three sheadings, three parishes, and three intack - farms — Druidale, Crammag, and the Close. There are said to be the remains of a keeill on the cliff-side just above the water ; at all events there is the den (of which I should like to hear the name) of some other-world creature in a concealed hollow near the foot. A story to the following effect was in circulation some years ago in various forms, and even found its way into print, an exceptionally audacious feat for a piece of Manx folk-lore. Jack-the-Giant-killer lived on the East side of Slieu ny Fraughane, and was a great boy for hunting and killing the " purrs " —wild and half-wild pigs—which infested the district in those days. Now there was one tremendous old boar purr, called the *Purr Mooar*, that had long been a terror to the living, and it was not safe for any person to pass alone over *the Rheast*—" the Desert "—or through Druidale. So my Jack determined to rid the land of him. He made his way down to a deep glen through which the water was tumbling among the rocks below the Crammag, where the Purr Mooar had a lair near the river. After a long and desperate struggle Jack laid him low at the cost of a wound in his thigh from the boar's tusk ; this turned out to be poisoned, and my poor Jack went on a crutch for the rest of his days.

" It is remarkable," says William Hackett of certain

Irish boar-slayings (*Trans. Ossianic Soc.*, vol. v., page 62, note), "that these legends prevail at sites which in Hindostan are considered sacred—the junctions of rivers." Jack in the Manx stories replaces, nominally at least, Finn MacCumhail in the Irish ones, and I think Finn must have been their Manx protagonist at an earlier stage; but Finn was not the only heroic pig-hunter in Ireland, and may not have been the first one in Mann. One of the Bodley *Dinnsenchas* (Stokes), runs as follows: "The hounds of Manannan MacLir and the hounds of Mod, from whom Innsi Mod are named, met together around the pig that devastated the land about them, even Innsi Mod. Unless the hounds had come between them and the pig it would have been a *criathar* as far as Albion, that is, it would have been a desert. The pig sprang before the hounds into the lake. The dogs ran after it. It pressed them together on the lough, and not a hound escaped from it alive without mangling. After that the pig went to the island which is on the lough. . . ." It is worth while digressing for a moment to note—even at the grave risk of its having been pointed out before—the resemblance in both matter and style of this scrap of medieval Irish folk-tale to the Hunting of the Twrch Trwyth, that paragon of pig-sticking yarns, in the Mabinogi of "Kilhwch and Olwen," and more especially to its closing incidents. After laying waste a fifth part of Ireland (Leinster to wit) the Boar is eventually driven by Arthur and his party, with the help of the chosen "dogs of this Isle," across South Wales to the confluence of the Wye with the Severn, where he is

dislodged from the land by Manawyddan ab Llyr and three other warriors and soused in the Severn estuary. After redoubled efforts he is finally hunted out of Cornwall into the sea.

According to a tale current in Train's day (*Account of the Isle of Man*, i., 16) the last wild purr was an extraordinarily large and savage monster, who carried off sheep and lambs to his den in the mountain of South Barrule. His depredations among the surrounding valleys aroused the people to beset him with the fiercest dogs they could procure and hunt him from Barrule over the high cliffs of Bradda Head. The North has preserved a vaguer, and hitherto oral, version of its own, which is to the effect that a pig of abnormal elusiveness and perversity led its hunters a chase from Skyhill in Lezayre to Maughold Head, where they arrived just in time to see it roll over the cliff and change into a great fish as it struck the water. There is some uncertainty as to what this pig actually became when it reached the coast, and the forgotten word may be " porpoise " or its Manx equivalent *muc-varrey*, literally " sea-pig." If so, it was merely a case of a land-creature making the necessary slight change into its marine counterpart ; for " whatever there is on the land is to be found in the sea too," is the Manx belief. The resemblance to the horse ridden by Tehi Tegi, which in Waldron's story took to the water in the shape of a porpoise, will suggest itself to the reader ; to the same polymorphous company seems to belong one " Jimmy Squarefoot " (to be met with later, in the parish of Malew) who in the form of a pig was

ridden over land and sea by a giant and giantess living on Barrule.

The *Rheast Mooar* of the foregoing Manx version of Jack-the-Giant-Killer comprises

Glion Rheast, "Desert Glen," and its stream, *Awin Rheast*, which flows down from Slieu Fraughane through uncultivated heath-land into Druidale, the name of which was formerly *Eairy Horkell*, "Corkill's Shealing." All these places lie across the boundary in Michael parish. A little farther up the Crammag river than *Cosh ny Hushtaghyn* is

Lhingey ny Gavvag, "Pool, or Gulley, of the Dockweed." The river itself formerly bore the name

Awin Dhoo, "Dark River," from its being deeply stained at certain seasons by the peat out of which it flows. It is also thickly overshadowed by trees as it approaches the Druidale river. There is in it a deep place of evil repute where no man has been known, legend says, to fish more than once, or to have caught any of its fish, which are dark-coloured like the water they live in. One who had the hardihood to challenge the diabolism of this pool was found, after a night's search, lying unconscious on the bank, and was with difficulty revived and borne to the nearest house. He afterwards told a strange story to the effect that after hooking and losing a fish, as twilight began to gather round him he saw a red pole slowly erected from the surface of the water, and innumerable small creatures in scarlet jackets climb it and vanish into the air, to reappear a few moments later stained with blood.

Their aspect and expression gave him the idea of soldiers after a battle.

I should have hesitated to quote this dubious adventure, even in abbreviated form, if I had not noticed a similarity of outline in another which is related in detail at page 166 of the *Folk-lore Journal* for 1888. A wizard at Langwell on the river Oikel in Sutherlandshire was applied to by a Mr. Ross to show him the spirit of one of the latter's ancestors. In a flat meadow by the river a circle was drawn, and Ross was instructed to stand on a white stone at the centre. The wizard then retired to his hut to perform the invocation. The harvest moon was full, and at midnight a spectral army began to move from the watcher's right hand towards the river; regiment after regiment wearing bright foreign uniforms passed him silently. At length his ancestor, Captain William Ross, appeared at the head of some of the soldiers, and asked him to join them, but he refused. The Captain then returned to his company and they all vanished into the Oikel.

One ingredient in the Manx tale which is not present in the Scottish version—if indeed they can be called versions of the same legend—is the disappearance of the figures into the air and their blood-stained return. This is evidently a retelling of the well-known Indian fakirs' trick, a variant of which is performed by " O'Donnell's Kern " (*Silva Gadelica*) who is an incarnation of the fantastic mood of Manannan Mac Lir. To these insinuations of detached fragments of folk-tales into other folk-tales there is no limit. The same story provides another example, which is a

constant feature also in Manx and other accounts of the Fenoderree or Brownie. To the Kern, in return for his services in amusing the company, O'Donnell offers a jerkin, a hat, a striped shirt and a mantle. "But the Kern refusing the same said: 'I will not have it [the suit of clothes]; nor shall any that is of gentle blood ever have wherewithal to taunt me.'" For the costume was that worn by men of a low class. We are not told why the Fenoderree refused the outfit proffered by the grateful farmer, but one account of him makes him a fairy prince in disguise, and "if these be thine, thine no longer is the merry Glen of Rushen," where the fairy king held his Court.

The Thief's Glen, also known as "the Devil's Glen," is a shallow valley East of Glen Crammag. The Manx of "Thief's Glen" would be, and here probably once was, *Glion Maarliagh*, a name which actually occurs in the parish of Patrick, and doubtfully in that of Michael. The thief was not necessarily one who robbed the immediate neighbourhood; the sufferers would, one surmises, have dealt promptly and severely with him. In any case, when the Island was more insular than it is now, robberies were confined almost wholly to sheep-stealing. In the Book of the Customary Statutes, put in writing by the Deemsters at the Lord's command and proclaimed in Tynwald in 1577, is a decree that no one on the North side should give shelter to a thief from the South side, and *vice versa*.—(*Statutes*.) Hence such a man would be an outlaw, and obliged to take refuge in wild, seldom-visited places, as these three glens notably are.

South-East of this is

Glion ny Ghoayr, " Glen of the Goat " ; then comes

Glion ny Venn (slender " n "), " Glen of the Hilltops." Though I have preserved a uniform spelling, " gliown," rhyming with " down," is the Northern pronunciation of the dictionary word *glion ;* in the West and South it is sounded " ghliodn." The dividing-line seems to be about the same as that between the parishes of German and Patrick, which latter has more affinities with the South-West than its topographical position would lead one to expect. In Lonan *glion* is often pronounced " lhidn." The regular spellings in old documents and maps, however, are " glen " and " glan," the latter being in conformity with the Ulster sound of the word.

Dreem Crammag or **Cammack,** " Crammag Ridge," across the river Southward from Crammag, was a favourite turbary for the local people in the days when turf was the universal fuel. It was also the resort of a fairy woman wearing a red cloak, resembling her of Carraghan but without the spinning-wheel. This red-cloaked goodwife was often seen in different parts of the Island, even down to quite a recent date. However carefully she is kept under observation she will contrive to vanish as inexplicably as a leprechaun.

Cleigh yn Arragh, " Hedge of the Ploughland " (compare *Chibber yn Arragh* and Ballarragh), also called *Cleigh Mooar,* is a long and now much attrited bank of earth separating a stretch of the lower land of Sulby Glen from the Western slope of Snaefell. Its dimensions as recorded in *Lioar Manninagh,* vol. i.,

pt. i., 1889, are as follows. It is about one third of a mile long, twenty-five feet through, and five feet high in the best preserved portions, with a ditch of exactly the same dimensions. Rather surprisingly, there seems to be no legend about it, unless it shares in one which I shall mention under *Mwyllin ny Cleigh* in Patrick. Its construction may have been due to the need of keeping destructive animals, such as the Lord's deer, the "purrs" or mountain swine, and half-wild cattle and goats, out of the cultivated land, to which end the bank may have been surmounted by a superstructure of thorns, gorse, etc., or stakes forming a rough palisade. It would thus form a "fell-dyke" of a size proportionate to the scale of the landscape.

The popular notion, adopted by Moore and others, that *Cleigh yn Arragh* is translatable as "Bow and Arrow Hedge" may have been due partly to the assonance of *arragh* and "arrow," and partly to the use of a small section of it as an archery butt, for which it would have been well suited. Shooting contests between the different towns and parishes are recorded in the *Annals* so late as 1812.

The Parish of Lonan.

Lonan is unequally but radically divided by the Laxey Valley; geographically, her top corner is Maughold, but the whole parish consorts more with her Northern neighbour than with Conchan in the degree to which she has retained her immaterial heritage, and in its peculiar flavour. The grimness of her harsh

coast and wind-scoured dusky uplands has a little entered the souls of her people. Her shape reminds one of Africa, but not her winters and springs.

Keeill ny Traie, "Church of the Shore," is an alternative name for the old parish church, abandoned to solitude in the Southern extremity of its former sphere of influence. As it is half a mile from the coast and a mile from the nearest strand at Port Groudle, considerable distances on the Manx scale, *traie* suggests a former lake or marsh, as in the case of the keeill of the same name at Ardonan, Lezayre. Whatever Saint may be secreted in the name of the parish, his flock seems predestined to an inconvenient fold. If the old church was nook-shotten, the new church is skied ; if the one is stranded like a whale the other is stranded like Noah's Ark.

Cooill Roi, "Reddish Corner"—*ruy* is a lighter red than *jiarg*—was formerly known as *Ballagroa*. There are here, or were till recently, two spots "well known in the locality as the graves of two suicides, who lived in that house (now in ruins) situated in the field to the immediate North. The graves are marked by two stones."—(O.S. Name Books.)

Ooigyn Dhoo, "Dark Caves," two of them, are on the Ballavarane shore in a section of the coast which sees few strangers. Close to the caves is a remarkable rocky outcrop called "The Castle."

Glen Gowan ("Smith's Glen") in the Lonan Parish Register, 1804, is now Glen Gawne, perhaps by confusion with the surname.

Goudness or **Goodness** was once a croft on Baldromma Mooar, from which it was taken and added to Baldromma Beg; this is the reason given locally for the fact that the latter is a larger estate than the former, in contradiction to their names. Another version of the transaction is that a piece of land was transferred from the treen of Morest to that of Rigg, and hence from one farm to the other, as compensation for stolen sheep.

Booilley Veen, "Smooth, or Fine-textured, Cattle-fold," was the name of the ground on which the present Kirk Lonan stands.

Lag Dhoo and **Laagh Dhoo** (O.S. Name Books), two small crofts North of Garwick. If these are really two different names, the interpretations are "Dark Hollow" and "Dark Mire"—Gaelic *lathach.*

Cleigh ny Cuilleig, an ancient fish-weir situated at the Southern extremity of Laxey sands.—(Name Books.) "Hedge of the Corner," at the foot of Struan ny Quill. *Cuilleig* relates to what is now called

The Apple Ghuilleig above the shore, apparently half-translated from *Cuilleig ny Ooyl.* This was traditionally a hiding-place from the press-gangs which were so much feared, especially during the Napoleonic wars, and which are still well remembered by the people of the Island.

Gob ny Rheynn; *Rheynney* and *Rinnagh* are variants. —(Name Books.) "Headland of the Fern." This is just South of *Cleigh ny Cuilleig.*

Ballaquine, "Quine's Farm." In reference to this place the O.S. Name Books, 1867, contain the following

remarks, which are of value in view of changes which have occurred. "Site of chapel and burial-ground; only the site left. A portion of the burial-ground still exists, in which human remains have been found. This chapel is probably the oldest in Laxey. A stream or rivulet now runs through the enclosing circle, and cuts off its North-Eastern portion. This rivulet, which is not of artificial formation, must have established itself subsequent to the discontinuation of Ballaquine as a place of burial. Stone lined graves recently turned up, containing human remains. Authority, Mr. Jas. Cowin of Ballaquine."

Legend says that when the first attempt was made to remove the remains of the Ballaquine keeill, a wheel of fire rolled in front of the man who was digging up the stones, and so scared him that he would have nothing more to do with the business. It was nevertheless carried out at some subsequent time. Kennish in his poem "Old May Eve" tells a dark tale of witchcraft and counter-spells at Ballaquine.

Crosh, "a small piece of masonry in a field to the immediate East of Poolvilla, is said to have been in ancient times a place to rest the coffin on, and was used by the people living on the hills, they having to bury their dead in the ancient burial-ground at the old Parish Church."—(Name Books.) For "coffin" we should perhaps read "bier," as the custom among the lower classes was to bury without a coffin.

Creg Towl y Buggane, "Hole-of-the-Buggane Rock," is near *Thalloo Carooin,* "Carooin's Land," above Laxey. Here, as in other places of the kind, the sound

of the wind among the rocks and boulders produced a weird whistling sound which was attributed to a buggane. The effect has now been destroyed by quarrymen.

The steep wooded slope high above the South side of the river and beyond the village, though not named on the maps, is well known as

Axenfells. I have been assured that this, though also attached to a house here, is an authentic place-name, and not of recent introduction. If so, it may be either Norse or English, with the same meaning of "Oxen Hillside." A little farther comes in the

Ault, the river flowing through Glen Roy (Kelly's Dictionary), now usually called the Glen Roy river. In it are

Lhing y Cooilley, "Pool of the River-bend," a spot near the influx of the *Awin Ruy;*

Lhing Broogh yn Eayn, "Bank-of-the-Bird Pool"; and

Spreigh Vedn, "Bright Sprinkle," a place on the same river, under Ballalheaney. This was one of the Fenoderree's favoured localities; others in Lonan were Ballamiljyn, Laxey, and Ballayolgane, Agneash. On the North side of Glen Roy are the following field-names of interest:—

Cor ny Killey, "Hollow of the Chapel," on Baljear;

Carnane Mooar, "Big Heap," on Ballamiljyn; *i.e.,* a burial-place? On the same farm is

Boayl Raad s'Yrjey, "Upper-road Place." From this name I deduced a *Raad s'Yrjey* (page 152), but I now see that *Raad* relates to *Boayl* and not to *s'yrjey.*

Though there is a *raad* in the locality, its actual name does not appear. Also on Ballamiljyn are *Cronk Dan* and *Peark Dan.*

The Nikkesen's Pool, more often called simply " the Nikkesen," is in the *Awin Ruy,* " Ruddy Stream," near its junction with the Glen Roy river. It is shut in on the North side by a high, concave wall of rock over which the stream tumbles into a pool screened by small timber. Nikkesen was a water-sprite who appeared sometimes in the form of a horse or pony, like the Glashtyn and the Cabbyl-ushtey, sometimes as a handsome young man who drew human beings, chiefly girls, down into his abode beneath the water. When so engaged, his traditional pathway to his pool was the streamlet, now usually dry in summer, which runs into it from the South. Their bodies were never found ; but round the little green meadow below the pool, by the light of the full moon he would lead a singing and dancing procession of his victims. The people would gather on the broos above to watch, while Nikkesen and his ghostly company trooped round and round the field and then danced in a circle. He was also seen occasionally in his equine form, roaming about the hazel-woods of Glen Roy. The legend as I have heard it does not describe the method employed by the Nikkesen to lure mortals down to his unfathomable dwelling-place, but I venture to supply the omission by suggesting that the bait he used was some kind of music ; for there is a strong resemblance between him and *Hom Mooar,* Big Tom the Glashtyn or water-horse who sometimes wore human shape and decoyed

unwary listeners into places from which they seldom returned. His headquarters were the Fairy Hill, Rushen.

The word "Nikkesen" evidently belongs to the Germanic series of Nikar, Nikuz (Old Norse), Nichus (O.H. German), the Gothic Nichor and his Anglo-Saxon cousin the Nickar in Beowulf, who was last seen in Sussex, the Highland Nixie, and innumerable other variants; and Nikkesen the sprite, in the days when his appearance was more familiar to the country people than it is now, must have looked very much like his Germanic relations. Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, i., 246, describes the German Nixen as resembling in form a human being, though smaller. "According to one tradition, the Nix has slit ears, and is also to be known by his feet, which he does not willingly let be seen." These, we may suppose without doing him an injustice, resembled horses' hoofs. "Naked Nixen, or hung round with moss and sedge, are also mentioned." The male water-sprites of Germany, he says on page 248, "carry off young girls and detain them in their habitations, and assail women with violence." But they had their moods of clemency, for Grimm tells us (*Teut. Myth.*, 492) that "at evening up come the damsels from the lake, to take part in the human dance, and to visit their lovers;" and the Nikkesen's passion for music and dancing is equalled by that of his counterpart in Sweden, where "they tell of the Stromkarl's [Stream-youth's] alluring enchanting strain; his lay is said to have eleven variations, but to only ten of them may you dance; the eleventh belongs to the night-spirit

and his band. Begin to play that, and tables and benches, cup and can, graybeards and grandmothers, blind and lame, even babes in the cradle, would begin to dance." Of the same quality, no doubt, was the playing of the now forgotten *Hom Mooar*. It is the true Orphic and fairy music, all the world over ! Mortal musicians con it by flowing waters, to bring home only the faint echo in their memory ; and it may be well for our peace of mind that they can do no more.

The toll of human life taken by the treacherous element would suffice to explain a spirit who preyed on human beings ; but the tradition of his preference for girls, and the frequent association of the word *inneen*, girl, daughter, and its equivalents in other languages with so many coastal and riverine rocks, pools, lakes fords and waterfalls, combine to suggest that a long time ago the drownings were not all accidental—that some at least were sacrifices to the indwelling spirit of the place. By these he would be sufficiently appeased to spare the more valuable lives of men, to refrain from trespassing on their lands, to keep their wells filled, to provide them with plenty of fish and sea-wrack, and to perform all the other duties of a Water God. Perhaps I had better add that as the legend of the Nikkesen did not originate in the Isle of Man, sensitive patriots are not obliged to believe that human sacrifice was practised in their island.

In the case of *Loch Nighean Dhugaill* in the Isle of Eigg—" the Lake of Dougal's Daughter," a close parallel with *Creg Inneen Thalleyr*, " The Rock of Taylor's Daughter," in Malew, which has lost its

story—the name is clearly due to a legend which strongly resembles the well-known Manx water-demon stories located in Glen May, Colby Glen, Sulby and Ballure, with this addition: after the girl had escaped the monster's clutch by cutting off a piece of her dress, the water-horse appeared among the people as they sat gossiping upon a hillock on the following Sunday afternoon, and carried her off before their astonished eyes. They never saw her again, but her inwards were found some days later, floating on the surface of the loch. The complete story may be read in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, xxii, 203, in an article of much interest by the Revd. C. M. Robertson.

More permanently equine in form than the Nikkesen, though still imperfectly so, was the Manx *Cabbyl Vooar*, the Big Horse, or *Cabbyl-ushtey*, the Water-horse, of whom I have already spoken and may again, if he should happen to present himself. He was seen at low tide and towards twilight on the seashore or about the tracks leading up the cliffs and broos. White was he like a breaking wave, or of a dun colour like the rocks, but never grey with the Glashtyn of the rivers and pools. He could travel as well under the sea as over it or over the land; but when he came ashore his preference was for the marshy places. Anyone who was reckless enough, or ill-instructed enough, to mount him was carried into and under the tide, but was still able, in some obscure manner, to draw his breath; from which it may be inferred that he entered the land under the waves where the ambient medium is not

water, if it is not the air we know. This is doubtless why we read in Scottish and Irish stories of the floating up to the lake or river surface of the victim's lungs ; he has no further use for them, but it is not necessary to conclude that he is dead. The Cabbyl Vooar was usually seen riderless and was then capable of mischief ; but on the rare occasions when he emerged from his natural element ridden by someone having at least the semblance of a man, he was willing to help in farm work, especially in the heavy task of bringing up weed from the shore to fertilize the fields. And right welcome was he then to the farmer ; for his strength, like that of the Fenoderree and another, was as the strength of ten.

In the same fashion the Nennir or Nikur of old Norway " presents himself on the seashore as a handsome dapple-grey horse, and is to be recognized by his hoofs looking the wrong way ; if anyone mounts him, he plunges with his prey into the deep. There is a way, however, to catch and bridle him, and break him in for a time to work." And Thorpe gives details of such experiments, which one can only characterize as risky.

Peark yn Noble, " Noble's Hill-pasture," is on the Eastern slope of Slieu Carn Gerjoil. Noble was a former owner.

Slieu Losht, " Burnt Fell," is another name for the Carn Gerjoil of the map, which is locally *Slieu Chiarn,* " Lord's Hill." As I have only heard the first name on the North-Eastern side of the mountain it may refer to that side alone. Feltham, page 237, locates over

the boundary in Conchan "Karn-ajole, a small mountain situated South of Sliau Coure in Lonan," which is probably the same. The correct name is evidently *Slieu Charn*, "Cairn Fell," and not "Slieu Chiarn."

Cleigh Clagh, "Stone Hedge," is a lonely croft at the North-East foot of Slieu Charn. Places of this kind have mostly been abandoned, but *Cleigh Clagh* was still inhabited a couple of years ago.

Cronk y Thona, "Hill of the Backside," is part of Lhergy Grawe between Glen Roy and the high road; St. Patrick's Well and Paddy's Well are on the verge of it. There is another hill of the same name in Andreas. The croft on which this one lies was formerly

Thalloo Vullagh, "Summit Land."

Lag ny Bhoirrey (pronounced "Woorria") is a triangular uncultivated corner of a field by the roadside within sight of Lonan Church, containing bushes and the antlered anatomy of a tree too long dead to identify, from which depended the major portion of an old pair of stays the last time I was there—about 1925. As no well is discoverable, the curative or procreative virtue which the presence of the relic implied must reside either in the tree or in the area, designedly left uncleared, in which it stands. Joyce, *Irish Names of Places*, vol. iii., has "Billeady (*Bile-eudaighe*), 'the old tree of clothing;'" of which he enquires, rather surprisingly, "Why? Perhaps an outfitter or dressmaker lived beside the tree." The hanging of a piece of the garment of a sick person on a tree or bush, usually by a well, has been a common practice for untold ages, but the

name of this particular spot, though found elsewhere in the Isle of Man, is puzzling. It means, according to modern parlance, " Hollow of the Disturbance or Uproar." The Scottish form of the word, *buirich*, is rendered " wailing " in *Tales of the West Highlands*, iii., 326-7—the wailings of the ancient warriors after the death of Oscar ; Joyce, vol. iii., has " Cloonboorhy, ' Meadow of Contention ; ' " Kelly's Dictionary has " *Buirroogh*, a roar, crash," a definition which fits the sounds heard at *Lag ny Bhoirrey* or *Virragh* in Rushen ; see page 38. Whatever shade of meaning is the appropriate one, and however it was deemed applicable, the general sense is evidently that of a loud pervading sound, which may perhaps have proceeded from the (now extinct) bittern. The idea at the root of the word was probably the lowing of a cow or bull—*bua ;* this may have been the reason why such sounds were sometimes attributed to the Tarroo-ushtey, as in Glen Shoggil, Ballaugh. Bandon Mountain in Co. Cork is in Irish *Sliabh Bo-buireadh*, and its lough below bears the same name, which is due to the late presence of an enchanted cow.

Creelagh, " Shaking-land," *i.e.*, bog-land, is a field on Baljean. There is another of the same name in Patrick.

Magher y Skeg, " Field of the Thornbush," on the same farm, has a name which occurs so frequently all over the Island that this example may stand for the rest.

Keesh Wooar, " Big Tax," is a field-name of more interest than usual on North Baldrine.

Boayl Streeu, " Place of Strife," is another, on Raby ; there should be a story about it, as there is about *Lheeaney Streeu,* " Meadow of Strife," on Kewaigue, in Braddan.

Above the entrance to Glen Roy the West side of the Laxey Valley is seamed with a series of small watercourses, beside each of which was perched a cottage surrounded by a few miniature fields. The cottages are now mere ruins, and many of the fields are only distinguishable by the remnants of their former hedges. The first of these places, going Northward, is

The Raby, or " the Raby-house," which was presumably an intack belonging to the large farm of Rheaby or Raby on the table-land above the valley. A story, of which the following is the gist, has a limited currency in the district ; it reached me from an elderly sheep-farmer of the neighbouring hills. The Raby-house was inhabited by an old woman named K—— and her servant-girl. One morning when there was a great deal of spinning on hand the girl ran off and left her, and she was at her wits' end to get it done. Finally, in despair she went down to the river and asked it, or asked the spiders—accounts differ on this point—to help her ; and it, or they, promised to do so. Not only did they spin her wool for her, but after the work was finished they wove her, all out of their own silk thread, a shawl of miraculous delicacy and beauty. It was preserved in the family for several generations, but has now disappeared, like the two Fairy Cups, the Mylecharaine Cross, and other Insular treasures.

So simple and fanciful in character is this little story that I venture to think that no violence will be done to the sacred integrity of oral tradition if I expand it into the verse-form for which it seems to plead.

THE WONDERFUL SPINNING.

(By what I 've heard from Jemmy Dan,
Them Killyas out at Gliodn y Can
Once owned—well, this is how it ran.)

Old Moggy rose at break of day
  And called the girl to waken;
She crossed to where her pallet lay,
  And found the nest forsaken:
" Young Ibbot to the Fair has run
And all my wool is yet unspun—
How *will* I get my spinning done? "

Out went she to the shady wood
  That edged her apple-orchard,
To tell the Stones that in it stood
  The way her mind was tortured;
She made the turn about them twice,
She made the turn about them thrice,
She stepped it Southward with the Sun
For help to get her spinning done.

In came she to the Trammon-tree
  That leaned against her gable,
And prayed him most respectfully
  To do what he was able;
She laid three fingers on a bough:
" Good neighbour Trammon, help me now!
Young Ibbot to the Fair has run
And left me with my wool unspun—
How *will* I get my spinning done? "

Up toiled she to the hoary Drine
  That writhed above her garden;
She curtsied thrice and made the sign,
  Then humbly begged his pardon:

"But Ibbot ere the break of day
To Laxey Fair has run away
And won't be back till set of sun,
And here 's my spinning not begun!"
. . .
She stood and wrung her withered hands:
"Auch, auch, not one that understands!"

Low knelt she by the River then
And wept into his flying bubbles,
His bubbles whirling down the Glen,
And told his water all her troubles:
"Young Ibbot to the Fair has run
And not a stroke of work begun,
And all alone I cannot spin
The rolls and rolls of wool that 's in
And must be balled ere daylight ebbs
To give the weaver for his webs;
O River singing ever by,
Swift River, tell me how will I
Get all my spinning done?"

The River left his lazy song
And rolled a thunder loud and long
Up all the rushy gills that fed
The rapids in his rocky bed;
From Laxey Mines and Glen Agneash,
The Foss, the Lhaggan, and the Rheash,
From hedge and tussock, bush and wall,
Obedient to his drumming call
The Spiders gathered at his banks
And clustered thick in ready ranks.
He took them on his back and ran,
For he had hit upon a plan;
To where old Moggy's ground began
He bore his hairy riders.

He took a boulder in his stride
And spilt them on the Raby side,
They scuttled up the ferny broo
That glistened yet with morning dew,
Through cracks that would not pass a mouse
They poured into the Raby-house,
They covered ceilings, walls and floors,
They crowded Moggy out of doors

And made a workshop of her room ;
No need of wheel, no need of loom,
For each was loom and wheel in one,
And all day long till set of sun
They strove and spun and wove and spun
To get old Moggy's business done,
These magic-fingered Spiders !

At dusk when she crept sadly home
Her window gray as midnight foam
Betokened to her sleepy head
Young Ibbot back and off to bed ;
She plucked the sneg and peeped inside,
Her mouth grew round, her eyes grew wide,
She tossed her withered hands and stood
Dumbfounded in a deep jerrude ;
For not alone her thread was spun
And round a score of cinders run,
But something stranger faintly lit
Her kitchen with the sheen of it,
As though the Moon an inch or more
Had pushed her horn above the floor—
A Wonder by the Spiders left
Of their own silk in warp and weft,
A mist of gauzy gossamer
Enveloping her high-backed chair,
A shining SHAWL ! more beautiful
Than moonlight on a river-pool,
More flyaway than thistledown,
And warmer than a woollen gown.
She wrapped it round her, danced and sang,
(Lame Moggy with the yellow fang),
Until the solid rafters rang :

" O spotted Spiders from the Glen,
My blessing on your spinning then,
And on your weaving twice again,
You long-legged airy gliders !
O River singing by the broo,
My blessing on your water too
That floated down this clever crew
Of swiftly-spinning Spiders !
The River ran, the Spiders spun
From rise of sun to set of sun ;
They wove a Shawl that passes all,
And got my spinning done ! "

It will be noticed that, like her fellow-speakers of English in Scotland and Ireland, the lady had a "will" of her own in conflict with that of the grammarians; also that by letting her tears fall into the river she established—wittingly or by a happy accident—the requisite magical rapport between its guardian spirit and herself, whereby his sympathy was awakened and his aid enlisted. Further still, the practised eye will detect without much hesitation the presence of fairy folk under the thin disguise of spiders, which are called "weavers" in the Isle of Man, as they are called "spinners" in Germany; or if they were not actually fairy housewives on an errand of mercy, they were at least working to instructions from a higher source than even the river's. But the former view is corroborated by a Mull legend which I will condense from Mr. John MacCormack's enjoyable account of that island. In this case a simple wish expressed aloud brought the *Muinntir an Dúin*, the People of the Hill, to help in the work, and by the mere power of their sung word each stage in the processes of spinning and weaving was accomplished as soon as it was named. The little workers then gathered round the table in hope of being rewarded with a meal, such as the Manx fairies were given at every halt in their celebrated tour of the Island, but the poor woman was unprepared for such an emergency, and they had to be hoaxed out of the house by a false alarm of fire in their own home, which was perched at the brink of a sea-cape not far away. Though this was an ungrateful trick in the circumstances, it was only turning the tables

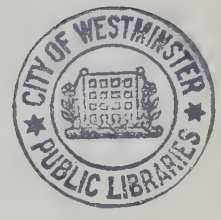
on them, for it is a common expedient of the Good Neighbours when a mortal is about to meddle with any of their property to inspire him, either by eye or by ear, with the delusion that his house is in flames; they did it once at the Cloven Stones in Lonan. Perhaps if she had fed them nicely they would have left her a *dhooragh* in the shape of a silken shawl.

The Granane, "the Sunny Place," is the name of the next small ravine together with the land and house at the head of it. The house has remained empty for many years "on account of the Tarroo-ushtey" who used to come out of the river below and roar round the premises, trying to find a way in. It became necessary at last to push the heavier articles of furniture against the two doors and sit up all night to keep him out. In the course of time the nervous tension became unbearable, and the occupants were forced to leave; since then nobody has been bold enough to take the place. This Tarroo was occasionally spoken of as *Yn Dhow Vargad*, Margaret's Ox, which points to his having been connected with the involved and fragmentary witch-legend of Berrey Dhone and Margad y Stomachey, who lived in Cornaa in Maughold parish.

The Carnane, "The Little Cairn," the next gully, has no trace of habitation. North of it comes

The Lhergy Veg, "The Little Slope," below the *Eairy Veg*, "Little Shealing," and *Creg Dhoo*, "Dark Rock." The house, now long deserted and fallen into decay, was once tenanted by weavers and bears architectural traces of the industry. Another occupant of the place was surnamed "the Fairy

LAXEY VALLEY FROM THE FOOT OF GLEN ROY, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO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Doctor" and "the Fairy Tailor," which implies that he practised unorthodox veterinary work and other crooked branches of science in addition to his legitimate business. He included fiddling among his accomplishments, and got wonderful tunes from the sounds of the rock-thwarted river below his house. Being "a big, light, airy man," he would go off over the mountains to Douglas for a reel of thread or anything he wanted and be back again in twenty minutes. Themselves was helping him. Douglas, it may be remarked, is about ten miles away by road, or eight as the tailor flies. This was good travelling, but not so good as that of a South Cork man thumb-nailed by Miss Somerville in her *Irish Memories*, page 188: "There was an 'ould Cronachaun of a fellow' who lived in the parish of Myross, who was said to be 'away with the fairies' a great deal . . . and had the Bad Eye. It was asserted that he could go to the top of Mount Gabriel, a good 20 miles away, in five minutes." But the object of his journeys was less innocent than that of the Manx flying-man.

The substantial blocks of stone tumbled confusedly about the ground near the house have served, I suspect, as foundations for the edifice of legend which has grown up there; their interstices are thought by conservative-minded people to be "a way in" to underground regions, and during the weavers' tenancy, if not since, Themselves were often seen, and heard singing and fiddling, among these stones; they were heard too in the big holes like caves under the house, where they were living. The tunes they had, that the weavers

were listening to while they were working, they were knocking out of the sounds of the river below ; that was where they got them from. A more unusual tale is related by a local shepherd of the old school with whom I am acquainted, and who has much to tell of this place and others among the surrounding hills. In point of fact, the following specimen of his archaic mentality reached me through a friend in common, and not directly from him in the first place, though when I managed to lead him up to the subject some time afterwards his account did not vary. It must be understood that he did not pose as one of the participants in the adventure, but he had known them personally in his youth. He simply related it as one of the many interesting things which happened when he was younger ; but to attempt to pin such story-tellers down to a date is usually a waste of time. In any case, the kernel of the matter here is the existence of the story as a story.

Well, one day when the weavers were busy at their work they heard a great noise in the room, and first one of the hearthstones began to heave up and then another. The men were terribly frightened, and huddled into the farthest corner to watch. And what did they see but a thing like a horse's winkers or blinkers rising slowly up from under the hearth. With that they tumbled out through the window and away with them like the wind. Presently their courage revived a little, and curiosity prevailed over fear ; they crept back and peeped through the window, and what it showed them was the form of a man, but far higher than a mortal man, like a *foawr*, a giant, he was, and a woman

something like himself, sitting one at each cheek of the *chiollagh*, the hearth. And on the sides of their heads they were wearing things like horses' blinkers and bridles, and something else rising above their heads like a sort of a helmet; it was these the weavers had seen pushing up among the hearthstones. After that they didn't stop to find out what the pair of them were doing there, but hurried off across the river to get help from the nearest neighbours at Agneash. But when they all got back to the Lhergy Veg there was not a soul in it, and nothing of the sort was ever seen there again.

Something of the sort, however, was once seen in Glen May, though shorn of the most striking ornament, the "blinkers," which is absent also from similar tales in other lands. In John Nicolson's *Folk-Tales and Legends of Shetland*, page 43, a Trow living in a cave on the sea-shore used to come inland by an underground passage, push up the hearthstone of a cottage a quarter of a mile from his own home, and steal the cakes off the griddle. Subfocal visitors appear to be Germanic rather than Celtic; besides those in the Shetland story, Grimm says they often come up from under the hearths of the Fatherland, which in such circumstances are the doors of subterranean dwellings. They are strictly hearth-gods (*Teut. Myth.*, page 500). In Hesse, as a man was eating his supper, an "earth-wife" suddenly pushed up her head through the floor by the fireside and offered him some green vegetables. In Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, ii., 127, a Danish woman watches an elf-wedding through a crack in the hearth. But it

was in Etruscan, and later in Roman, Italy that such beings received the fullest honour as *Lares* or house-gods, and *Manes*, the house-haunting souls of dead ancestors; and I should be surprised to find that Italian folk-lore of the present day has not much to tell of them under other names. In Wales the machinery of the idea has been put to a different use. Rhys, *Celtic Folklore*, pages 135 and 136, relates a story "which seems to be genuine," of a young man losing his way while going to visit his sweetheart, and falling into a lake, whence, after a month's stay among the lake-fairies which seems like three days, he emerges on a subterranean road leading into his sweetheart's house by way of the hearthstone, which lifts itself up as he approaches it from below.

. . . . .

The foregoing remarks were jotted down shortly after I first heard the Manx story, some five years ago. Leaving them exactly as then written, I would add a guess that the mode of entrance adopted by the Lhergy Veg visitors may be connected with the underground "tunnels" believed to issue among the boulders outside the house. Such "tunnels" are an article of faith in Lonan. The matter of the "blinkers," at first hearing so incongruous and inexplicable, is not made much clearer to me by the only two instances which I have come across of the wearing by human beings of anything resembling such articles; but perhaps they will prove less surprising to those who are familiar with the subject of prehistoric ornament. One instance occurs

on the illustrated cover of a small volume in the Irish Saga Library, *The Courtship of Ferb*, by an artist whom I am unable to trace; but from it I infer that they were an occasional item of costume in the Heroic Age of that country, and are perhaps to be identified with the ornaments briefly and hesitatingly alluded to by O'Curry, *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, iii., 185, as the "*Au-Chuimriuch*, which literally signifies ear-band or ear-ligature." The promised illustration of it does not appear in my edition of the work. O'Curry seems to have had but a single example before him; in the saga entitled *Bruidhean Dá Derga*, Dá Derg's Hostel, the nine harpers of King Conaire (1st century B.C., though the telling is of course much later) are described as wearing "*au-chuimriuch* or ear-clasps of gold upon the ears of each"; or, in Whitley Stokes's translation, "an ear-tie of gold *round* each man's ear." The other example is even more distant in space and time from a 19th-century weavers' cabin on a Manx hill-side. An ear-ornament unmistakably similar to—one might safely say identical with — that on the Irish book-cover and its jacket adorns the elegant head of "the Lady of Elche," a limestone bust of the 5th century B.C. which was disinterred at that town in Valencia in 1897 and is now in the Louvre. Her photograph forms the frontispiece of Mr. Havelock Ellis's *The Soul of Spain*, and a smaller one may be seen in a little handbook, *Cities and Sights of Spain*, by E. Main (to mention two easily accessible works). The art of the bust is said to be distinctively Iberian, modified by Oriental and superficial Greek

influences. A descriptive pamphlet by a French writer, Pierre Paris, states that " the bust was either a votive monument, or else, as is more probable, a monument to the dead. In fact its form closely resembles the representations of the subterranean gods, and of the Manes, which are figured as half-buried in the earth. . . . . The ear-rings are particularly curious. In the Campana collection at the Louvre, amongst the Etruscan ear-rings, is a pretty gold wheel bordered with pearls exactly like the ear-rings of the bust of Elche." It should be added that the ornaments are not ear-rings in the ordinary sense of the word, and are better described in a later work of the same French author as " the great wheels which frame her delicate head." Whatever use was made of the bust—there is a cavity behind it which may have been a receptacle for offerings —it declares itself as having been modelled from a living or a newly-dead subject, and has the look of being an excellent likeness. Indeed, after the lapse of twenty-four centuries the Lady of Elche is still able to make *aficionados* of those who have the good fortune to become acquainted with her.

Some corroboration of the probability that wheel-like ear-ornaments are of Etruscan provenance is to be found in Gaidoz' *La Symbolisme de la Roue*. On page 111 he refers to an illustration, in a German work on the Homeric Epic, of an Etruscan figure of a woman wearing a wheel ear-ring, though this appears to be a comparatively small article which may have been worn in the lobe of the ear in the ordinary manner of all nations and all ages. For Gaidoz the wheel is always a

symbol of the sun, and doubtless that is its general significance; but it must not be forgotten, and was not forgotten in Egypt, that the sun's course lies as much below the earth as above it. Indeed, Gaidoz on page 108 mentions a shrine dedicated to the great Earth Mother which was ornamented with an emblematic wheel; it was found at Clarensac, near Nîmes.

In the only other instance of "blinkers" which I have met with in Manx folk-lore they were not decorating the human ear. In reply to an enquiry, made in a different district of the Island, as to whether people had ever worn such things, a woman told me that "people who were taken by the fairies always wore blinkers." As an example she related a story which in Moore's *Folk-lore of I.O.M.* is assigned to Ballaleece in German; it appears in Scottish collections also, and I need only summarize it. A man who had lost his first wife sees a troop of white horses galloping into the barn. One of them tells him in passing to throw a halter over her on the following night to get her back, but the barn must be quite cleared of its straw. His second wife frustrates the plan by hiding a single straw under a bushel. The point of interest, and of difference from all the other versions, is that the white horses, including the lost wife, all wore blinkers.

This story, it may be remarked in passing, exhibits among other striking features a perfect reverse of the commoner pattern in which a magic halter is used to transform a human being into a horse.

Lhaggan Agneash (O.S. map), "Agneash Hollow," where some of Nicholas Raby's snow-foundered sheep

were discovered too late, in the song which laments the loss of his flock, lies more than a mile on the Snaefell side of Agneash, above the Laxey River. In it stands the abandoned mill called " Jimmy Phil's Mill," near which has been seen the mysterious elderly feminine figure in a red cloak who frequents so many places in the Island. It was an old man from the Lhaggan who, while travelling the Slieu Rea on the other side of Agneash one dark winter night was startled by the apparition of a snow-white beast like a unicorn.

Chastalyn (O.S. map), " The Castles," at the head of the Laxey Valley, consist of three low hillocks beside the stream. Near here, I am told, is *the Lhaggan*, distinct from the *Lhaggan Agneash* and the *Lhaggan Varrule*, all of which are brought into the song " Kiree fo 'Niaghtey."

Creg yn Dhorys, " Rock of the Door," is a small piece of perpendicular denuded rock on the East side of Snaefell, visible at a considerable distance in a good light by reason of its pale colour. It is understood by some to be a way into the mountain. There is a sea-rock of the same name near the Chickens Lighthouse, also figuring in folk-beliefs.

Above the Laxey Valley on the opposite or North-East side are

Ny Creggyn Glassey, " The Light-coloured Rocks," between Clagh Height and Struan ny Fasnee.

Coan ny Chistey, " Hollow-place of the Chest," is a gloomy fissure on the Southern slope of Slieu Rea or Ruy where most of Nicholas Raby's sheep were found

dead in the snow. It must have been a place of evil repute long before it helped to kill Nicholas, as the legend, though not the song, relates. A friend tells me, for instance, that a giant or magician kept a *kistey* (treasure-chest) here, and put spells round it to keep it safe from another member of the same race who lived at the top of the Cornaa Valley. The Cornaa giant used to prowl round at night trying to steal the chest, but the spells were too strong for him ; so he surrounded the owner's spells with further spells of his own weaving, to the end that if he could not get at it the owner could not take it away. So there it must be yet. In that case it is underground, or else vibrated out of the solar spectrum by the double spells which envelop it ; for it is no longer to be seen. Concerning Knock-a-Kishta in Co. Cavan, Joyce, *Irish Names*, iii., outlines a legend similar to the Lonan one ; a chest containing treasure was hidden in the hill under fairy guardianship. In Dr. Kelly's Manx dictionary occurs the term "*Kishtey feniaght*, a stone coffin or chest, where the remains of some champion, Fingallian or Phœnician, were supposed to be laid." Without wishing to suppose the remains of a Phœnician, may we take this to be one of the now obsolete place-names which lie buried in this dictionary ?

Chibber ny Meilley, "Well of the Basin," in *Coan ny Chistey*, is renowned for its fine water, which was preferred above that of other wells for use in the illicit still mentioned farther on, or else, and more probably, for a second one farther up among the hills. The well was also a favourite meeting-place for the

shepherds of the district, in the same way as the Brandy Well and others.

Agneash was *Hegnes* in 1510, probably the Norse *Eggja-ness*, "Ridge Cape," which suits its position above the confluence of its river with that of the Laxey Valley; the ridge required is Creggyn Agneash, "Agneash Rocks," the hill rising behind the village. Though "ness" is a coastal term, the Norse sometimes brought such names inland with them. Some of the older people occasionally call the place "Lagneash," also "the City." There are half a dozen "Cities" in the Island. How Agneash earned the honourable title I cannot say, for there is neither evidence nor tradition of any monastic settlement. The only ecclesiastical antiquity is the remains of a chapel, which is thus described by the Ordnance Books in the middle of the last century: "a small and ancient chapel, now occupied as a dwelling house. It is of oblong form and somewhat rude construction, void of ornament. No traces of burying . . . have been discovered." This is near the mouth of Glen Agneash; near it there is a field called "the Burying Field."

"Here [Agneash] the visitor may meet with the descendants of Mollecharane of the song," says a *Guide to Laxey*, by a Resident, Oldham, 1876. Mylecharanes were in the Lhergy Veg across the river at the close of the 19th century, and the last of the name left the Agneash district only a few years ago. They can be traced thither (by the tradition of another branch of the family) from the Curraghs—where the legend places them—by way of Ballaugh Glen.

Though Agneash has even less claim than Peel to be called a Cathedral City, it has certainly seen better days, and in that golden age its citizens—may one say?—enjoyed clearer vision than they do now. The whole district was, in fact—to apply a phrase not peculiar to it—"a great place for fairies." A friend tells me that a friend of his used to be seeing them every day, three or four or half a dozen Little Ones (which I take to be the modern equivalent for the old Manx term *Guillyn Veggey*); he wouldn't be taking any notice of them, so used, and Jimmy M—— ploughing below the C—— last year was lifting graves all the time. My friend's swift transition from fairies to burial cists in the one breath of speech struck me as extremely significant, and in accordance with my own opinions. The man who was in the habit of seeing Themselves as it might have been rabbits died some thirty years ago.

The reputation of Agneash—the name connotes a district of considerable extent on the Manx scale—does not rest only on the seeing of fairies; invisibly also they impinged upon the lives of the human inhabitants. There is an old tale, and a queer tale, whatever view may be taken of it, of the spiriting away of a small boy, hardly more than a baby boy, from the presence of his mother and her fellow-workers on the mountain-side. The name of the people concerned could be given, but there are reasons why it is better withheld. In the hope of coming a little nearer to the native atmosphere of the story I have rendered it into verse.

An Old Tale of the Hills.

i.

Something tempted him away,
Something better than playing:
An old rhyme half-remembered,
Or a word whispered
Among elders, but overheard,
And treasured and pondered;
Or the look of the track rising
And the thought of *behind the hills*—
Teasing, enticing;
Or just the brightness of the day
And the beckoning daffodils
Set his feet straying
In strange ways that morning
From his mother cutting ling,
From Glen Drink into the hills.

Between Slieu Chairn and Barrule
They searched, grumbling but pitiful,
Men of Maughold, men of Lonan,
All day till the light grew dim,
Certain of finding him,
Seven days from the day they began.
A ground easily searched, a ground
Familiar as their gardens,
By their own sheep grazed over,
A ground almost their own.
Nowhere steep, nowhere deep,
Just dreems and struans and little glens,
Ling and gorse and stone.
Every gill looked into,
Every tholtan searched through,
Every field, every pound.

More than a lifetime ago
His feet went straying so . . .
What he met among the hills is not known,
For he was never found.

ii.

Old tales, old fireside tales—
Histories of cowhouse and barn
On rainy afternoons—
Yarns in long summer nights

Rocking off Maughold, rocking off the Shoulder—
How they jostle to be remembered!
A grave-mound levelled that none should have disturbed,
That a thousand ploughs had spared,
And swift ruin falling on him who dared it;
A tune overheard
By some belated fiddler passing a carn;
A meaningless word whispered
Out of a wood at nightfall;
Something that might have been a call
Hillward, or only a fleeting overtone
In the troubled mumbling of baulked water;
The look of the hills by times
When the night climbs them;
Fear, like a monstrous wing
Suddenly overshadowing . . .

Ghosts of dead nightmares, you 'll allow,
Whose bones are safe from ploughing,
Long given a decent burial in our minds
(A ground thoroughly searched, thoroughly known,
Perfectly familiar, almost our own.)

Even so—even now—
The odd things a man finds there,
The hid things, the lost things,
They tease him, they tempt him to ponder,
They set his thoughts straying.

Mwyllin Agneash, "Agneash Mill," notwithstanding its name stands in the outskirts of Laxey, near the "Big Wheel." Whether the anomaly is due to Laxey's expansion, or to the mill's position on the road to Agneash, or to its former use by the Agneash people, is a dark mystery. At all events, it is a good deal more picturesque than its immediate surroundings, the tall and ribby "Lady Isabella" not excepted.

Cronk y Chuill (O.S. map) is written "Knockechull" so late as 1869 in the Highway Accounts, and there are

other instances in which the transition from " Knock " to " Cronk " has been accomplished still later, besides those in which " Knock " has survived unaltered. The farm now called Cronk y Chuill was *Crot y Chuill* in 1703, and has evidently been assimilated to the name of the hill. In the neighbourhood are the two unmapped holdings of

Crot 'Nolt, " Croft of the *tholt* " (*soalt*), which is usually translated " barn," like its Irish original, *sabal ;* there is no stream here to warrant *alt ;* and

Thalloo Holt, " Barn Land," if " barn " is a sufficiently exact rendering.

The Claram, a farm lying to the Eastward of Agneash, probably derives its name from the Gaelic *cláran*, diminutive of *clâr*, a flat place, which is also applied to a plank and to objects made of planks, as for instance the Manx *lhierrym*, which Kelly defines as " the larboard quarter of a boat," but which is also used for the thwart at that point.

By the side of the track leading to Agneash a spot is pointed out where whisky was secretly manufactured in an illicit still, until " the Revenue men came from London ; " the operators got warning just in time, so they locked the doors and away with them. But in the end they had to pay fines of £20 each. There was a general raid on such stills in various parts of the Island in the year 1813, but the names and details relating to this one tend to place it at a later period. The only point of interest in the affair, and it is a striking illustration of the adaptability of folk-lore, is that although the still dates to not much more than

a generation ago, the ancient Celtic tradition of the "heather ale" has already been grafted on its history. It is affirmed that the parties in question had a secret process for making specially good spirit "out of the tops of the ling." In Scotland this knowledge is attributed to the Picts, in Ireland to the Danes. O'Curry (*Manners and Customs*, i., 378) characterizes the heather beer of the Danes as a myth. In *Folk-lore of Orkney and Shetland* (Folk-lore Soc.), page 221, the familiar tale of how the secret was kept—and lost for ever—is placed in Shetland, where the Picts had the "art of brewing spirits from the heather-tops."

Cushington (O.S. map) near the foregoing place, was named, a local man tells me, by two strangers who came from Cushingtown (*sic* for Cushendun in Antrim) in the 19th century and took in uncultivated land.

Thalloo Hogg, "Hogg's Land," lies farther down the slope towards Laxey village. The field containing a pond near Thalloo Hogg gate was much infested with fairies. A passer-by, who had often conversed with them at this spot before, had the temerity one evening to start an argument with them in the matter of a skate he was bringing home, and they threw him and his fish into the pool. Another man, belonging to Glendrink in the mountains Northward, was going home by this route from Laxey one winter evening, when he found himself accompanied by a stranger whose only peculiarity was the bright buttons on his coat and waistcoat. (Large bright buttons are often a feature of Manx apparitions.) When the Glendrink man attempted to climb the hedge to get out of the

field all suddenly became dark, and he felt that he was being swept along by running water. The pleasant movement lulled him into sleep or unconsciousness; when he awoke he was standing in broad daylight on the edge of a steep rock at Clay Head, about four miles away, his clothing soaked with water.

For a fuller account of these striking events see (if procurable) a brochure called *Manx Tales*, published in Douglas at some date unstated.

Laxey consisted of about thirty houses in Feltham's time, 1798. Presumably this was what is now known as "Old Laxey," near the shore. In this lower portion of the village is

Cronk y Quayle, "Hill of the Assembly"; though now written "Quill" it is still pronounced "quail." On the opposite side of the river is

Cronk Ghennal, "Pleasant Hill," but possibly for *Cronk Ghenney*, "Sandy Hill."

Kione Losht, "Burnt Head," at the Northern extremity of Laxey Bay, is the vernacular name for the "Laxey Head" of the Ordnance map. Scattered about its heathy surface are the remnants of a large cairn, from which the landward portion of the headland has acquired the name of

The Cairn, whither Laxey folk are wont to resort on fine Sunday mornings. There was once a dwelling on this exposed point, concerning which a romantic piece of fiction has been printed in pamphlet form. The actuality upon which it must have been founded survives only as a vague atmosphere, gloomy in tone and without definite details. Also, in a certain spot on

the Head, difficult to find, once grew a plant having a blue flower shaped something like that of the foxglove, and called by some "the blue foxglove." It was not known to grow anywhere else on the Island, and so industriously did the people gather it for medicinal or other purposes that it no longer exists.

Gretch is derived by A. W. Moore from *Grettis-stadr*, "Grettir's Homestead," a very likely explanation. It may be worth remarking, however, that an early form *Gretastaz* occurs in the record of the Boundaries of the Lonan Abbey-lands, and that the Old Norse *Gridastadr* meant a place of peace or truce, as being the precinct of a temple with its customary appurtenances of sacrifice, divination, etc. An older pronunciation is "Greetch," consonant with "Greist," now Grest, in Lezayre. The Scandinavian burials and other antiquities at Gretch, and the tradition of "King Orry's Grave," combine to render it a place on whose history any sidelight would be welcome.

Continuing up the coast-line from Laxey a few small features, mostly unnamed on the map, remain to be noticed.

The Darragh, "The Oakwood," is a little copse of stunted trees on the steep seabrow to the North of Laxey Head. It came there in one night by the Fenoderree's industry for the purpose of sheltering a local celebrity named Ewan the Darragh, who was in the habit of retiring here when he thought it advisable; for he was a man of secret courses. He was in close touch with the fairies and with Other-World affairs in general, and he had the Sight. Out of weather-

whitened bones picked up in his wanderings on the mountains he made for himself a fiddle, and taught her to echo the wild music of the winds and streams. The last of him was, that an unknown ship stood into the bay and sent off a boat which took away him and his fiddle, and they were seen and heard no more in their native place.

Glion Darragh, " Oak Glen," a little farther North, is a narrow bushy ravine falling steeply to the boulder-littered shore. Only two or three of its scrub-oaks now survive the salt-laden winds. The remains of a building in it, which has been partly preserved as a fold but is no longer used, are identified as the house of Ewan the Darragh. Enough of it is left to show that it had two rooms, one door, one window and no fire-place. Ewan is said in *Mannin,* No. 6, page 360, to have lived in a cave at this spot ; nothing like a cave is visible, and perhaps his hiding-place in *The Darragh* was meant.

The rocks under this section of cliff are called

Martland, though there is some uncertainty about the exact application of this name ; it does not, however, belong, I am told, though it is occasionally applied, to the inlet to which it is attached in the maps. That is properly called

Corroo Wooar, and is a rocky creek North of the foregoing. With *Corroo* may be compared *Ny Carroo* on the West side of the Calf Island.

Struan ny Grangey, " Stream of the Grange," the " Struan ny Gragee " of the Ordnance map, is situated on the Abbey farm of Skinscoe, hence its name.

Traie Ronan, probably "Seals' Shore," *raunyn,* is a small strand immediately South of Bulgham Bay. A short distance inland is the

Butt Wooar, "Big Hedge-end," a high massive bank of earth where three quarterlands meet, and which is therefore a focus of occult virtue. There are other such natural earth-temples elsewhere in the Island; they are often called "Fairy-holes," and their general use is as follows. A funnel-shaped or three-sided cavity scooped out of the top of the bank in the middle receives the desires of the suppliants in the form of pebbles, as wishes confided to a well are signalized by coins and pins, and those entrusted to a tree, whether near a well or not, are represented by rags or integral portions of clothing. The pebble, similarly to these, is carried on the person for a while previously to being offered, and is further associated with him or her by spitting on it before placing it in the hole with an appropriate wish, prayer or curse. If the cure of a disease or other affliction is the motive for the ceremony, such is then lifted from the sufferer; but it would be conveyed to anyone removing the stones, in accordance with the usual working of symbolic magic. Requests of other kinds are proffered in much the same way. Earth taken from the cavity is also endued with special virtue.

The explanation, or part of it, seems to lie in the idea that the magic power of "land," so compelling to those who have lived on and by the land for uncountable generations, is triply concentrated at the meeting-point of three estates. The junction of three treens does not

excite any interest, perhaps because the treen as a land division is obsolete and has no practical bearing on the lives and fortunes of the people. Parish and sheading boundaries, which form their triangles in remote and barren areas, are not invested with the glamour of those of the quarterlands, which are moreover the units of the other divisions.

No doubt a similar superstition exists in other Northern countries; possibly it was something of this kind, a long distance Southward, which eluded the Rev. W. Webster, who says in his *Basque Legends*, page 48, "we distinctly failed to make out what are the 'fairies' holes' . . . As far as we could gather from the narrator they are simply bare places in hedges, when covered by the web of the gossamer-spider."

A resemblance between the Manx "fairy-hole" and the national emblem naturally presents itself; but I have no ground for suggesting that the users of fairy-holes relate them, however vaguely, to the Three Legs, or for thinking that the *Trie Cassyn* is recognized as a mystic symbol of which the virtue and the motive energy reside at the meeting-point of its limbs. It is looked upon as a symbol, but in other ways.

Bulgham Bay (O.S. map). The Gaelic *bolghan*, applied to inlets on account of their shape (*bolg*, a bag) is the evident source of this name. A Lonan intack in the Composition Book, 1703, *The Volgan*, and a later *Croit Bolgham*, were perhaps situated on the slope above this bay, now uninhabited.

Creg Vanannan, "Manannan's Rock," lies at the South end of Bulgham Bay. From a friend I have a

local legend to the effect that it once stood on North Barrule, but King Orry threw it into the sea one day for sport. Three times it went back to the mountain of its own accord, and three times he tossed it down; but the fourth time it stopped in the sea, and there it is still. Another account of the matter says that a shadowy people of the nature of sea-giants landed at Port Cornaa in Maughold, and after taking possession of the lower part of the valley made their way up North Barrule, where their two leaders quarrelled about something and began to pelt each other with boulders by way of argument, after the manner of giants everywhere. Two boulders which missed their objective fell into the sea, and are now *Creg Vanannan* and another rock in Bulgham, *the Clet*. Possibly one of the missiles hurled in the opposite direction by the other giant is accounted for by a large stone near Jurby Church which is said to have been thrown from Snaefell by the Fenoderree after a companion who insulted him, but who escaped his vengeance by taking to the water at Jurby Head and swimming to Scotland.

Homing rocks are common objects all the world over; and to this particular specimen, *Creg Vanannan*, I hope to return when enquiring into the history of the Three Wonders of Mannin. Meanwhile, it may be remarked that Manannan does not appear in either of these anecdotes which are intended to explain why the rock bears his name; in the former of the two King Orry has been substituted, just as we sometimes find St. Patrick where we should rather have expected a more fabulous personage like Orry.

The Brig is the name of the headland at the South end of Bulgham Bay. With the name may be compared that of Rattray Brigs, rocks at the foot of Rattray Head in Aberdeenshire. Possibly the Manx name is to be explained by the Norse *brekkr*, a slope.

Clagh Oolin (phonetic) is another large detached boulder, some 20 feet high and thatched with scrub, on the Southern part of the shore of the same bay. Close by is a cape with a somewhat similar-sounding name,

Gob yn Ooyl, which is translated "Point of the Apple." It was once the haunt of a mermaid, of whom and a Maughold man who comforted her with apples a story is to be read in Miss Morrison's *Manx Fairy Tales*. The symbolism of the apple is familiar to those interested in such matters, and the phrase "throwing out the apple" may be heard among the Manx people. It has even received the *imprimatur* of their legislative assembly. We do not get much nearer to the raw material of Miss Morrison's pretty idyll by studying its Welsh version, which is almost equally civilized. To a young farmer living near Llanberis appeared a lady of the lake who "begged him to throw her one of the apples" he was eating. But he made her come for it, caught her, and married her. Full details of the affair are to be found in *Celtic Folklore*, pages 127-130.

Struan y Gheay, "Stream of the Wind," flows from Mullagh ny Gheay, "Summit of the Wind," into Bulgham. But it is difficult to know how often this word, so frequent in Manx place-names, should be translated "wind." Besides a similar Gaelic word for a marsh, not now, at least, in use in the Island, the

sound of *guiy*, goose, comes fairly close to that of *geay* in the mouths of those—the overwhelming majority—who speak English only, and it may sometimes be the correct rendering. It would not be invalidated by remoteness from dwellings, for people from the lowlands used to bring their geese to the mountains to breed and fatten. They were housed in low thatched shelters shaped something like a horse-shoe, and their owners went up every few days to feed them. Between-times they lived on the "keep-grass," until they were brought down in December to meet the common fate of geese.

The Parish of Malew.

Malew has the pride of a lost Government and a lasting Castle, a dead Abbey and a living School, a beautiful town and the largest and not least beautiful of Manx villages. Seaward of her visible hills she hides a dead volcano, and landward of her empty Castle of granite by the water she keeps an unseen Castle in the air of her loftiest summit, full of a more abiding sovereignty. Her lowlands, with Santon, suffered the first and the strongest English influences both of Crown and Crozier, yet the clearest memory of an earlier age is hers. Next in size after Lezayre and the most conspicuous of all in history, she ranks prime among the parishes.

First come a few coastal places, some of which are named on the Ordnance map and some are not, beginning with the oldest haven,

Ronaldsway, the port of the Island's Norse and English rulers, " Reginald's Ford," since it is regularly *Rognaldswath* in old documents. The ford must have been through the now diminished and divided water of the Ronaldsburn, wherever that may formerly have entered the sea. The treen name here, *Conessary*, may also perpetuate the memory of Norse rulership—*erg*, pasture-land, preceded by *konungs*, king's, or by a personal name. The application of *erg*, from Gaelic *airigh*, was not limited to high ground.

A field here, which has a pool in it and a footpath through it, has been known to refuse egress to sober persons at night, even in bright moonlight. The cause of the trouble seems to be an occasional and unnatural mist which is strictly confined to this field and may be accounted for by a number of ancient interments. It is not the only place in the Island where wayfarers have been attacked by this soil-engendered mental confusion, but it may be taken as typical. The Irish variety of the same perplexing experience is described by Miss Somerville in speaking of a notorious eminence called Mount Gabriel: " It is the sort of place where the *Fodheen Mara* might come on at any moment. The *Fodheen Mara* is a sudden loss of your bearings, and a bewilderment as to where you are, that prevails, like a miasma, in certain spots." As I recall it, the name is, primarily, descriptive of the places where such disasters are likely to occur, *fodheen* meaning grassy sod-land—turf, in the English use of the word.

Raunanes is a name inserted at Ronaldsway in an old engraving in Douglas Library. If not a corruption

of an otherwise unknown "Ronaldsness" or a blunder for Ronaldsway (which has assumed various queer shapes on Manx and English tongues), "Raunanes" may mean "Seal Point."

The Broogh (O.S. map), "The Bank," a conspicuous elevation in the flatness of Ronaldsway farm, though cultivated is not without the remains of a reputation for uncanniness at night, which suggests that it was formerly used as a burial-place.

Loch Skillicore (O.S. map), North of Ronaldsway, deserves mention as Man's only sea-loch, though it is now composed of bedrock only, denuded by tidal action, and does not enter the land. Apparently, however, it was once important enough to name the treen of *Logh* to which it belongs. The long straight stretch of beach behind it, distinguished by an interment-site, is known as *Traie Skillicore*. The name is probably referable to *Skellig-wooar*, "Big Sea-rock."

Lanquet Point is the name of the site of the Fort and Chapel on St. Michael's Isle, according to Chaloner in 1656. It is a spot crowded with fading legends. The Chapel ruins were haunted by the ghost of a priest who was murdered by a band of pirates "in the smuggling days," because he refused to yield up to them the treasure hidden in the Chapel. The weight of his dying curse sank their ship immediately they got under way, and drowned them and their booty. At midnight the groans of the priest and the jingling of the money are still to be heard by those sufficiently interested. This story is drastically abridged from a small paper-backed volume published a good many

years ago under the title of *Manx Tales*, but vague allusions to spectral inhabitants of the islet still turn up in conversation with the right kind of people. A ghostly sailor is seen, for example, coming up from the shore there about the hour of sunset—perhaps the sole survivor from a crew of ghosts. In *Chronicon Manniae* at 1250 A.D. an account is given of the slaying and drowning at this place of a number of the adherents of a pretender to the Insular kingship, an event which would be sufficient to populate the islet and the opposite beach with spectres for centuries afterwards. The murky atmosphere which hangs about St. Michael's Isle is probably due in some measure also to its former use by wreckers and smugglers.

Langness, "Long Cape," often called "Langlish" and even "Lamlash," commemorates many shipwrecks in the place-names which bristle from its saw-toothed Eastern edge in the large-scale map. Some of these will follow. On the opposite side, off the low sandy shore between Langness and Hango Hill, lies a city buried beneath the water. Roofs and towers have been seen below the quiet surface, and bells heard ringing on certain Sundays, just as in other drowned cities in other seas. On the slender isthmus, said—on what grounds I know not—to have been cut by a canal to enable the Stanleys to reach their castle without encountering the perils of Castletown Bay, stood a second "city," or more probably a collection of fishermen's cabins, which was destroyed either by fire or plague, or by both—accounts differ. Possibly this disaster was an echo from 17th-century London; but

the following is strictly indigenous : " There was a sort of spectre came out of a big hole in Langlish towards the South end, and walked along the shore to Ronaldsway, and then back across Derbyhaven to Langlish. People used to be very feared of it."

Scoltian, " Clefts," on the East side of Langness, is the " Scottean " of the Ordnance map and of Moore's *Manx Names.*

Martha Gullet takes its name from the ship " Martha " which was wrecked here.—(O.S. Name Books.)

The Ghoayr, " The Goat," is " a peaked portion of schist, at low water mark, somewhat resembling a goat's head."—(O.S. Name Books.)

Spire Gullet, derives its name from a landmark near. —(O.S. Name Books.)

Grave Gullet, from the grave of two shipwrecked sailors.—(O.S. Name Books.)

Ellan Vretyn, " Wales Island," is a small rock immediately South of Tobacco Gullet, which is surrounded by water at high Spring tides. It is said to be " the nearest land to the opposite shore of Wales."—(O.S. Name Books.)

Hango Hill, near Castletown. The vicinity of this historic remnant and former place of execution is haunted by a headless black dog, or something resembling one, called in this case the *Mollagh Wooar ;* it is seen chiefly by other dogs, and not admired by them. If its name, as may be supposed, means the Big Bladder, its lack of shape is as clearly defined thereby as the data permit. No doubt it is the same creature as that captured by Roeder from *Notes and*

Queries, v., 341, 1852—a black dog which kept howling and screaming, and chased people round the town as far as the Gallows-post [*i.e.*, Hango] but did not dare to go beyond.

The O.S. Name Books state that the ruins on the mound of Hango are said to have been Lord Derby's summer-house ; hence, perhaps, arose a former name, " Mount Strange." Although malefactors have been hanged here from time to time the name has nothing to do with capital punishment, but derives from the Norse *hengi*, jutting, overhanging. It occurs again in

Hango Broogh at the North end of Langness about a mile away.

Creg Raun, a limestone rock in Castletown Bay, is the " Seal Rock " of the Ordnance map, which translates it.

Lheeah-Rio, the map-form of the name of another large rock, has a Gaelic look as written ; but the universal pronunciation rhymes with " cheeroh," except that the stress falls on the latter part of the word. This rather suggests the meaning " Tern Isle "—Norse *liri* plus *oe*. In Mackenzie's 18th-century chart it is " Leroe."

Boiley Gowan, " Heifer Fold," as in *Bwoailley Gowan Fayle*, Rushen (Roeder), is a part of the farm of Knockrushen, according to *Isle of Man Charities*.

Thie Scarroo, " Scarffe's House," near the Stack of Scarlett, is " a fishing-place," Roeder says, but it must have taken its name from a mark on shore. Scarffe was formerly a South-side surname, and a " Scarffe's

Croft" is included in the Lord's Composition Book for Malew, 1703.

Cromwell's Walk at Scarlett Point is "a low ridge of rock on the summit of which is a crevice about three feet deep and about the breadth of an ordinary garden walk. How it came to bear the name is unknown in the locality."—(O.S. Name Books.) The name is probably that of a local, rather than the historical, family, since there were a Cromwell's Croft and a Cromwell's Tanhouse in the parish in 1703. Both stood on land belonging to the Abbey.

Gob ny Cleigh, "Point of the Hedge," Scarlett, bears a name which is commoner inland; there is one on Slieu Whallian, for instance.

Balladouly. Chaloner, page 8, has this form for Balladoole. The grounds of Balladoole were haunted by a White Lady and a Black Dog (*Moddhey Dhoo*), but not in collaboration, fortunately.

Ballakeigan, the next farm, was haunted, in effective contrast, by two Black Ladies, whom one may suspect to have been nuns. These, as well as their weird sisters of Balladoole, could make their presence felt without letting themselves be seen, and though confined to the grounds were able to strike terror into the souls of wayfarers passing the main gates of the house.—(*Manx Tales*, page 33.)

INLAND NAMES.

South Barrule mountain is the peg from which hang the parishes of Malew and Arbory, whose skirts are the Southern coast-line, and though a little of Malew lies

behind it, it makes a good starting-point for the interior of the parish. " Barrule Rushen " as Kennish called it, on which the Southern third of the Island culminates and from which it rolls seaward to South and East, is the most legendary of all the Manx hills. The more familiar stories, and certain others, of the many which cling to it may stand over to be considered at the same time as the central figure which animates them. Of the mere name it is difficult to accept the explanation of the late Sir John Rhys, in his foreword to Moore's *Manx Names*, as entirely satisfying. He derives it, by a series of phonetic changes which are not impossible, from the Norse name of the mountain, *Vordfjall*, " Beacon Hill." But his theory does not take into account the existence of another Barrule mountain in the North, of which there is no reason to believe that it was ever a watch-hill, or that it had an enclosure—Norse *vardha*—on its summit. Nor, on the other hand, is there any reason why either mountain should have been named after the other. Independent repetition of place-names is frequent ; among hills alone there are two Cronk Fedjags, two or more Slieu Reas, several Cronk Rees, Slieu Loshts, and so on. *Barr*, the Gaelic term for top, summit, provides the first element in many mountain names in Galloway and Ireland, the former especially. It probably occurs in the Isle of Man in other names than Barrule, but the difficulty is to distinguish between it and *bayr*, road, when they are compounded with other words. *Barrule*, then, should be applicable as regards its meaning to both the Northern and the Southern hill ; and this is the only

objection I can see to explaining the name as *Barr-ruadhail*, with the signification of a hill having reddish tracts of ground. This would fit South Barrule with its bell-heather, but not the grassy Northern mountain. The second term is probably to be found also in *Ghaw Rule* and *Cronk Rule*.

If *Vordfjall* and *Barrule* were ever identical, they had become wholly differentiated by 1643, when the seventh Earl of Derby, writing to his son, speaks of "the mount you call Baroull." Whether or not this implies that he and his courtiers called it Wardfell or something similar, the latter, a natural English adaptation of Vordfjall, has with close variants been the official name since its appearance at 1316 in the *Chronicon Manniae*. The Norse form of the name of the mountain now called Sartal is supposed, with every likelihood, to have been *Svartfjall*, "Dark Hill," like Sartfield in Jurby. If so, it offers an almost exact analogy to *Vordfjall*, but it has not followed, on Manx tongues, the course of changes suggested for the latter. On the contrary, it has preserved its "t" in both cases, and the stress on its first syllable. That it is not a restored form is shown by the spelling "Sertfield" in 1662, in the depositions at Castletown concerning William "Dhone" Christian.

The elusive well near the summit of South Barrule has already been touched upon under its proper heading. The earth-walled area on the crown of the hill, called "The Camp," has a Manx name, *Rhullick y Dhoon*, "Cemetery of the Fort, or Enclosure." "Three feet of Finn's feet from the wall of Rhullick y Dhoon lies all the treasure of the Isle of Man" is a proverbial

saying which has the flavour of a translation; it is popularly supposed to have been uttered by one who was a prophetess and much more—the *Caillagh ny Ghueshag* or Old Woman of the Spell—in prediction of the richness of Foxdale mines, in which case it must date a long way back. If that be the true reading of her riddle, the length of the hero's feet corresponded to one half of the Statute Mile.

Two 17th-century woodcuts reposing in the obscurity of Douglas Public Library show the summit of Barrule crowned with a tower. It is quite possible that it bore some kind of a shelter and storehouse of timber or roughly-assembled stones for the convenience of the men doing Watch-and-Ward duty there; an elevated platform or cage to display the signal fires would also fit the circumstances. By daylight, smoke—enemy approaching the coast; by night, fires—enemy landing; both signals passed from the seaboard along the heights and down to the garrisons at Peel and Castletown. The Night-watch was enforced equally with the Day-watch, and the civilians did not easily escape duty. The statutory regulations and the penalties for remissness have been quoted sufficiently often. But in the fragmentary allusions to the practice which still float about the base of the Southern hills the watchmen are always "the soldiers." So far as South Barrule enters into the matter, the conspicuous rock below the summit on the South-West side, Creg yn Arran, is popularly explained to be the "Rock of the Bread" because the country people used to leave bread on it for the soldiers, when these were living at the top of the mountain at a

date unspecified. At an earlier stage of its history this rock (which is outcrop) was hurled through the air to its present site by a giant who lived on Cronk yn Irree Lhaa, about two miles away as the rock flies.

Anterior to its historic period, which began late, the Isle of Man must have supported a fairly dense population of giants and giantesses, and no part of it was richer in fauna of this and other species than South Barrule and the district of which it is the hub. Train's " Wolf of Barrule " and his " last of the Purrs," and Quiggin's black, rubber-like, and cave-wonning Buggane Mooar, all made their earthly home under the shelter of this mountain, which shows up in the annals of supernatural history like the Cave (or burial-place ?) of Cruachan, the doorway to Ireland's Lower Regions ; that, likewise, vomited destructive swine, as well as a drove of unaccountable three-headed creatures which Man has been spared. Waldron's " Devil's Den " containing both an enchanted prince and a horrible dragon (doubtless a disguise of the magician responsible for the prince's enchantment) cannot, by his own vague location of it, be credited to anywhere within four or five miles of Barrule, though a similar legend of a sleeping monarch is still attached to a spot at the foot of the mountain—see under *Croit y Kenna* below. But Waldron has several passages on the giants of this parish, from which, notwithstanding their familiarity to some of my readers, I should like to quote, for the sake of touching upon the subject of Manx giants in general. " These new Conquerors," he says (who had defeated the fairies and turned them out of Castle

Rushen), " maintained their Ground for some time, but were at length beaten out by a race of Giants." The Giants continued in possession of Castle Rushen " till the Days of Merlin, who by the Force of Magic dislodged the greatest Part of them, and bound the rest in Spells, which they [the Manxmen] believe will be indissoluble to the End of the World." That they entered the Island at Castletown may mean no more than that Waldron learned what he knew about Manx giants in the vicinity of the capital. But it must be admitted that he had information also of a subterranean or submarine headquarters of the race reached by passing underneath the Castle, a thing of which no memory has survived at the other ports to which their first landing has been ascribed ; moreover, he has left us a circumstantial account of its exploration by a 17th-century spelaeologist. The big fellows may therefore have been in charge of the submerged volcano off the coast at that point, and thus have been responsible for the contorted state of the Southern coastal rocks, so attractive to the men with the little hammers. Isolated boulders, too, the usual missiles of giants, are commoner in the South than in the North. Nevertheless, giants are said to have come ashore at Northern ports as well — at Laxey, at Port Cornaa, at the Lhane Mooar, and perhaps at Peel. The vestiges of " pit-dwellings " on the Laxey side of Snaefell are dimly associated in the minds of some of the people with their gigantic predecessors. A fresher legend than is now obtainable seems to have been made use of by Kelly in his *Sketches of the Isle of Man*, 1844, though he calls his picture

"imaginative." He depicts King Orry and the giants under his command as landing in Laxey Bay and marching up the valley to the castle of the king on the Eastern slope of Snaefell, four miles above Laxey.

Giants and their consorts are, in fact, to be found in almost every parish of the Island, mostly either throwing stones at each other or resting quietly in their graves. They may be called Finn MacCowl, or Jiarg, or Samson, or the Devil, or even King Orry or St. Patrick; but as a general thing they are nameless. Needing plenty of room to move about in while they lived and quarrelled, and to lie down in when they were buried, they dwelt for choice among the bare hills, and chiefly on the summits of these; or did the next incomers drive them thither? There is no report of any fighting; they appear to have given no trouble to the ancestors of the present population who succeeded them. Their aggressiveness was exercised upon each other only, and upon occasional interlopers of their own breed who ventured across from Scotland or Ireland. Though at least half human themselves, to ordinary members of the human race they were harmless so far as legend bears witness, and though they came up out of the sea and their collective name was *foawyr*, they cannot, in fairness to themselves, be equated with the Irish Fomorians.

It is but natural that we should wish to have some idea of the aspect of these prehistoric Manxmen, these post-glacial Castletonians and Laxenians, and we are fortunate in having them carefully depicted for us in the Irish saga of "Dá Derg's Hostel," which,

Dr. Douglas Hyde says, " probably took definite shape on parchment in the sixth or seventh century," though some of its features may belong to the second or third. At any rate, we are on safe ground in saying it deals with events in the reign of a king who flourished shortly before the Incarnation. At the section headed, in Whitley Stokes's translation, " The Room of the Manx Giants," the interlocutors are describing and discussing the inmates of the *Bruden* or Hostel. The following is Dr. W. K. Sullivan's version, with a few slight emendations from Stokes :—

" ' I see a couch there, and three men on it, three great, large, manly, brave men. No one can look on them, so hideous are they, with three ugly, ill-shaped faces. Those who look on them are terror-stricken on seeing them. They have a thick covering of coarse hair over their whole bodies ; their beards are curled ; their eyes are most terrific. They have three fierce *Finnu Ferb*, and are without clothes ; they are covered with hair all the way down to their heels. They have three great wonderful flowing heads of hair reaching down to their hips. They are furious warriors ; they ply hard-smiting swords against enemies ; they strike furiously with three iron flails, having seven chains on them, with cross-pins through their eyes, and head-balls of iron, one on the end of each chain ; each ball of them heavier than a good house-fed hog. They are three great brown men, having great black flowing polls of hair on them reaching to their two heels ; two thongs, each one-third of an ox-hide, on the middle of each, and each quadrangular clasp that closes them is

thicker than a man's thigh. The clothes they have on them is the fur which grows through them. Each man holds a tress of the long hair of his poll, and a club of iron, long and stout as the yoke of a plough, in his hand, and an iron chain at the head of each club, and an iron pin, long and stout as the middle of a yoke, in the head of each chain. They are terrors in the house, and it is disgusting to behold them; there is not one in the house who is not in dread of them. Identify these, O Fer Rogan!'

"Fer Rogan paused. 'I can identify them. I know not of living men who they are, unless they are the giants whom Cuchulaind saved in the *Forbas Fer Falga;* they killed fifty heroes when being captured; and Cuchulaind did not allow them to be killed, on account of their wondrousness. Three hundred men shall fall by them in their first combat, and they shall surpass in prowess every three in the Hostel. If they come forth on ye, the powdered fragments of your bodies will be fit to pass through the sieve of a corn-kiln, from the manner in which they will pound you with those iron flails.'"

Whitley Stokes's rendering of this vivid picture makes one obscure phrase a little clearer: "the raiment around them is dress that grows through them" he explains as hair. Their names were "Srubdaire son of Dordbruíge, Conchenn son of Cen Maige, and Fiad sceme son of Scípe; Conaire bought them from Cuchulainn." As regards their nationality, *Fer Falgae* is glossed *fer Manant* (men of Mannan) in the Rawlinson MS. quoted in volume ii. of the Irish Texts Society,

page 142, and a sanguine critic might identify the scene of the siege in which they were captured with the Rock of Peel. A phlegmatic one would perhaps be more inclined to class the story as a localized myth, but none the less interesting for that. One archaeological fact of importance stands out from the *Bruden Dá Derga* description of the Manxmen's weapons ; they had by that time forsaken the practice of hurling rocks and had adopted the arms of civilized warfare. It may be that the Iron Age in Man began with them ; the fairies who preceded them are well-known to have been stone-users, though on a much smaller scale than the giants.

Struan ny Grenya, " Stream of the Gravel, or Pebbles," is, I am told, the name of the top fork of the little Struan Barrule which rises on Barrule Veg, the Eastern extension of Barrule proper. Below its source runs the main road, bordered on its East side by the stony desolation of the Granite Mountain (O.S. map). This inexpressibly dispiriting tract of boulder-strewn, boggy moorland has passed under various aliases in time past, of which " Granite Mountain " is, doubtless, the most recent, and due to the quarry at its Northern extremity. Others I have noted are *Slieu Clagh* or *Slieu ny Glogh*, and its rendering into English of " Stony Mountain " ; " the Windy Mountain "—if this is a translation the Manx original does not seem to have survived ; the Norse name *Rozefell* in the 13th or 14th century Abbeylands Boundaries, which there relates to its Southern portion ;

and *Dun How*, which appears to duplicate the idea of "hill" in Celtic and Scandinavian, as do Cronk How in Rushen, otherwise the Fairy Hill, and Cronk Skibberigh in Malew.

Back of, or **Behind, The Moon** is a small locality on the East side of the Granite Mountain. The name is, perhaps, an erroneous or facetious rendering of *Cooil Rea*, a croft thereabouts. *Re* is certainly one of the Manx words for the moon, but here the meaning is "Level Corner or Nook."

The City was the name given to a small collection of dwellings by the road below Barrule farm; only the vestiges of them now remain. There are many "Cities" in the Isle of Man, and the use of the word in toponomy deserves separate consideration. (See p. 182.)

Break o' Day Hill, evidently once the public clock of the locality, is on the West side of the Castletown road, opposite Barrule farm. Is this to be considered as a translated addition to the several hills called Cronk yn Irree Lhaa? For other horological place-names, see Glen Aldyn, Lezayre parish.

The Mameenachth (as pronounced, with stress on the second syllable) is a name given to land lying East of the Castletown road, between Barrule farm and the Granite Mountain, but thought to have belonged formerly to both sides of the road. The pronunciation makes "Middle Field" — *Magher Meanagh*—a doubtful interpretation; *Maam Eanaght* would be equivalent to "Pass of the Fair" in Irish Gaelic. The place is certainly a pass between the two hill-sides, but I know of no other instance in Man of

the use of *aonach* for a fair, or of any record of one having been held at this spot.

It was in this region particularly that the red, or red and white, Fairy Lamb used to appear among the flocks ; it was a visitant which brought luck to their owner, and even to its chance beholder. Personally, though I have never been fortunate enough to see it, I take it to be a variant of the *Arkan Sonney* or Lucky Pig, which will show itself to us in the parish of Patrick.

The Salt-Box is a small ruinous building hidden among the trees on the West side of the Castletown road. It is said to have been used as a church, and is at least important enough to have given its name to this section of the highway.

Lough y Waltagh or **Woltagh** (as pronounced), " Lake of the Walled-place," lies between the Castletown road and the Windy Mountain. It is now reduced to a tract of marshy ground whence the two streams called Struan Barrule and Awin Ruy flow in opposite directions. With the epithet, uncommon in the Isle of Man, may be compared the name *Killvaltagh* near Ballymena, Antrim.

Glion Fank, " Sheep-pasture Glen," is part of the valley of the Awin Reash at Ballanank.

Ballacroak, St. Mark's. (O.S. map.) Of the tumuli here the Ordnance Survey Books, 1868, give the following description : " About 20 chains South East of St. Mark's . . . two distinct methods of inhumation. Mounds opened in January last and examined by Dr. Oliver shortly afterwards. Stone chamber in the smaller one contained the skeleton of a very large

man. . . . Dr. Oliver pronounced the skull Celtic, and a Christian burial, a person of note, of the 10th century, when the Norse were still using the ancient modes of burial. Cist erected East and West. No ornaments or weapons. The skeleton lay on its back, head to East and limbs arranged as at present day. Cist constructed of slabs of mountain schist—internal measurement 6′ long, 2′ 6″ broad, 2′ high. The larger tumulus similar, but more conical and twice the size. Abundant signs of cremation. Stone celt and hammer found outside. Cist constructed of slabs of freestone, covered by massive granite slab weighing upwards of two tons, crevices of joinings carefully filled in with stiff, tenacious clay. Head of cist to North West. Cavity measured 4′ 10″ long, 2′ broad, 2′ 4″ high. Nearly filled with calcined human bones, white and hard as ivory . . . resting on a flooring of hard, dry clay. At head of chamber were a spear-head of flint, stone hammer, and remains of a bone necklace."

Returning now to the summit of South Barrule and descending in a South-Westerly direction, an inconspicuous but important landmark is

The Round Table, one of three places to which the name has been given; for the others see the parishes of Arbory and Michael. It is a low, flattish tumulus, only a few yards in diameter, with a slight depression at its centre and a trace of a trench or ditch around it. Its most remarkable feature is its position. It is the meeting-point of three parishes and of the two sheadings to which they belong, as well as of the old Northern

and Southern divisions of the Island, and was evidently adopted as a landmark at an early period of civil history, unless we are to believe that it was thrown up for such a purpose. Its site is equally noteworthy in regard to the configuration of the landscape. It lies at the highest point of the lowest and shortest way across the pass between Barrule and Cronk yn Irree Lhaa, which is, after that through Foxdale, the chief route connecting the West with the South; the present road, in fact, at the point where the boundary is marked by a large white stone on top of the wall, almost touches the hillock. It lies but a few yards North of a straight line drawn from the summit of Barrule to that of the Cronk, and falls exactly on one drawn from the latter point to the highest point of Barrule Veg, a line which continues to Barrule farm; but this may be merely accidental. It is within sight of the sea, both towards Dalby and towards Derbyhaven; but experiment reveals that an equal number of paces to the North-West or the South-East—at right angles, that is, to the axis of the mountains, the old diagonal civil division—will shut out the sea from view in either direction. Thus the site was evidently selected with great care, whatever may have been its original use. It has never been excavated; when this comes to be done archaeologists will need to bear in mind that this tumulus was at first square, but "the soldiers who were up on Barrule fell out about who should sit at the head of it when they were eating their dinner, so they agreed to make it round." The rest of its history has, unfortunately, not reached

me, with the exception of a tradition mentioned under *The Whallag*. But I gather from Waldron's story of the Fairy Cup of Kirk Malew that that vanished vessel of romance came out of the Round Table ; for the Little People from whom the man obtained it—honestly, according to his own account of the affair—were sitting round a table in a large common at the top of a mountain, "eating and drinking in a very jovial manner," bless their hearts. Barrule is now associated more with "soldiers" than with fairies, and memories of them hang persistently about the skirts of the whole Southern range of hills ; is it possible that they have absorbed some of the fairy mythus, and is the tradition of the leaving of food for them in various places a re-embodiment of the immemorial custom of leaving food-offerings for the fairies? Whether or not, it may be remarked in passing that this practice, which reaches out so far into the surrounding darkness of the past, has persisted until to-day in a gradually contracting circle. First, the offerings in wild and remote spots, which may not always have been remote from human life ; then offerings nearer the house ; on the "street" or farm-yard ; on the step or in the porch ; in the kitchen —(these latter at night before retiring) ; then the deliberate spilling of a little milk or ale on the floor before drinking ; then the leaving there what was accidentally spilt ; finally, the sacrifice of a morsel on the plate or a few drops at the bottom of the cup ; which last vestige of a once universal religious rite may still be noticed occasionally as a personal characteristic.

In another direction, has the soldier-legend, founded probably on fact, attracted to itself and assimilated some of the lost saga of " Finn MacCowl and all his company " ? The sole trace of Finn on South Barrule is an allusion in a proverb ; but it is the only place, except the Sound, with which his name is associated at all, and a very likely scene for his huntings and carousings. For though in Ireland he has been completely humanized and even a little Arthurized, he is still Son of Cumhal — the sky, according to Rhys—and in old Scandinavia he was a giant of the mountain-tops and a lord of wind and weather.

The name " Round Table " was also applied to the high moorland lying to the South of the tumulus. Where the road to Ballasalla branches from the road to Rushen begins

The Cluggid, " the Gully," occasionally slurred to " Cloadh " in a manner which will hardly be comprehensible to those who have not listened to the Manxman suppressing his intervocalic consonants ; but sound and meaning are for once in happy accord, since *cluggit* (*sluggit*) means, literally, " swallowed." This miniature ravine formed the course of a streamlet which is now carried underground to the reservoir below. Lower down it broadens into the glen named after the Whallag farm. Here is said by the country people to be the site of " an old church and a churchyard," above the long-deserted croft of

Croit y Kenna, probably " Kenna's Croft," though the article is unusual before a personal name qualifying a term in topography. The fields of the holding, once

cultivated but now relapsed into "garey," are still traceable between Cringle and the river, which is the young Silverburn. The alleged *rhullick* or burial-ground adjacent is said to contain the sacred bones of the ancient Kings of Man, the last of whom is waiting to be roused from his sleep to rule again over his kingdom ; which approximates in sentiment to Waldron's report of the spellbound prince. "About a league and a half from Barool," he says, but perhaps his distances are not to be accepted literally.

Among matters of a less enduring quality, a local farmer tells me that

The Whallag (O.S. map) was the last place where he saw a spinning-wheel in regular use ; that was fully a generation ago, and may well have been its farewell appearance in the Isle of Man, except on the amateur stage for charity, or for the benefit of the postcard photographer. To the house on a different site which preceded (probably by a couple of centuries) the one inhabited till recently, belonged a tradition resembling that of Creg yn Arran mentioned above, and other places in the adjoining parish of Rushen ; namely, that its occupants had the office of supplying food to "the soldiers at the top of Barrule." It was left for them in a hut or some kind of small building at the Round Table, whither they came down from the summit to fetch it. There was then a road from the Whallag right up to the top of the mountain, passing the Round Table. This tradition was taken from the lips of the last tenant of the Whallag, since deceased. She had it from her grandfather, who had it from his grand-

father ; but it is not otherwise unknown, and with it goes a less substantial belief that the summit of Barrule was, a long time ago, shaped in a series of terraces like those of the present Tynwald Hill (though of course on a much larger scale) and used in a similar manner. The normally careful Jenkinson, at page 179 of his *Guide*, states that Slieu Curn in Michael had a Tynwald-like mound on its summit. But in the places where Tynwald Courts are known to have been held in former times there are no traces of such mounds. The legends of a terraced Barrule may rather be a vestige of the magic palace surrounded with piazzas, etc., among the mountains, which is the subject of one of Waldron's anecdotes.

Glion ny Vear converges from the East with the main glen above the last Whallag farmhouse, now in ruin. A road crosses the head of this ling-clad gully, and the name, orally received, should perhaps be spelt *Glion ny Veyr*—" Glen of the Road."

From the Whallag ford and footbridge the narrow road to Ronnag climbs Northward by

Curragh Vreesha, either " Bridson's Marsh " from an owner, or " Bride's Marsh " from St. Bride's Chapel, now a mere foundation, on the South-West side of it. Until about fifty years ago the practicable driving-road ended at the haunted ford, and even since then travellers have occasionally been stopped at the little footbridge ; not by the overflowing of the river, but by an unseen force or presence which was opposed to their continuing the journey up the hill. And notwithstanding that the road Northward is modern, the ford is further haunted

in a way which implies the passage through it of wheeled traffic, the source of which is to be found by following the same road for a mile and a half Eastward past Cronk ny Geay (where it becomes " Solomon's Road ") to

Solomon's Corner, or simply " Solomon's," a well-known spot at the highest point of the St. John's and Castletown high road. Here about a century ago dwelt " Solomon " Mylchreest, so nicknamed not for his worldly magnificence or his domestic circumstances, but, it is said, because of his surpassing wisdom, of which, unfortunately, no specimens seem to have been handed down for our instruction. Here dwelt likewise another " character," Robin y Keggan, who died about forty years ago but is not quite forgotten, so tenacious of personalities is the popular memory.

The Solomon neighbourhood has a thoroughly bad reputation for uncanniness which several occurrences during the last few years have helped to uphold. From or near the cross-roads the " Death Coach " used to begin its journey on dark nights, piloted by its headless driver and drawn by a pair of coal-black horses along Solomon's Road ; and it was an evil thing to meet. One account of it says it turned over at Corlea Corner with a crash, but this may be an echo of some fatal accident there ; more usually it is believed to have haunted the road as far as Cronk ny Geay. Still farther along the same road, at the ford below the Whallag is sometimes heard at night a crunching and swishing sound as of wheels passing through the water. Roeder has reported (*Manx Notes and Queries*,

page 58) a Death Coach which was repeatedly seen passing down the main street of Port St. Mary; if Ronnag and Colby could supply similar experiences, as very likely they can, a course would then be traceable from the Windy Common district down to the sea.

A Death Coach has also been seen coming down between the Mountain Pillars on the road from the Round Table to Dalby; in the particular instance which came to my notice the percipients were two women who were sitting on the grass by the roadside one summer night. It was something like a funeral coach with waving plumes, "with a moving body of blackness waving along behind it, like a lot of people at a funeral." Perhaps "wavering" was the word intended; at any rate, it was hardly distinguishable from the dimness of the night. The women were very frightened, and shrank back to let it pass. Lying down is the approved method of seeking safety. Similarly in Norway, when the Wild Hunt is abroad, which is chiefly at Christmastide, if he who hears it does not throw himself face downward while it is passing, his soul will be carried away.

As at the Whallag ford, so at Glencrutchery Bridge was often heard in the night-time the sound of the wheels and the horses of the Phantom Coach or Death Coach, on its way from Kirk Conchan towards Kirk Braddan. "Old Phil Skillicorn, who lived in a small thatched cottage on the breast of the hill on the road from Conchan Church, said he heard it too, but in his earlier days the passing had been more frequent and

more terrible," a declension which may have been attributable to the deafness of age, to the gradual weakening of supernatural manifestations in general during the 19th century, or to the cessation of smuggling. The Coach was, in his opinion, a ghostly replica of the funeral of one Finloe Oates who had lived just over the gill at Bibaloe in the smuggling days. He was a profligate and a heavy drinker, and on his rejection by Barbara Moore he cursed her categorically and fell dead at her feet. Thus, but in more elevated language, says one of William Harrison's manuscripts.

It has been suggested of similar abnormal vehicles and processions in Sussex and Galloway that smugglers sometimes took advantage of an old superstition to transport their goods without unwelcome interference from persons not friendly to the trade. A roomy wagon, padded hoofs, and a party of well-muffled men, would readily be misconstrued on a dark night by those not in the secret, and the smugglers would not contradict the terrifying stories of which they were the cause. Perhaps this is why the belief in the Death Coach has retained its vividness. And it will be noticed that in the Isle of Man, at least, where the smuggling was mostly outward, the direction of the cortège was towards the sea. But if this explanation holds good for the Island, it can only relate to the early struggles of the industry ; in its palmy days it was everybody's secret, and the many benefited by the labours of the few. As for the Revenue men, that they would treat a stealthy band of nocturnal wayfarers with superstitious respect is improbable.

Robin y Gate, " Robin of the Road," is the name —doubtless that of the occupant originally, though no dwelling stands there now—of a field on the right of the main road near Ballamodda, on Ballaglea quarterland. Like the Clagh Ur close by, it is a place with an unhallowed reputation. An ordinary *moddey dhoo* haunted this part of the road, but there was something worse, something too dreadful, seemingly, to bear description. Even in England there is an old proverb which explains the consequence of speaking of the Devil. A less unspeakable mystery was a midnight procession of figures in white, carrying bright lights in their hands, which issued from somewhere behind Barrule or the Windy Mountain and passed along an old track now concealed by the Barrule Plantations (probably that which is known to have been the former highway), to its junction with Solomon's Road at Corlea (where the Death Coach is said by some to crash), and so down to a terminal point at *Robin y Gate.* " They used to be wearing something strange on their heads," thereby conforming with the fashion prevailing among certain other Manx apparitions, on which I have commented in connexion with *Tantaloo,* Lezayre.

It seems, at first glance, to be a coincidence with a meaning that the Ballamodda district should be haunted by a *moddey dhoo ;* but the quarterland name is probably better explained as *Bally ny mBodach,* the farm of the graziers, hinds, or low-class labourers, or whatever was the exact shade of definition borne by the word when the name was given.

Between Ballamodda and the Whallag lies the extensive and well-watered region of Glen Cam and the Moainey Mooar. It is said to contain the site of an old church, which is not known to archaeology ; also, with greater likelihood, to have been a home of the Fenoderree. South of the Whallag the Silverburn forms Ballagilbert Glen, alternatively though now infrequently called

Kinlye's Glen. Kinlye was an old man who is still remembered for his eccentric character and lived with a companion like himself, one Tommy Vell (Bell) near the top of the Glen. The stress laid on the second syllable of Kinlye, in "the old way of saying it," suggests that the surname usually pronounced "Kinley" had one source at least in the Gaelic *Mac an Loich*, "Son of the Champion."

This wide, green, shallow valley, always pleasant in summer with flowing waters and unpleasant with standing waters in winter, secluded and now nearly depopulated, has retained a few place-names and scraps of lore attaching to them which deserve to be rescued. In the lane leading to Ballagilbert farmhouse on the East side of the Glen lurked a *moddey dhoo*, headless like that at Hango. Near the top of the valley is a small depression called

Caillagh ny Groamagh, "Old Woman of the Gloominess," into which cavity she fell—or which she scooped out by falling—when trying to step from the top of Barrule to the top of Cronk yn Irree Lhaa. The impression of her heels and her *thoin* are said to be distinctly visible in the soil. A similar anecdote is

told of the more serious fall, resulting in a broken neck and burial, of a Caillagh or Hag who came from the North to perform a series of jumps from height to height among the Lough Crew hills in Meath. Apart from this mishap to the Manx Caillagh, she is well-known for her influence over the weather, as related in *Folk-lore of I.O.M.* and elsewhere; in Scotland she is the actual personification of bad weather. As accounts of the *Caillagh ny Groamagh* vary somewhat, I will include here what I have learned of her in Patrick, which at least contains one detail I believe to be fresh and is certainly striking. First, however, it should be said that her alternative name, "Fai'ag," is merely a pronunciation of *Faihtag*—the exact spelling is optional, as with so many Manx words—meaning prediction or prophecy. Another Hag or Witch, the *Caillagh ny Gueshag*, is, in so far as these shadowy abstractions can be classified, much the same personage. Taken as one, they seem to combine the characteristics of the Scottish *Caillagh ny Bheur*, familiar to students of Highland, and especially Argyllshire, folk-lore, and the Irish *Cailleach Bera* or *Bheartha*, who, it may be surmised, are sisters of the Teutonic goddess-giantess Berchta or Bertha and entered Britain with the Norse via Scotland. As *inghin Ghuillinn*, daughter of Cuillin, she was related to the Celtic equivalent of Volundr or Weyland the Smith, who is also known in Man, and she had a house of stone on Slieve Gullion in Co. Armagh and other places. What she was like in her Scottish haunts is well depicted in the following passage from Leslie's *Early Races of Scotland*, i., 142:

" The exemplification of the power of the female deity Cailleach Vear occupied at the end of the last century [18th]—possibly still occupies—a conspicuous place among the marvellous legends of the Western Highlands of Scotland. Her residence is believed to be on the highest mountains, and a great stone in a remarkable and elevated position on the high hills which separate Strathlachlan from Glendaruel still preserves the name of Cailleach Vear or Vera. To her is attributed, among other wonders, the formation of Loch Eck in Cowal and Lochan in Lorn, the waters of which now cover what tradition affirms to have been extensive valleys and fertile plains." A story, ascribed in its Irish versions to various other mythical females, is told of the aged Scottish Bera's neglect to cover a well at which she watered her favourite cow on the top of Ben Cruachan ; it was her duty to close it with a stone every evening before the last rays of the sun left the mountain-peak, but her forgetfulness on one occasion allowed it to overflow all night and form Loch Awe by daybreak. Campbell, in his *Superstitions of the Scottish Highlanders*, has yet another Cailleach, her of Beinne Bhric. Like the Manx *Ben Veg Carraghan*, this woman of the mountain has dwindled sadly through the ages. " She was last seen twenty years ago in Lochaber. Instead of being ' broad and tall,' she had become no bigger than a teapot. She wore a little grey plaid or shawl about her shoulders." High antiquity, expressed or implied, is ever a quality of the caillaghs—or the Caillagh. Kuno Meyer has reported an Irish saying : " The three great ages,

the age of the yew, the age of the eagle, and the age of the Cailleach Bera." In Mull she renewed her youth once every hundred years by bathing in Loch Bá. When a girl in the same island she had grazed her herds of deer on land which is now far below the sea. The name of Bera occurs in other legendary circumstances in Ireland, but it has not, so far as I know, been current in Man, unless we have it in *Berrey Dhone*, the legendary witch of Cornaa. The Caillagh of Wales is called *Gwrach y Rhibin ;* she is described in detail in *Bedd Gelert*, by D. E. Jenkins (Portmadoc, 1899), page 80. In addition to her immense size, her attractions included a curved nose reaching almost to her chin, and two or three teeth like the spikes of a harrow. Her sudden appearance at cross-roads or sharp turnings foretold misfortune, often death. It is not stated that she influenced or prognosticated the weather.

Well now, Laa'l Vreeshey, or Laa'l Vreeshey Bane (St. Bride's Day, the first day of February and of the Manx spring) is the day when the *Caillagh ny Fai'ag* comes out, if the weather is fine, to gather sticks to keep her fire going for the rest of the year, but if the weather is wet and stormy she stays in, because the sticks would be wet. By this it is known what the rest of the season will be like, but *bun-ry-s'kin*, contrariwise ; for if the day is fine the summer will be wet, because she won't need to come out again, but if the day is bad she will see to it that fine weather follows for her own sake. " There's ones that have seen her flying over in the shape of a big bird, carrying

the sticks in her mouth." The particular kind of bird, if any, was not known to the narrator; but Cronk yn Irree Lhaa was thought to be the Caillagh's customary habitation.

A curious humanizing of the Caillagh ny Fai'ag as a weather-controller is seen in a note in *Folk-lore* for March, 1891, page 133. Here we find her transformed into a Danish vicar's lady. The contributor of the note adds a German saying, "Women rule the weather in February."

So much, at present, for the venerable Caillagh, except to add that Gob ny Callie (O.S. map) on the coast of Maughold may be a name due to some forgotten legend of her, as is Calliach Point in Mull. The "Kallow Point" of the maps, near Port St. Mary, is commonly pronounced "Callie."

Ballaconnell. In a small glen leading into the main valley dwelt the buggane called *Dooiney Hoie* or Night-man—he who shouted "Hoa, hoa!" appallingly through the stormy winter nights. This is also a Norse cattle-call, and further is not unlike the "Hoalth, hoalth!" and "Hoa, hoa!" intoned by the Manxman to the same end. The *Dooinney Hoie* is now but a wandering voice, and the coincidence may be merely accidental that a strange and nameless figure was often seen in the same vicinity, clothed not only in a long dark grey coat or cloak with large shining buttons, but wearing also a low-crowned, wide-brimmed hat. A hat is not customary among Gaelic apparitions, if we except ordinary human ghosts and doubles; but the Breton *Yann-an-Od*, John of the Dunes, who shouts "Tou, tou!" along the coast

before a storm in friendly warning to sailors and benighted landsmen, wears a broad-brimmed hat above his voluminous cloak, much resembling the ordinary Breton head-dress. In Cornwall he is called the Whooper or Hooter.—(Hunt, page 367.) The Manx Man-of-the-Night was, I think, more often a frequenter of the cliffs and shores than of inland districts like Ballagilbert Glen, though indeed it would not be a serious exaggeration to say that the Isle of Man is all coast; there are, at any rate, from Waldron's day downward, many stories of this useful precursor of the barometer, who called his "Hoa, hoa!" or his "Howlaa, howlaa!" along the seaboard in a voice like the moan of the rising wind.

Near the entrance of the Awin Vitchell into the Silverburn is a pool out of which the *Glashtin* used to issue upon the neighbourhood, more or less in the shape of a small horse. In a meadow by the side of the same river lived an equally unpopular resident, the *Buggane Mooar* of Ballaconnell. Not far away, a tall slate slab on Ballaconnell was haunted by a mysterious presence of a bewildering and terrifying nature which is ascribed not to the stone itself (which would have been more interesting) but to an unaccountable murder which happened there long ago. Also on Ballaconnell is

Magher y Gronaghan, "Field of the Little Mounds, where stood two tumuli now demolished; one of them is said to have been surrounded by a stone circle, some of the stones of which remain in the hedge—*anglicé*, stone wall. In the round green meadow by the river known as the *Lheeaney Rhunt* the Fenoderree used often

to disport himself. It is noticeable that Fenoderrees had a particular liking for Round Meadows (which owe their name, I think, to their being partly bounded by the curve of a stream) and have thereby got themselves confused with the Glashtins, notably at a spot on the Ballachrink river in Arbory. Watery places belong of right to the fairies, and to amphibious bulls and horses ; but the Fenoderree was not a fairy, or even, it seems to me, a supernatural being. He was just a half-wild man, typifying earlier inhabitants, though not necessarily any who had existed in the Isle of Man. The aged local resident who told me about him here would not confess to having, himself, ever caught a glimpse of the hairy one ; but I thought I could detect a reminiscent ring in his chuckling denials.

Across the river between Ballagilbert and the opposite side lie

Claghan ny Keillagh, " Stepping - stones of the Churchyard," over which funeral and wedding parties used to pass on their way to Kirk Arbory from the Ballagilbert side of the glen. A descendant of one of the families concerned tells me " they would always keep exactly to the same path. A girl of the Taggarts married Pharick C—— from Glen Rushen ; she had to walk right through the standing corn on the track to make sure of good luck ; then down across the river by the *Claghan ny Keillagh* and up over Ballacrickart. Funerals always took the same way." These are the words of a local preserver of traditions. I have noticed the same custom in the parish of Patrick in recent years, and believe it is still respected in other out-of-the-way

districts, when the conditions require it. Even though an easy modern road is available, a rough mountain track is taken in preference. Presumably the track existed before what is now a better route; but in addition to the respect for a time-honoured way of doing a thing, there is also a desire to avoid turning the back on, or going away from, the church, which a more convenient modern road may necessitate. "A corpse should never be carried to church by a new road; and should a hearse stop on its way to the churchyard there will soon be another death in the house." — (Courtney, *Cornish Feasts and Folk-lore*, page 168.) The latter part of the Cornish belief is not shared by the Manx, for it was their custom to halt the procession at the wayside crosses.

Though Ballagilbert is in the civil parish of Malew, it falls, together with the adjoining farm of Ballarobin, within the ecclesiastical boundary of Arbory; hence, presumably, the crossing of the river, which forms here the civil boundary-line, followed by the long journey to Kirk Arbory.

The neighbourhood of Ballagilbert is haunted by less widely distributed apparitions than the Fenoderree and the Big Buggane. A man (name given) was going down the river-side path, and when he came to where it bends to the left he saw another man "like in an oilskin coat, all shiny," about 30 yards in front of him. He tried to attract the figure's attention by shouting, and then by splashing his foot in the water, but without effect. Farther down, where there was no cover (no hedges on the left as there are now) the figure suddenly

vanished. Other people had a similar experience in the same place. The splashing of the foot in the water does not appear to have been a likely way to attract the attention of a man 30 yards off, and I fancy it was rather an attempt to counteract any spell which might have been in operation.

At the "turn to the left" mentioned above a boulder called the

Clagh Vedn, "White Stone," is mounted on the sod hedge on the East side of the valley, near the entrance of the Awin Vitchell from the Ronnag side. Though it is the most eye-catching object to be seen from the path, nothing is told of it; but I think much must have been forgotten.

At the bottom of the Ballagilbert Glen lies

Grenaby, where the valley narrows and squeezes its river under Grenaby Bridge into the upper part of Silverburn Glen. Just below here comes in the Awin Reash from the Moainey Mooar and a brooklet from Ballalonna, and in bygone days Grenaby was thronged with old-fashioned inhabitants, as became a meeting-place of many waters. A humble member of the fraternity was the unnaturally large black cat with flaming eyes nearly as big as saucers, which used to be seen in a field here. There was also the water-monster of bovine appearance which occasionally haunted one of the riverside meadows. The tall man without a head, and the "something dark like a big chest or box" which moved about the road, have been identified by one of my informants, rightly or wrongly, with a much more unusual phenomenon called "Jimmy Squarefoot."

Broadly speaking, Jimmy Squarefoot was a man with a pig's head and face, " and he had two great tusks like a boar." He haunted all round the Grenaby district. In a purely porcine shape he had belonged to the giant living on Cronk yn Irree Lhaa, who, in the course of an altercation with his wife on South Barrule pelted her unsubmissive head with rocks of which one is now the Creg yn Arran and another—distinctly a wide—dropped at Cloughur to the South. This giant, whose name is regrettably forgotten, rode Jimmy in his pig-form about the country and over the sea, for " he could stramp the waves as easy as he could the ling." After their quarrel the giant and his wife (who, it occurs to me, may have been the *Caillagh ny Groamagh*) both disappeared, leaving their pet behind, whereupon he came down to the Grenaby district and has infested it ever since in his various modifications. If he has ever left it, it was to show himself between Ballagawne and Ballacurrey in Rushen, where a buggane was often seen, Roeder says, which alternated between the shapes of a man and a black pig. But in his own neighbourhood he was more of a simultaneous mixture of both. Whether it is due to his friendly name or not, there is something engaging about Jimmy, fearsome goblin though he has been in his time, when he used to charge out at wayfarers with gleaming tusks and gnashing fangs. How he got the sobriquet of " Squarefoot " I have never been able to learn. Has he despoiled some human ghost of its rightful name, or is it that his spoor has been detected in the moist soil of his favourite haunts ? For he seems to have an affinity with water,

and though I have not tracked him to his lair with any degree of certainty, I incline to suspect a certain collection of large stones, now diminished in number and much overgrown, forming a sort of den in a field-corner high above the Awin Reash, near its convergence with the Silverburn. In that case he would resemble the Purr Mooar of *Cosh ny Hushtaghyn* in Druidale. There is a word in Cregeen's Manx Dictionary, *muc-awin*, which is there given the meaning to which it is wrested in the translation of the Old Testament, "a bear"; but in its literal sense, that of "river-pig," it may originally have denoted some such amphibious creatures as these.* At any rate, Jimmy is conspicuous among the many fragments of the great Manx Pig Legend, which needs piecing together and comparing with that of other countries.

That is not to be done in a day, but one or two disconnected links may come in useful. One is the worship of Vishnu as a Boar—Vishnu, God of the watery element, who is depicted as having three legs and fabled to have covered enormous distances by land and sea in three strides, like Poseidon in the Iliad and Manannan Beg in Irish tales and Manx folk-lore. An invocation of an Indian Goddess with the face of a wild swine describes her as "black and propitious"; the phrase reveals the "aboriginal" view of the colour-question, and probably Vishnu, together with other zoomorphic deities, was adopted from a non-Aryan source. Coming nearer home, the Boar is an ethnological pointer, for the Boar-people, worshippers

*Kelly, however, says it is a blunder for the Irish *math-ghamhuin*.

of and sacrificers to the sacred Boar, to whom the animal was something in the nature of a totem, dwelt along the marshy coast of the North Sea, from Boulogne to beyond the Rhine ; and it was from a section of this tract that the Menapii emigrated to the British Isles and eventually gave the Isle of Man its present name. In Ireland the word " pig " seems in certain instances to have implied a veiled reference to the invading Firbolg peoples, the Belgi of history, from the aforesaid coast. If a boar-cult or legend were transplanted from Ireland to Man, it must have been strongly reinforced by that of the Norsemen, whose legendary animal is perpetuated in Manx cross-carvings. The relations in either direction are Teutonic rather than Celtic ; in Ireland and Scotland dealings with the boar are mainly restricted to Finn MacCumhal and his merry men.

Pooylsallagh, " Foul Pool," is in the Silverburn about a third of a mile below Grenaby, in *Glion Mwyllin ny Cartee,* " Carding-mill Glen." In spite of its name, or perhaps before the name became applicable, it was a place beloved of the fairies and the glashtyn, and should have been romantic enough for the most fastidious of them.

Due East of here is Ballalonna Bridge, a spot which will demand a special chapter when the Manx supplement to the *Invisible Commonwealth* comes to be written. I have nothing fresh to report of it at present, and the improvements which it has suffered of late years have probably extirpated its former inhabitants. But in the history of

The Fairy Hill, a tumulus two fields East of Orrisdale, occurs an incident both tragic and ironic, and no less actual, which would bear expansion into a tale of the Tchekov type. The hillock was much respected by the local people, and in the usual way; to tamper with it was to ensure disaster; and when one B——, a Malew farmer of Scottish blood, wished to level it to facilitate his farming operations, he was unable for a long time to find anyone venturesome enough to do the work for him. At last, by dint of persuasion and an offer of handsome wages, he got two men, either more reckless or more needy than their fellows, to begin the job. He promised them, as an additional encouragement, as much rum as they could drink, to keep up their courage. Through his unwisdom or a servant's mistake, the keg of rum was sent to the spot before the work was fairly started, and one of the men in his enthusiasm drank so freely from it that he had to be carried home on a hurdle forthwith, and died either on the way or soon after he arrived. His companion was so scared that for a long while afterwards he would not so much as go near the mound, which at the time I heard the story was still unlevelled, and I trust remains so. Thus were the prophets justified. My informant, an elderly farmer, was personally acquainted with the circumstances, and had seen the man on the hurdle being carried past his house—or rather his parents' house, for he was a youth at the time.

Turkeyland is the name given to a small and imperfectly defined district South of Ballawoods. Moore and others have derived the name from the *Villa*

Thorkill, Thorkill's Farm, occurring on the Abbey-lands Boundary. This seems plausible, but would necessitate its having passed directly from Scandinavian into English, otherwise the initial T would have disappeared by aspiration, as in *Eairy Horkell* and other names. The name of a monolith here, " the Turkey Stone," also enters into the question. The isolated earthen terrace near it, unmarked on the map and apparently nameless, may perhaps have been an archery-butt or a rifle-range.

Cronk y Chuill, " Hill of the Corner," on Ballawoods, is a timbered height overlooking the valley of the Santon burn.

Ballawiggan, " Quiggin's Farm," is the older form of the present " Wigan " ; it is thus written so late as the Malew Parish Register, for, I think, 1795—my note of it has suffered a mishap.

Ballachott, " Cot Farm," is the older spelling of Ballahot—" the Cot," presumably, of the Abbey Demesnes. A Lhiannan-shee enticed a traveller into this house or the one which preceded it, but the details have unfortunately faded. The story may have been the same as that attached to Ballahick—" Fick's Farm "—a mile or so to the East, and related by Roeder (*Manx Notes and Queries*, page 55), with a fair amount of detail. Ballahick is a place which once enjoyed a reputation for uncanniness, and I expected to have more to say about it than my notes and memory reveal. The default is mine, I feel sure.

Ballasalla is a name of special interest on two counts : because of the presence of the Abbey in the village, and because of the conflicting opinions which have been

expressed upon the meaning and applicability of the name. Having regard to the position of the village on the Silverburn, the first element may have been *beeal-aah,* denoting the entrance to a ford ; the earliest recorded form does not show any trace of this, but it is not too early for the transformation to have been completed. Whether Ballasalla was at first a ford-name, a farm-name (of which there is no record), or the name of a settlement, as Ballaugh was, it either did not exist in 1134 or was not important enough to be mentioned in the entry in the *Chronicle* concerning a grant of land for building a monastery " in a place which is called Russin." Throughout the continuance of the community and in the papers relating to its dissolution, the word Rushen was conserved in its title.

The earliest spelling, in the definition of the Abbey-lands Boundaries attached to the *Chronicon Manniae,* is " Balasalazc," which passed through " Balysaly " into the present spelling. It is noteworthy that the name is given in its Manx form in the Latin text, instead of the usual *villa,* farm, being substituted for *Balla ;* from this it may at least be gathered that the second element was not a personal name. From a single local source I have received the following traditional names for the village : (i) *Pooyl-ny-Hannick,* " the oldest name for Ballasalla " ; (ii) *Bal-ny-Hoilshey ;* (iii) *Bal-ny-Hollach.* Taking these at their face values, the first would mean " Pool of the Marsh, or miry place," as being the aspirated form of *eanach* or *tannach,* virtually the same Gaelic word for a quagmire. In the second, *hoilshey* is equivalent to " light " or

" brightness " ; the usage was perhaps that explained, for example, in *Irish Names of Places*, i., 209, by the custom of setting up a light at a ford as a guide for travellers, and Joyce gives a large number of instances of names formed on *solas*, *soillse* and *soillsean*, of which the Manx equivalents are *sollys* and *soilshey*. (The differences are merely a matter of spelling. In the Lord's Composition Book, 1703, there is a Santon intack written *Ballyhollas*.) As the soil on which Ballasalla stands is chiefly river gravel, the name may possibly be ascribable to the natural lights emanating from marsh-gas ; there is even to-day a more or less superstitious feeling in the village about a moving light (ignis fatuus) which is sometimes seen, or has been seen, taking a certain course between the river and the higher ground. The third name, *Bal-ny-Hollach*, appears to contain *sallagh*, or *sollagh*, " dirt, foulness," as in *Loughan Sollaugh*, Bride (Lord's Book, as before), and *Pooyl Sallagh* in both Malew and Patrick, besides the other Ballasalla in Jurby.

It will be noticed that *hannich*, *hollach* and *hoilshey* approach one another in sound. The tendency of Manx pronunciation, especially since the disuse of the language, to slurring and substitution of consonants, makes one hesitate to say that, for instance, *hoilshey* might not be a perversion of *hollaghey* (=*sollaghey*), " defiling," or *hollach* a perversion of *honnagh* (=*tonnagh*), " marsh."

As regards the recognized name, Ballasalla, there does not seem to be room for doubt that its second term means " foul " in some sense or other ; *Bal-ny-Hollach*

supports this, and *Pooyl-ny-Hannick* suggests a possible reason for the epithet, viz. the marshy ground which must formerly have extended far from the river-bank.

Slochel (as near as it can be rendered, with a long vowel approximating to that of the Scottish " bauchle ") is the name given to the quarries, or a part of them, just North of the Cross-Four-Ways. Though they are now being extended, the older portion of them was abandoned many years ago and is picturesquely overgrown. In bygone days a considerable export trade in the stone was done via Castletown, which may account for the surprising extent of these excavations. They were worked in prehistoric times, even in the age of the giants, and a Castle Rushen was built out of them. So I have heard in the neighbourhood ; in the Ordnance Survey Name Books I read that " in the South Quarry urns containing human remains were discovered when baring the surface for rock." The present operations might therefore reward attention. The name seems to be related to *slogh*, a pit, a mine.

Cronk Skibberigh is the usual designation of the " Skybright Hill " of the maps. In the list of the Demesne Lands of Rushen Abbey, 1539, it figures as " one close called *Skiprig*, 20 acres." The Manx *cronk* duplicates the Norse *hrigg*—total result, " Ship-hill Hill " ; *i.e.*, a burial hill. The stone at the top with the small one superimposed, both of them kept carefully whitewashed, no doubt mark the place of the interment. The epithet indicates that, as is known to have been the case, such burials were originally made in an actual

ship or boat of which the dead man had been the master; in later times, earth was heaped up in the shape of a boat. Finally, perhaps, only the name remained. In any event, when the tomb was that of a man of importance, the tumulus was the scene of periodic assemblies and sacrifices to his ghost. We may therefore feel sure that the locality of Cronk Skibberigh has been haunted, even if its spectral tenant is no longer in possession. According to Cumming, *Isle of Man*, 1848, page 54, there was a stone circle on the summit; if that were so, the existing monolith was probably the central stone.

In Kirk Malew stood formerly a large white boulder known as "the Alabaster Stone," referred to in the Parish Register four times between 1674 and 1699, when persons of importance were buried under it; after being banished to the churchyard, it disappeared piecemeal. It may be surmised to have come from the hill-top immediately above. In England also the presence of such pagan memorials in churches is not unknown, and was part of the general policy of Christianizing what was already consecrated in the minds of the people. Walter Johnson in a chapter on Churches on Pagan Sites in his *Byways in British Archaeology*, speaks of the occurrence of unshaped masses of stone in or near the fabric of the edifice. "At Bolsterstone, near Deepcar, Yorkshire, two large stones lie in the village churchyard . . . on the high ground above the church is a cairn known as Walderslow, and it is believed that the churchyard stones may have had connection with the monument."

Quayle's Folly is now a garden on the Castletown and Ballasalla road. This spot was haunted at midday by an invisible and panic-inspiring presence. Though in the hot summers of Southern Europe noontide is the hour most sacred to Pan, it is an unusual time for supernatural manifestations in the North, where terrors fly thickest by night. From a large barn which stood at the same place two passers-by heard such marvellous music that one of them could not forbear entering. The other, being a missionary, continued steadfastly on his way ; but finding that his companion did not follow, turned back a short distance and shouted to him. Getting no reply to his calls, he prudently hastened on to Ballasalla and persuaded the villagers to make a search. But the music was no longer to be heard, nor was the missing man ever seen again. These strange happenings are related at greater length in the *Manx Tales* referred to above ; as the little book is probably hard to come by, I have ventured to include some of its wonders in my collection. Its " Various Authors " are anonymous or pseudonymous, except that Mr. Roeder contributed a couple of pages.

An account of the *Isle of Man Charities*, published in Liverpool in 1831, mentions in its extracts from 18th-century wills the following places in the neighbourhood of Castletown, the names of which seem to have passed out of currency during the intervening period :—

Ballamuck (" Pig Farm "), " near Castletown."

Harrison's Gate. "The ground on which the house bequeathed by John Crellin formerly stood, opposite *Harrison's Gate*, is unenclosed, and produces nothing."

Flat Soalte ("Barn Flat"), "lands in Malew."

The Parish of Marown.

St. Trinian's Church is also known as *Keeill Brisht*, "Broken Church." The Manx name implies what is no doubt the truth, that the building was completed and that the roof afterwards fell in. The traditionary legend professes to explain why it never had a roof. The story, as related by Train and many others since, is too familiar to need quotation, but its Scottish parallel has interesting points of correspondence. It is attached to various churches—Chanonry, Ross-shire, Kil Christ, Beauly, Kil Neuer Chapel at the South end of Loch Awe, and others. (That the nearest foreign version should be found in Scotland is quite appropriate, since the historical associations of the Manx site lie in that country.) The Highland tailor wagered that he would sew a coat-sleeve at dead of night in the haunted building. . . . A voice: "Dost thou see my big gray head without blood or flesh or sinews, O tailor?" "*Chi mi sin 'us fuaigheam so*, I see that, but let me sew this." The "ghost" asks the imperturbable tailor whether he sees, in turn, his throat, his foot, and his paw, and gets the same reply to each question. This exhausts his patience, and he comes at the tailor, who rushes out of the door. The ghost makes a grab at him but misses, and only

succeeds in leaving the impress of his fingers on the door-post.

A recorder of the foregoing, the Rev. Malcolm MacPhail, in the 9th volume of *Folk-lore*, adds that he had, in a previous essay, endeavoured to show from a phrase occurring in this legend, *chi mi sin*, "I see that," that the verb *chi* was being used in the present tense, and that a few other Gaelic verbs have a present tense. It may cast a little light on the point, that though the reiterated answer of the Manx tailor to the buggane is printed as *hee, hee*, "yes, yes," an oral version has it *heeym, heeym!* "I'll look, I'll look!" —*i.e.*, when the work is done. In a version relating to St. Gilbert's Church at Dornoch, told in English only, the word "see" is given the future tense. A skull comes rolling towards the tailor and says: "My fleshless, bloodless head rises at thee, O Tailor!" "I will see that," replies the undaunted snip, "when this is finished." With much unpleasantness of manner the spectre reconstructs his anatomy piece by piece until the entire skeleton stands before the tailor, who, having finished his job, runs off. The "ghost" follows, slams the church door, and lacerates the tailor's heels, crippling him for the rest of his life. Finger-prints on door-post as in the other Scottish versions. At Beauly the tailor works in the ruined Abbey there, and the ghost keeps blowing out his candles.—(*Folk-lore Journal*, 1888, page 160.)

Is there any connexion between this widely-distributed type of story relating a demon's jealous interference with the completion of a church, and the

fact that many early churches were built on the sites of disestablished temples, altars, and other centres of pagan religion? In several of the variants occurs the detail of the impress of the demon's grasp upon the door-post; at the consecration of a Roman temple part of the ritual required that the priest should lay his hand on the door-post in token of his assumption of authority.

St. Patrick's Chair. "Dr. Oliver, of Douglas, says that the late Vicar of Marown informed him that the so-called St. Patrick's Chair was erected about seventy or eighty years ago by the then tenant of the farm, who was an eccentric person and erected this for a house. The late Vicar resided in the parish at the time the erection was put up, and was personally acquainted with the farmer."—(Ordnance Survey Name Books.) The Surveyor adds the following comment: "The stones have the appearance of age, and in my opinion have undoubtedly been placed in position some centuries back." Romilly Allen, in a paper on "Early Christian Monuments of the Isle of Man," in the *Journal of the British Archæological Association*, vol. xliii., page 240, says the crosses belong to a period falling between A.D. 400 and 700. The reference to "a house," even if only a tool-house or cattle-shelter was meant, at least suggests that the monument was formerly more extensive than it is now, and perhaps included a dolmen. Or it may be that the tenant built a structure round the incised stones which has since been removed. A hedge formerly ran a few yards to the North-East

of the relic; though marked on the Ordnance Map it is not now visible, but is remembered. A tablet affixed to the mound seriously states that the pillars commemorate the first preaching of the Gospel in the Island. The same legend is related of Chibber Pherick near Peel, and of other places.

Argole "on Lord Henry Murray's estate" (Feltham, 1798, page 219) was partly in the parish of Marown. Is this Archollaghan?

The Bunghey (O.S. map) the name of a house and fields on Ballamona, East Foxdale, pronounced "Bunjy," is probably to be explained by a quotation from *Irish Names of Places*, ii., 9: "*Bainseach* means a level spot covered with grass . . . all those places now called Bansha and Banshy; Derrynabaunshy." This well describes the Bunghey.

The Ring, Ballanicholas, is a fort or camp with double mounds and concentric fosses, about 50 yards in diameter and similar to the *Port y Candas* embankment in German, but in a more perfect state.

Rhencherry is a sub-division of Sulbrick. The name is paralleled by *Glencherry* in Maughold, and probably means "Sheep-division," *keeyrey*. Kelly's Dictionary mentions a place called *Ballacheerey*, but I do not know where it was.

Carrig ny Sooie, "Rock of the Ooziness," is on Eairy ny Sooie, Ballagarrow. This explanation of the names, from *sooid*, seems preferable to "soot," although it involves a change of gender.

St. Patrick's Chapel or **Keeill Pherick.** Of this ancient chapel-site and fair-site tradition says that

when St. Patrick and St. German were passing here during their joint evangelization of the Island a thorn pricked St. Patrick's foot, whereupon he cursed the ground so that it might never bear a crop of anything better than briars. A less hackneyed version betrays the influence of teetotal ideals, but agrees better with the belief (prompted by the dedication) that St. Patrick himself built the keeill; according to this story the field was prohibited from growing any kind of grain from which intoxicating liquor might be made.

The Braaid Stone-Circle (Gaelic *braghad*, "upper part," as in Braid ny Boshen on the opposite side of the valley, and Breadalban) stands in a field below the Douglas and Foxdale road. "North of the Circle are the remains of a large semi-circular embankment of earth and stones. A few feet West of the Circle is a large cist. . . . Tradition asserts it [the Circle] to be the remains of a heathen temple."—(O.S. Name Books.) In its configuration the bank is comparable with the *Lhieh Eayst*, "Half-moon," in Maughold, with a vanished earthwork near Tromode, and possibly with Manannan's Chair in German.

Polthaan, "Little Fold or Enclosure"—compare Bolthane, Malew—is the name of the close containing the Ballingan Stone Circle.

Bakenaldwath. A Charter of King Harold, 1264 (Oliver, *Monumenta*, ii., 80), names *Bakenaldwath* as a place granted to the Abbot and Monks of Furness Abbey to build a house for their men to dwell in while engaged in mining, and as a repository for their

minerals and other property. This site has been assigned to various localities, notwithstanding Oliver's footnote: "The Rev. William Duggan informs me that this is a meadow near St. Trinian's, adjoining Cooilingel . . . ." The two names, Manx and Norse, certainly correspond as to their meaning. *Cooill* is an interior angle, corner or back part; and *injil*, "lower," signified also "fordable" according to Dr. Kelly's Dictionary. *Baken*, "at the back of," and *ald-wath*, "old ford," amount to much the same thing. A crossing over the river Wyre, in Lancashire, between Skippool and Singleton, now called Shard, was formerly "Aldwath." The disused Cornelly mine is near the top of Cooillinjil glen; I do not know whether there is any record of its age. The "ford" would have crossed the Awin Dhoo (now called by the English equivalent, "the Dark River") where an old track from St. Trinian's to Cooillinjil farm still crosses it. The railway engineers selected exactly the same spot. See, however, my remarks under *Lheeaney Rhunt*.

Lheeaney Rhunt, "Round Meadow." Under the heading of *Bakenaldwath* is a reference to the frequently-debated question, where was that place, near which were carried on the earliest Manx mining operations on record? In a footnote of Dr. Oliver's there partially quoted his authority states that "the Lheeaney-al-Rhunt" adjoining Cooillinjil was the piece of ground allotted to the miners working on behalf of Furness Abbey in the 13th century. Jenkinson, a careful writer, in his *Guide* of 1874, pages 54 and 64, minutely

locates the *Lheeaney Rhunt* of the well-known Fenoderree legend on the right-hand side of the lane leading to "Ballacurrey glen" (Glen Darragh) from a smithy on the main road 6¾ miles from Douglas, about 100 yards down the lane and 80 yards on the North side of the railway line. If we may read his "about 100 yards" as "about 400 yards" (which would, in fact, be 80 yards from the line) this point will be found to coincide with a ford marked on the 6-inch Ordnance map and with the North-West corner of the Bishop's Barony, where the stream from Cornelly encloses a small field on two sides; it lies by the road leading up to Cornelly mine. Though not adjoining Cooillinjil in the ordinary sense of the word, it is on the adjoining farm of Ballacurrey, above the East side of Glen Darragh. Possibly this spot, or the site of the Ballacurrey buildings a couple of hundred yards farther up the road and behind the ford, is the required *Bakenaldwath*, and the mine in question was the now abandoned Cornelly mine.

The configuration of this water-side *Lheeaney Rhunt* was, like that of others, determined by the course of the river, which here makes a sharp bend; hence its position would recommend it to the much confused tribes of glashtyns, fenoderrees and bugganes of various descriptions. If it was not from here that the patriotic buggane of St. Trinian's emerged to interdict the completion of the church by foreigners, at any rate an uncharacteristically ferocious fenoderree nearly dismembered the farmer who attempted to mow this Round Meadow, and afterwards made matters

unpleasant for the soldier who succeeded in the task by mowing it in circles. I venture to add the surmise that the place sometimes said to have been a mountain —Snaefell or Barrule—where the Fenoderree chased the hare "round and round" in the impression that it was a young sheep, was originally a—perhaps this—*Lheeaney Rhunt*, a much more likely and reasonable course for both of them.

Glen Veg and **Awin Veg**, "Little Glen" and "Little River," descend from the Garth at the lower Ellerslie farm opposite Ballaquinney, and form part of the boundary of the Bishop's Barony.

Boshen (O.S. map), pronounced Bawshen, and Braid ny Boshen (map) above it, may be compared as names with *Brack Bolchen*, a Santon intack in 1703, and with Builtchyn Rhenny in Malew; the term involved is evidently *boailteeyn*, folds.

The Parish of Maughold.

Maughold's pride is the immemorial church from which she takes her name, and it was religion which in time past made her famous. The port which served her holy city has lost its last inhabitant, and Cornaa has shut itself from the sea with stones. Was it the shifting of her centre from Kirk Maughold that threw her boundary so far Northward of its natural course, that she might embrace Ramsey and its river-mouth? With Lonan, Maughold fronts the Easterly gales, but there is shelter in the folds of her land which Lonan rarely offers. Some of her lovely glens are exploited,

but she has other *adyta* which those who find them will remember. Her mighty sweep downward from Barrule to the sea curls up again at one corner ; under the lip of the curl sleeps her church. The mind of her people is a dark and tenacious soil which has preserved ancient things ; skeletons of great elks and primitive canoes dug up in other parishes have their spiritual correspondences in Maughold.

Half a year spent on the edge of this coast remains a memory of black nights of storm and days of stormy twilight, though there must have been sunshine between the long Easterly gales, even in so wild a winter. Spring comes late everywhere in the Isle of Man, and East winds prevail often up to the beginning of June ; but Maughold is more exposed to them by natural configuration than any other parish.

COAST-NAMES.

Go-Bedn, the collective title of three or four fields at the North end of Bulgham Bay, is probably *Ghaw Bane,* " White Creek," from a spot on the shore below.

Ross y Reema is a small clump of firs above *Magher Traie,* " Shore Field," close to the boundary between Lonan and Maughold, which is now an artificial one instead of being formed by the Dhoon stream. Long ago, it is said, there stood at Ross y Reema an old " mansion," which the lapse of time has invested with a supernatural atmosphere, and which is believed to have vanished in compliance with a magic spell ; but the details have unfortunately vanished also.

Both elements of the name are uncommon thus in the Isle of Man, though the first is familiar in another form. I have a note of a place called *Walt y Reema*, but not of its locality in the Island. Moira O'Neill, in her *Songs from the Glens of Antrim* makes music with the name of a "fairy lough" called *Loughareema*. As *Ross y Reema* stands at the extremity of the ridge of *Dreem y Yeeskaig* it may represent *Ross y Dhruimmey*, "Wood of the Ridge."

Dreem y Jeeskaig (Ordnance map) is pronounced "Yeeskaig," with the last syllable stressed; *i.e.*, "Ridge of the Little Firwood," *giusach-aig*, of which *Ross y Reema* may be the remnant. Oswald, *Vestigia*, page 128, says: "In a debate in the House of Keys, in the year 1858 . . . a member stated it to be the tradition, that the lord's deer were driven from the Slieu Roie, and hurled over the precipices at the Drimnos-Coscaigue into the sea, and in that manner got rid of." Oswald infers that the deer of the Island "were persecuted and discouraged by the resident natives," and that this was one of their methods of killing them; but the Slieu Ruy or Rea is a couple of miles inland, and it may doubted whether the Manxmen, however strongly they may have objected to the trespassing of the Stanley deer on their cultivated land, would have gone about their extermination in this manner. The driving of animals over cliffs, or, in the absence of cliffs, into prepared pits, was practised in and since the Neolithic Age, when food, not sport, was the hunters' object. There is a Manx allusion to this in the note under "Fingan" in Cregeen's

Dictionary: "People went to the cliffs to catch venison or mutton for Christmas."

"Here," says the Rev. S. N. Harrison in the second volume of *Yn Lioar Manninagh*, "is a cave, with holes cut in either side for poles to be laid across to prevent deer or goats from being entrapped by the sea." There are certainly notches to be seen still in the entrance to this cave on the Dhoon shore, but they do not appear to be adaptable to the use stated. "Between Dhoon and Laxey," Harrison continues, "is a rock called

"Carrick a Feeiah, upon which it is said the last deer leapt from its pursuers. . . . *Feie* or *Feeiah* seems to refer to any wild animal." No doubt it did, originally, as in Scotland, and like the English word "deer," as witness the expression "rats, mice, and such small deer"; at any rate, the Celtic *fiadh* included all the game animals. Hence the name for a hare, *gearr-fhiadh*, the short or small game, not "short deer." But in this district, whether or not through special association with deer, which seem to have impressed the local imagination rather strongly for some reason, *feeah* is thought of as having meant a very large creature, of no definite class and now extinct; the deer has become semi-fabulous, in fact, through the veil of the couple of centuries which have elapsed since "the last deer" perished. References in records to the Lord's deer are fairly numerous; in 1652, for example, "two men were prosecuted for killing a deer, and we learn that in 1653 'the deare of this Island have been of late much neglected,' . . . and a

new Forester was consequently appointed."—(Moore, *Notes and Documents*, page 36.) Previous to 1577, it had been a Customary Law that "whosoever goeth to the Forrest either by Day or Night to kill my Lord his Game, he ought to pay vii*l.* for every one of them, as well young as old, and for every tame Deere x*l.* and to be imprisoned at the Discretion of the Officers." In 1422, only 18 years after the accession of the Stanleys, the Deemsters informed Sir John Stanley that "if any Hawke or Hyron, Hart or Hind, be by any manner of Person taken within your Land of Man, he forfeiteth for every Time iii*l.* to your Lopp." —(*Statutes.*)

Ross Vedn (*Vane*) is a clump of trees, largely firs, on the cliff-side South of the Dhoon. Translation by "White" or "conspicuous by lightness of colour" will not do here. Perhaps some of the uses of the corresponding Welsh word *gwyn* may provide an analogy; "sacred" may be too strong a term, but "venerated" or "respected," or even "significant" may represent the idea sometimes expressed by *bane*. It is also to be detected occasionally in *breck*, literally "spotted," "speckled." *Ross Vedn* is connected in a curious way with the legendary "Dhoon Church," *q.v.*

Glen Callan is a branch of the Dhoon Glen. Oliver, *Monumenta*, i., 209, annotating in 1860 the Lonan Abbey-lands Boundaries, calls it "Glion Coolieen" and identifies it with the *Rynkurlyn* of the Boundaries. He probably assumed a connexion between the name and that of the *Ard Cuillean* croft (now abandoned) above the head of Glen Callan. Moore, in his

Place-names, following Oliver, has a Glen Cooilieen but no Glen Callan. The Ordnance map has nothing. If Cooilieen were correct, the meaning would be " Holly Glen " ; but the Lord's Composition Book, not later than 1703, names two intacks in the neighbourhood, *Crott ne Callin* and *Crow Callin*, and the glen-name is now distinctly " Callan " with no vestige of any other pronunciation. Three or four Irish rivers are named Callan, and one in Scotland ; the meaning is " the Calling One," according to Dr. Watson. It is true that Slieve Cullion in Co. Clare has now become Slieve Callan ; but the evidence seems valid that Callan is the true form of the glen-name, and that it had nothing to do with the treen of *Rencullyn*, so spelt in 1510. Doubtless the last name is represented by the earlier *Rynkurlyn* in the Boundaries ; the possession of land here by Rushen Abbey would account for its containing only one quarterland paying rent to the Lord at the setting of 1510.

A cave in Glen Callan was formerly used as a smithy ; three or four years ago I found in its recesses a rust-eaten anvil and a bellows of an obsolete type. A forge in such an out-of-the-way corner, remote from a modern thoroughfare, brought to mind Ilmarinen, the arch-smith of Finnish epic, who set up the first of all forges in a tiny dell.

The Nulligs is also a tributary of the Dhoon Glen stream. In slightly differing forms the name occurs in several other places ; " Christmas " does not seem adequate, and I can only suggest *yn fhollaght*, the hidden place, as an explanation.

Thalloo Vitchell farm-house, above Glen Callan, was one of the centres of customary hospitality to travellers to which I have alluded in Chapter iii. The house was occupied up to half a dozen years ago, and the portion allotted to guests could be inspected, along with other interesting architectural features.

"The Dhoon Church" is a name given popularly to a small, ruined building of no ecclesiastical appearance or history on the Follit y Vannin road near the Dhoon Glen. One night, about Christmas time, says the tale, a vessel was in danger of being wrecked on the Dhoon shore in a fog. The Captain heard the sound of the bell of the "Dhoon Church" and put about in the nick of time. According to another version, the people on board were rescued by Dhoon folks. In either case, two ladies, passengers, expressed their thankfulness by giving money to build the present, authentic, and quite modern Dhoon Church, two miles away, a Chapel of Ease to Kirk Maughold. "And so the Dhoon Church got its name," whatever that may imply. There is a reputed burial-ground, also, on the South side of the apocryphal church, "and if a man ploughed it up something dreadful would come upon this side of the Island." The "Vicarage" of this "Church" is said to have stood on the spot called *Ross Vedn*, a little farther South—see above.

The only verifiable basis for this popular romance is that, as reported by Thwaites, *History, etc. of the Isle of Man*, page 337, the actual Dhoon Church was built (in 1855) chiefly at the expense of three Yorkshire

ladies as a memorial to a member of their family; it is evidently this fact which has been reflected and distorted. But if there ever was a cemetery in the place, there may quite possibly have been a cell attached to it; there may have been more, for it is situated on the former Abbey-lands of Maughold. A similar story of a vow attaches to the ruined church of St. Trinian's in Marown, where a shipwrecked Scotchman takes the place of the ladies. Can the Dhoon story have originated in some custom similar to that of the Breton saints, mostly Irishmen, who walked the coasts at night in bad weather ringing bells to warn the ships?

Continuing up the seaboard Northward,

The Raa Mooar, "Big Flat," lies on the South side of the Barony Hill, below the cairns.

Ooig Vooar, "Big Cave," under the Barony Hill, has marks in it as though worked out partly with wedges and picks. Legend says a gull once flew or floated from here right under the Barony Hill to a hollow on the other or land side, called

Laggagh Glass, "Green Slough," where a considerable volume of water flows out of the ground. Relating to this name, *Ping e Lagh Glass,* "Pennyland of the Green Marsh," and *Boaley na Laggagh,* "Cattle-fold of the Marshy-place," were intacks in the Howe (the Barony Hill) in and before 1703. The Barony Hill was haunted in dark and misty weather by the *Ree Mooar ny Howe,* the Great King of the Hill, a spirit of the mist who also showed himself from time to time on a neighbouring height above the Rhenny in

Maughold, on Cronk Sumark in Lezayre, and in other places.

Gob ny Cally (O.S. map) is adjacent to the old landing-place for the Barony farms, and is therefore referable, probably, to the Gaelic *calaidh*, a landing-place. As *calaidh* is masculine, a change of gender or a perversion of the article must be presumed; if this is inadmissible, the Caillagh or Hag, an old woman of a supernatural character, appears in many Scottish and Irish place-names, and in Manx folk-lore. In either alternative, *Callie Point* near Port St. Mary, the Kallow Point of the maps, is evidently a semi-translation of the same name.

Dreem ny Druaig, "Ridge of the Hip-thorn," is the old name for the high ground ending in the Northern headland of Port Cornaa, which last has barred itself in from the sea with a miniature Chesil Bank and is no longer a port.

Croit ny Howe, "Croft of the Hill or Headland," is now a part of Ballafayle.

Gob ny Garvain. The local authorities cited in the Ordnance Survey Name Books played with the word "goat"—*ghoayr*—in their attempts to explain this name, which at least showed their consciousness of an "r" in it. The spelling implies the quality of roughness; in Donegal *garvan* is a name given to pieces of rough land. Joyce (vol. iii.) translates Carrick a Garvan, Monaghan, as "Garvan's Rock," but Kilgarvan, Mayo, as "Church of the Rough-mannered People." The present pronunciation in the Manx instance is "Gowan," as though it were "Headland

of the Smiths." Traditions heard by a friend in childhood—whether they were originally inspired by the latter form of the name I will not attempt to decide—connected the peninsular earthen fort or enclosure here with "an old gowan" who practised his smith-craft on the spot, and forged a remarkable sword for a king's use. These traditions, to which I hope to return in a future chapter, appear to have existed, with explicit reference to the Isle of Man, in Irish folk-lore, and are quoted in Moore's *Folk-lore of the Isle of Man*, page 9. He does not mention the source of his extract, but it is apparently taken, with a few omissions, either directly or through William Harrison, (who has a garbled version among his MS. remains), from the *Proceedings and Transactions of the Kilkenny Archl. Soc.*, iii. (1855), page 153. It looks like the mnemonic outline of a bardic tale, and such tales were often founded on previously-existing folk-lore and myth. Whether "garvain" or "gowan" is the true form of the place-name, the story connected with it may be of genuine antiquity in Man. Personally, I should regard it as pure myth which, in its later form as folk-lore, might become attached to any salient feature of a coast-line. The shore where Conchobhar met Tiobhal is no mortal shore ; it existed only in the minds of the tellers of the story.

This little craggy peninsula—for its size one of the most remarkable points on the Manx coast—has evidently in past times stirred the imagination of the people living near it. A fisherman named K—— whose cottage was at Port Mooar saw from his boat

Gob ny Garvain "lifted up" one night, revealing a long cave which penetrated far inward, "with a lot of seaweed and greenish light in it."

Dyrnane (O.S. map) is an inlet in Port Mooar, where there are old disused iron workings. In 1700 227½ tons of iron ore were shipped from that port from the mine at "Daunane."—(Moore, *History of the Isle of Man*, page 962.) With two such different spellings it is only possible to speculate upon the meaning of the word. *Dhornane* is the handle of a knife or tool; literally the "fist-part." *Dirna* was an old Irish term for a lump of metal; see, for instance, the Irish *Nennius*. Joyce explains the Irish village-name Doornane, Kilkenny, as bestowed upon its inhabitants for their dark, obstinate, *dour* nature; this does not seem wholly satisfactory, but the word would well describe the rocky surface of the Manx locality.

References occur *circa* 1731 to another mine called "the Whinnery." Was this in the same neighbourhood as the Dyrnane?

Traie ny Earkan (O.S. map), Port Mooar, should be *Traie ny Eearaghyn*, "Strand of the Kidney-fat"; there is another place of the same name under the Barony Hill. In both is to be seen a thick band of quartz like a layer of fat.—(Rev. S. N. Harrison in *Lioar Mann.*, ii.)

Port Mooar, "Big Harbour," is described as "a little fishing community," in Cowper's *Sailing Tours*, 1895, but it has been quite deserted for many years. Hither Saint Maughold is supposed to have drifted, manacled, in a small boat from Co. Down, and Port

Mooar no doubt served as harbour to the community he founded on the headland above.

At Port Mooar is

Port y Bloggan, "Harbour of the Blockan-fish." From here the coast rises abruptly to the magnificence of

Maughold Head. There is a tradition, a friend tells me, that St. Maughold could be seen standing on the summit of his headland on *Laa Vreeshey*, St. Bride's Day, 1st February, holding his pastoral staff vertically with outstretched right arm and turning slowly round. According to the direction in which it pointed when he ceased to turn would the coming year be propitious or the contrary for the farmers. Southward was deemed the luckiest "art," and Northward the most unfavourable. St. Bride's Day, it may be remarked, was the beginning of the Spring, according to the Manx calendar. The omen reminds me, perhaps irrationally, of the Caillagh ny Fai'ag, who was seen carrying sticks in her mouth as she flew over the land on the same day of the year in the same spirit of prophecy. Could the Maughold portent have been a Christian attempt at substitution?

Croit ny Bushell is "South of Maughold Head. It is a strange coincidence that the view from this place might be described in the words used by those who have depicted the scene from near the Hermit of the Calf's house, and that there are mines near by."—(Rev. S. N. Harrison.) The hermit referred to is, of course, Thomas Bushell; see *Chibber Wushell*, page 78.

Gob ny Rona, "Point of the Seals," was formerly the name of the Tableland Point of the Ordnance map.

Notwithstanding the improvement of the scenery by villas and the water by sewage the seals no longer visit the locality. One I noticed there in 1913 may have been the last.

Creg Oge is the name given to a granite shore-boulder North of Port Lewaigue. Apparently the sense is "Little Rock," but there is an opening near which suggests that it might have been originally *Creg ny Ooig*, "Rock of the Cave." Close by is

The Grange, a small bay with a steep, shingly slope from step-like rocks, South of Ballure.

Ballure Glen. A tradition, unpublished and plainly independent of Esther Nelson's ballad (see her *Island Minstrelsy*, 1839), relates that the "Carrasdhoo Men" had their headquarters near the foot of Ballure Glen. From here they carried on the trade of wrecking (though tradition expresses it more euphemistically), luring ships on Maughold Head and other parts of Ramsey Bay. They had a hiding-place to fall back on farther up the glen, where they secreted their spoils. My informant (of middle age and of Northside extraction), who was told the story by her grandfather when she was a child, remembers particularly the phrase, "there was always plenty to eat and drink going afterwards"—after a wreck, no doubt—and was often warned, when naughty, "I'll give you to the Carrasdhoo Men."

I have also heard of this mysterious gang of malefactors as having lived among the lower hills of Lezayre, "somewhere up Narradale way," but no details could be adduced or a more definite source

given than casual hearsay. But I think there are sufficient grounds for believing that the Carrasdhoo Men had a real existence, and that their legend retained vitality and common currency in Esther Nelson's time. By the tone of her poem I should judge that its material, like that of my first-quoted informant, impressed her mind during childhood, and so developed an atmosphere of exaggerated terror and mystery, perhaps with the assistance later of the works of Mrs. Radcliffe and her followers. That she places it "down in a lonely and gloomy glen" in Jurby Curragh, where no glens are (as she, reared within three or four miles of it, must have known), may only mean that she had good reason for concealing the true locality. William Harrison, in his prefatory remarks to his reprint of her poem in the *Mona Miscellany*, part i., page 213, identifies the scene as the cross-roads between Ballamooar and the Craig, where the land is as flat as a billiard-table, though it is quite possible that the drinking-hovel there in which he locates the gang had formerly enjoyed a bad reputation.

The evil-doers of Miss Nelson's ballad, moreover, had no concern with wrecking or the sea; they seem rather to have been of the Sweeney Todd order of villains. In this (supposing the Ballure version to be nearer the facts) she was true to her *milieu*. For on the subject of wrecking Manx oral tradition preserves a judicious silence, and the literature of the Island is not more communicative, unless allusions to it have escaped me. But Mr. A. G. Bradley's *Recollections of Our Centenarian Grandfather* has the following

footnote to page 225: "Even wrecking had not died out, with the occasional lighting of fires to lure ships to their destruction. My grandfather [Archdeacon Philpott] would sometimes ride out on stormy nights on this account, and kick out any fires which had a sinister object." This was between 1827 and 1838.

INLAND NAMES.

Returning to the South end of the parish and again travelling Northward, the following inland places are of interest either for their names or folk-lore—sometimes for both.

Inneen Mooar is a name for the main waterfall in the Dhoon Glen, explained by a story of a girl having been drowned in the pool below it and her ghost having haunted it ever after. This does not precisely account for the fall being called "Big Girl," unless it was believed that her spirit clothed itself in its water in place of her mortal envelope. Otherwise the appearance of the fall may have suggested its personification as a tall lady dressed in white. A similar difficulty occurs with many names of places relating to water, and the word "girl" is often accounted for by a tale of drowning, not only in the Isle of Man. There is also an extremely tenuous rumour of some kind of a sea-woman who frequented the glen in far-off times, but I have not heard that she was associated with the fall. And if the word in question is really *inneen* we should expect *vooar* or *wooar* to follow it, not *mooar*; this would apply equally to the likeliest alternative, *ennyn*, cliff, also feminine.

Glion ny Lómarcan, " Glen of the Lonely "—*lhummag*, snail, offers a less romantic explanation which I do not insist upon—is formed by a branch of the Dhoon river, just South of the Rhenny. A dark, magnified figure of a man, seen along the mountain-side above here when the mist was thick, like the *Ree Mooar* of the Barony Hill near-by, used to inspire dread in the people of an earlier generation. With him may perhaps be linked the tradition that the last time Manannan Beg was seen in the Island was when he came down this little valley and rolled over the hill above the Dhoon Glen, in the shape of a fiery wheel, into the sea. This rolling seaward from a headland—but in the form of a Three Legs—is related also of Jurby Head, and of either Spanish Head or the Burroo Ned, which are not far apart. The " fiery wheel " has been seen at many places, among them Ballaquine, Lonan, and on the *Bayr yn Clagh Glass*, Rushen. In Denmark it comes out of a solitary thorn-tree at night, and kills the wayfarer if he cannot get away. One Danish story tells how two Nisses—brownies, fenoderrees—took the shape of fiery wheels and fought together on behalf of their respective patrons.

Broogh ny Soo, " Bank of the Berry," is the upper part of the Dhoon Glen where the highway and the electric railway cross it.

Glen Shone, " Rush Glen," pronounced also " Sheayn " and " Shiudn "—*Glen Shorne* in the Highway Accounts, 1869—is the part of Glen Mona which lies above the Ramsey road, but it is said to have been applied formerly to the entire glen.

Ballakilley-icnia is the name given to the small glen rising from the old high road just North of Ballig. The ford and wood which it contains might serve to explain the first part of the word, but it is more likely to be a name which has been mangled out of recognition. The division here made in it is merely to give a clearer idea of the sound.

Lhing y Glashtyn, "Pool of the Glashtyn," in Glen Mona, is, in a few memories, consecrated to the glashtyn or water-horse which used to come out of it and infest the adjoining meadows.

Thalloo Queen farm, "Quine's Land," was up to the 15th century divided into "particles," or land granted by the Crown to scholastic instructors whose precise duties are now a matter of speculation. Among its present field-names, as taken down from the owner's dictation, are

Thalloo-hoon—"Deep, narrow land."
Curleod's Ow—"Corlett's Hill."
Boolavaney—"Light-coloured Folds."
Boolaashen—"Gorsy Fold."
Magher Skeg—"Hawthorn Field."
Lag Willey—"Tree Hollow."
etc.

Nullagh Glass, also on Thalloo Queen, is the point where a tributary of the Rhenab stream is bridged by the road. Below this, and round the bend of the road, is

Alhargagh, "Ford of the Hill-slope," or **Alhagagh,** "Ford of the Marsh," now crossed by a wooden footbridge to the house called

The Lhargan, built, according to a recently-exposed inscription on the wall, by John Kermeen, of Balleigh, in 1794. In the *Isle of Man Charities*, 1831, it appears as " the Lhiaggyn School," erected with a sum of £40 which was bequeathed in the will of John Kermeen, dated 1793. The land on which it was built cost £15, and a further £19 was raised by subscription for the support of the school. In 1830 from twenty to thirty scholars attended it, according to the time of year no doubt; by 1863 (Thwaites) the number had increased to forty. Now it is in private occupation.

In this vicinity, according to the Rev. S. N. Harrison's article in *Lioar Manninagh*, vol. ii., is

Thalloo a Peishtag, " a sunny slope on Rhenab, by the stream coming down from above." (*Peishtag* or *beishtag* might apply to any small creature of an unpleasant kind; here probably to flies or crawling insects.) Also

Towl Inneen a Ruyaghey, " Cave of the daughter of the red man," but " probably the word should be *eaynin*, steep rock, as nearly opposite the cave across the stream a perpendicular side of rock is covered with red-brown lichen. In the stream below the water falls over the edge of a peculiar-shaped rock, and a voice-like sound is emitted every few minutes by air escaping from under the falling stream." (The sound has not been audible when I have visited the spot, doubtless because of changes having occurred in the river-bed. The name might be translated " Cave of the Cliff of the Reddening." Here again

we find *inneen* or *eaynin—ennyn*—in proximity to a waterfall, as in the Dhoon Glen.)

Thalloo Eddyr y Ghowl, also in Rhenab; "Land within the Fork" of the river. Manx toponomy knows neither *aber* nor *inver*, nor, I think, *cummer*, but has only *ghowl* to express the idea of a confluence, and *ghowl* is rare. The usual substitute for an exact term is *cosh—i.e. cas*, foot, which is found both on the coast and inland.

Lag Booilley Morag is an enclosed patch of shrubby waste beside the road between Rhenab and Cornaa Mill. Morag is, perhaps, the feminine personal name still used in the Highlands—"Hollow of Morag's Cattle-fold." Some of the many *booilleys* occurring in place-names are due to the old custom, referred to in Moore's *History of the Isle of Man*, page 52, of folding cattle in order to manure a particular piece of ground. The same remark applies to *cro* and its plural *croyn*, sheep-pens.

Leaving now the lowlands for NORTH BARRULE, from which all Maughold sweeps down like the breast of a wave, the following unmapped place-names belong to the Maughold side of the hill and to the glens which open from it. North Barrule, unlike its Southern namesake, has no traces of human life, besides the usual cairn, at its summit, and no tracks lead to the top or enmesh it, as in the case of the Southern height. The tide of cultivation has risen higher on the Maughold side, and it is here that most of its fragmentary folk-lore is found. But it is, from many view-points, the

shapeliest of any of the Island's hills ; to an observer entering Ramsey Bay it gives an impression of something alive. As the steamer rounds Maughold Head the broad wedge of the mountain is seen to be reshaping itself and towering into a narrow green pyramid, drawing at the same time the lower landscape up to its flanks.

Once or twice a year its summit was ceremoniously visited, in the days when witch-fires were lighted on every hill at the beginning of May and of November. On Barrule, I have heard, the celebrants danced at night with torches of straw around the great fire, and after they had gone away there was always a guardian left by its embers to make sure that no unauthorized person or persons came to make use of them, and perhaps neutralize the benefits expected to result from the previous ceremonies. Who it was that might have come is unknown ; but on Knock Ainy in Co. Limerick, if after the Samhain fires had died down the people still lingered about their glowing ashes, it was Ainé, the fairy queen of the South, who insinuated herself among the shadows, and, after thanking the watchers, made it known that she and hers now required the use of her hill-top.

Gob ny Scuit, " Point of the Jet or Spout," usually pronounced " Skeet," and occasionally " Skiowt " by the elder generation, is a small issue of water in a gully on the Eastern side of the mountain. It was formerly the haunt of a spectre like a man with the head of a cat having great fiery eyes ; this was called the Buggane of Gob ny Scuit, and said, as is often said of

David A. Baxter, senior

NORTH BARRULE

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such apparitions, to be the ghost of a murderer. With long-drawn howls it terrified the district on winter nights, until it was well and truly laid by the bold Jem-beg Kermeen of Ballure, as related by Kennish. The spot was also visited at times by Berrey Dhone from Cornaa in her bovine shape.

The Singing Stones are a confused collection of boulders lying a little below the summit of Barrule, to the Southward. When the wind was in a certain quarter and of a certain force they used to emit a strange sound, which was understood to be a sign of the passing of Manannan.

Creggyn Vallure, "Ballure Rocks," are the crags at the Northern extremity of Barrule, above the head of Ballure Glen.

Cornaa Valley (now often miscalled "the North Laxey Valley") runs, in its upper part, below the ridge which extends Southward from Barrule to Clagh Ouyre. Its name, which occurs as *Kurnadal* in a runic inscription on a cross-engraved piece of slate found near the head of the valley, must be one of the earliest recorded of Manx place-names; but if this is to be understood as "Corn-river Dale" it was more applicable to the lower and fertile portion.

Clagh Ard, "High Stone," is the hill at the head of the valley, above the abandoned mine-workings.

Glen Cherry, "Sheep Glen"—*keeyrey*—enters the valley on the South a little farther down, adjacent to the mine-workings.

Cronk Eairy, "Shealing Hill," is on the North side of the valley, opposite the foundations of *Keeill*

Moirrey, St. Mary's Chapel. The latter spot is the subject of William Kennish's Manx version of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

Glion Barrule, "Barrule Glen," runs from Pairk Llewelyn down to the Cornaa river. Roughly parallel with it and farther down the valley is

Glion y Spreeagh, "Glen of the Spirting, or Spray" —compare *Spreigh Vedn*, in Glen Roy, Lonan. Here dwelt an Amazonian female celebrated in local song, who has been associated and confused with the witch Berrey Dhone, namely *Margad y Staminey* or *Stomachey*, who seems to have preyed upon the cattle of the district, themselves in a semi-wild condition.

The Braaids of Cornaa — the Gullies, literally "Throats"—is a general term for the foregoing glens and the intervening gills which are nameless. They figure in the song and legend of Berrey Dhone. In their midst, and likewise mentioned in the song, are the

Drynan Glass, "Green Thorntrees," a part of the hill-side where a number of these redoubtable growths were congregated; also the

Immer Glass, "Green Strip," which I have not identified, but it may be the same as the foregoing, since they alternate in different versions of the song.

Lhing Berrey Dhone, "Berrey Dhone's Pool," is in the Cornaa river, still above the Corrany Bridge. From a friend who has rescued the last remaining fragments of Berrey's saga I learn that the girls from a certain farm not far away (and doubtless many other anxious inquirers) invoked Berrey Dhone's aid to find out

whether they would marry within the year, by going on the night of the first moon of the harvest (query, first night of the harvest moon?) to *Lhing Berrey Dhone* and repeating the following charm:—

"Berrey, Berrey, give to me
My true lover's form to see;
If he walks from East to West
I 'll wed within the year at best;
But if he walks from West to East
I 'll be a maid a year at least."

How this, if it is an old Manx charm, comes to appear in English, and such neat English, I cannot explain. Possibly the local bard, William Kennish, had something to do with its transformation. On visiting the spot in the company of the recorder of the rhyme, I noted some particulars. To reach the pool the girls had to walk barefoot over a row of small oblong stones about two feet long, placed side by side transversely across a narrow trench; the trench is apparently intended to drain, in wet seasons, a boggy spot a few feet away into the river. These stones, which formed an essential part of the invocational proceedings, are still in position. To the left of their lower end nearest the stream and about five feet away from them, is a small boulder, but I did not hear that it was an agent in the charm. There is now a stone hedge, five feet high and not at all recent, between these stones and the river. The pool itself is surrounded with high bushes and some mountain-ash trees, and has been roughly dammed at its lower end with two parallel lines of small stones, doubtless to

deepen it for the use of cattle. With regard to the points of the compass which were of such vital importance to the young ladies' prospects, the course of the river here is approximately Eastward, so that the expected vision must have moved with or against the current. In this case, if he walked against it the result was fortunate; but in taking water from a river for a superstitious purpose it should be scooped into the vessel or the hand in the direction of the flow. It is better to take it in this manner even if you merely want to drink it.

As Berrey Dhone has no place either in Moore's *Folk-lore* or in his *Manx Worthies*, it may be explained that she was the Queen of the Maughold Witches, an influential body in the parish, at some uncertain date in the past. She is the subject of an old song with Manx words sung to a tune which calls up a vision of Vikings carousing in camp and hall, or, if preferred, of the crouching and springing witches in *Macbeth* around the leaping and falling flames of their cauldron. There are variants from the words which are printed in Moore's *Manx Ballads*. Berrey appears to have been the Principal of a College of Witches. Two of her most trusted pupils she trained to perform the feat of levering up North Barrule mountain from its base so that she and the rest of her coven could enter. This operation could be carried out at one spot only, but its locality has, unhappily, been forgotten. Here we see her trespassing upon the peculiar domain of the fairy race, the world under-ground; witchcraft and fairydom are not always kept distinct. Though

her legend has survived in Maughold alone, a trace of it occurs in a piece of Lonan lore relating to *the Granane, q.v.* I have heard of her being claimed as a native of the Foxdale district, but possibly this was due to confusion between Kennaa in Patrick and Cornaa in Maughold. At the height of her fame she was doubtless well-known all over the Island ; in 1700 the churchwardens of Kirk Marown presented Ann Gelling to the Ecclesiastical Court for the crime of cursing the minister, whom in the course of her apostrophe she stigmatized as " the kindred of thieves and the seed of Bery Doane." She also, by the way, used the consecrated Irish formula " that a bare besom might sweep the hearth or fireside of him." For all this and more she only got two days without the option of a fine.

The employment of Berrey Dhone's name in the foregoing rite of divination strongly suggests that she was something more than a witch, not in fact human at all, but originally a pagan deity. She may have been the Caillagh Bhera who, as the most famous witch in Irish folk-lore, was associated with an equally famous bull. Berrey herself sometimes assumed the shape of an ox, also that of a bullock, and has thereby been confused with the cattle-stealing legend of a more human personage, Margad y Staminey. The words given in *Manx Ballads*, page 72, for the air of " Berrey Dhone," are evidently a conflation of at least two separate songs.

Continuing down the Cornaa Valley the Corrany is passed, whose bridge was built, Kennish tells us, in

the year of his birth (1799). A long time ago, the little settlement possessed an inn called

Brumish Veg, "a well-known public-house, situate on the banks of the river Corna, in Kirk Maughold."

> "A noted one among the rest,
> The far-famed *Brumish Veg*,
> Well-stocked with home-brewed beverage
> Fresh-frothing from the keg;
> And blithely on that jovial night
> Each toast and jest went round,
> And with their rustic merriment
> Did *Brumish Veg* resound."
> . . . .

Kennish had a right to celebrate the inn, for he lived within a stone's-throw of it, and must have shared in many a jolly gathering under its low roof after his day's work in the fields, meeting his fellow farm-workers and the men who had been fishing off the coast North and South of Port Cornaa. Now the house has gone and is nearly forgotten, but Kennish's cottage still stands, half-smothered in the trammons which he speaks of in his verses. Many of his poems must have perished; by his own statement he composed much in Manx, and his best piece, *Dobberan ny Chengey Mayrey*, the Lament of the Mother Tongue, is fittingly written in the vernacular; but it is the only Manx poem in print to which his name is attached. More than one may be suspected to exist anonymously among the *Manx Ballads*, notably *Eisht as Nish* with its references to trees, and *Ec ny Fiddleryn;* and possibly a few survive in the memories of old people, as some of Tom the Dipper's rougher work does in

the South. A largely increased edition of his poems was once in contemplation (see *Manx Worthies*, page 121, note) so presumably material exists in manuscript.

Ronaa—accent on ultimate—is the name given to land—about four fields in all—extending along the North side of the river from the Corrany Bridge towards the sea. The top field deserves special mention as an ancient haunt of the Tarroo-ushtey, the bull who comes out of rivers and marshes in quest of adventure. It is still known as "the Tarroo-ushtey field." About this tract of land and on the bridge itself a headless monk used to be seen. In the South of the Island I have heard that "they used to cut off the monks' heads when they were dead, before they buried them," but no reason for this procedure could be given. If it was done to prevent their ghosts from walking, it evidently failed in this case. The valley from here to the sea at Port Cornaa has acquired the name of "Ballaglass Glen." In its bough-vaulted and boulder-piled channel is

Lhing ny Mullen Beg, "Pool of the Little Mill." The name commemorates a primitive mill and millrace with a horizontal wheel not more than four feet in diameter. Traces of the structure still exist. See *Transactions of the Nat. Hist. and Antiqn. Soc.*, n.s., ii., 53.

Cashtal Chowey is the name given in an *A.B.C. Guidebook* of 1887 to a stone arch near Ballaglass waterfall, "supposed to date to the 10th century." This is perhaps identical with the *Mullen Beg* remains,

unless it is a blunder for *Cashtal Chorry*, as "King Orry's Castle" used often to be written.

Bwoaillee Croddie, and

Bwoaillee Mona Hummer, are two field-names recorded by the Rev. S. N. Harrison as being in this neighbourhood. The former means "Hummocks-fold"; the sense of the latter appears to be "Fold adjoining the Compactly-shaped Turbary"—Gaelic *monadh chumir*.

Magher y Fuill, "Ploughland of the Pool"—*phooyl*, is, according to the same writer, a field in Crowcreen.

"Ballaglass Glen." From the high ridge of the glen-side near Ballaskeg, going seaward from Cornaa Mill, hangs a small and harmless-looking wood. I have never been able to learn the name of it, but it must have had one once, if only because of its uncomfortable reputation as the place where an enormous spectral beast with wide-branching horns occasionally made itself visible to members of the departed generations. The circumstances are enveloped in thicker shadow than the boughs of the little wood could cast of their own substance on the darkest of nights, and no archaeological discoveries, such as sometimes help to explain the presence of other-world creatures, have yet been made here. In feeling one's way over the submerged continent which is the under-side of the human mind, the soundings always tend to deepen in the remoter and hillier regions of a country; but there is a sudden drop of the lead in the Ballaglass district which fails to find bottom at all. If a name, and a recognition of a pictorial reconstruction, are

valid testimony, there can be no doubt that what was seen was nothing less than the ghost of the Great Elk itself. Its traditional aspect has been recognized, (I am told by one who has made the experiment), at a first view of a drawing of the erected skeleton; the identification seems to have been prompted chiefly by the appearance of the antlers. The name given to the apparition, the *Londhoo*, has both in the Manx language and in Scottish Ossianic legend the double significance of " black elk " and " blackbird "—literally " black thrush." In Highland stories of the *Agallamh na Senorach* type, Ossian, the last survivor of the Fianna, offers to help Patrick to build a church; but first, to regain something of his pristine vigour, he must put himself on a more nourishing diet. With his young grandson he goes to a high, steep rock on a lake-island, and out of a hole in the rock he draws a bone of the *Londubh*. By whistling through this in a tone which threatens to deafen the boy, he calls together a sufficient number of wild animals to satisfy his appetite and restore his faculties. The size of the bone was such that through its marrow-hole the corresponding bone of an unusually large deer of the ordinary kind could easily be passed. Patrick refused to believe this story until the boy brought him the rest of the black elk's bones. It is added that the breed of deer in question had a brown stripe along its back, and was called *Siolachadh Bo Da Bhiorin*. The translator renders this " the Race of the Two Stick Kine," but it might perhaps bear a different interpretation. The complete narrative is to be found at page 82 of *The Fians*, J. G. Campbell. The species

is distinguished by Highlanders from a smaller animal, the *Lon Luaith,* the Swift Elk. Possibly this is the same as the *Lon Liath,* the Grey Elk, an elusive animal which the Fians hunted for 27 years, as related in *Silva Gadelica,* vol. ii.

In the tale recorded by Campbell, except for the mention of the elk's colour it is a question of the bones only, which the discovery of skeletons from time to time might have provided as the motive for a story. But there are other passages in the body of legend relating to the Fians in which the object of the chase is the living Londubh. Chapter xxxi. in volume ii. of *Tales of the West Highlands* contains variants of the incident I have just summarized, and in these Ossian slays the monster and makes a meal of him. In one account he and the boy go to a wooded hill, where Ossian plucks up a tuft of rushes and produces a hunting-dog and weapons of the chase. At his first blast on a whistle which he takes from his pocket they see deer as big as peat-stacks ; at his second, as big as houses ; at his third, as big as hills. But the hound is able to catch one of the biggest, which they roast ; and Ossian chides the lad for stealing a lick of the marrow, by means of which the old hero was hoping to regain his powers. Alternatively, he gets rid of him by an ogreish innuendo concerning his own appetite. We might suppose that it should have transgressed Ossian's moral principles to taste even the marrow, for he was related to the deer family on his mother's side, but the law in such matters bristles with anomalies ; though the Elk clan among

the Omaha Indians may not eat elk, the Deer-Head clan may eat deer, Frazer tells us in his *Totemism*, page 11. This anecdote, by the way, seems to be derived from some myth known to the common progenitors of both Gael and Cymry, for it is recognizable, in a shape which precludes the likelihood of its having been borrowed by one people from the other, in the Arthurian romance of " The Lady of the Fountain." Here Ossian's *rôle* is played by a black giant or ogre with one leg and an eye in the middle of his forehead, and carrying an iron club. Like Ossian, this quasi-Fomorian personage is intimately associated with the animal world, but he summons its members together by means of a living stag instead of the bone of a dead one. He deals the stag a thwack with his club, and the creature's remonstrative bray brings together all kinds of wild beasts, including even serpents and dragons (or *vipères* in Loth's translation). They make obeisance to him; he looks them over and orders them to feed.

In most of the Gaelic tales the gradual obsolescence of the term Londubh for the Irish Elk is illustrated by the narrators' tendency to translate it as " blackbird," with confusing results. Nowhere is the Great Elk treated as a fear-inspiring apparition of an unearthly nature, though there is an evident sense of its antiquity and consequent magical virtue. But in a quite independent story (*T.W.H.*, ii., 105), something is seen by a cowherd in Skye which evokes the atmosphere of the Manx visions. While he is alone in a mountain bothy on a winter night, the hut

is shaken by three blows of terrible and increasing violence. At the third blow the door is driven in, and an unnamed beast enters and goes up to the fire. By the light of the heather as it flames up he sees that the intruder is covered with long hair, that its horns reach up to the roof, and that it is chewing the cud. After he has fled terror-stricken and got help to track and shoot it, it turns into a buck goat.

In the legendary lore of Norway we find a simulacrum of the giant elk figuring as the chief instrument in a very neat job of magic on somebody's part. It appears on a hill-top as usual, and is not merely pre-Christian but of a definite anti-Christian, or at the least anti-clerical, tendency. "One summer, a long time ago, the Bishop of Drontheim sent his cattle to the mountains to graze. They were the finest cattle in all Norway; and the Bishop, when he sent them away, strictly enjoined those who were to watch them, not, on any account, to suffer them for one moment to be out of sight, as the mountains thereabouts swarmed with subterranean people, who, however, had no power over any animal as long as it was under a human eye. The cattle were then sent up to the mountains. One day, while the animals were grazing, and the keepers sitting in various places with their eyes directed towards them, there appeared suddenly on the highest part of the mountain an elk of an extraordinary size. At this apparition, the eyes of the three keepers were drawn off from the cattle, and for an instant fixed on the elk; but when they again looked down into the valley, they saw their beautiful large cattle transformed

into a set of diminutive mice, running along the mountain's side, and before the keepers could approach them they all vanished through a crevice in the earth. Thus did the Bishop of Drontheim get rid of his three hundred head of cattle."— (Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, ii., 10.)

This almost intangible scrap of Manx folk-lore, then, does not stand alone, and that it was once of a more substantial and widely-spread character in the British Isles I have little doubt. While in this sophisticated age it would be rash to guarantee the authenticity of everything which passes for folk-lore, it does seem as though a whiff from a buried world had escaped into the sunshine at this particular spot in the parish of Maughold ; but it is the atmosphere in which the subject is enwrapped which gives me that impression, and not its details, which I fear will never be recovered. A vision of this kind is seldom an entirely baseless fabric, and the foundations of the present remnant can be exposed without much labour. One of them is the pre-historic animal which stood six or seven feet high at the shoulder and whose antlers measured from eleven to thirteen feet from tip to tip ; Professor R. A. S. Macalister has stated recently "often as much as 14 feet." It lived at the same time as British and Irish stone-using cave-dwellers and bronze-using lake-dwellers ; they hunted it, presumably ate its flesh, and certainly split its bones to extract the marrow, as the fragments prove. Even if not previously a totem, after it became extinct it began a second life in the traditions and imagination of the Bronze-Age men,

as may be inferred from the presence of a tooth in an Irish cist. Wood-Martin, discussing the discoveries of its skeleton in his *Elder Faiths of Ireland*, says "the fact that the huge creature was formerly a member of the fauna of this small island, and the most patriotic Manxman will hardly deny that it is small, is very interesting, for large animals need a wide expanse of country to roam over. We can only conclude that, at the period the deer existed, the Isle of Man formed part of the continent of Europe, was connected with both Great Britain and Ireland, and that the Channel and the Irish Sea were either partly or wholly dry land; but on the other hand, if this be so, how are we to account for the absence in Ireland of the larger carnivora?" A sufficiently patriotic Irishman might attribute it to the agency of St. Patrick, perhaps; but this would not answer the question, how did the Manxmen come by their spectral Londhoo? A naturalist has said that the Irish Elk (which was not an elk but an early member of the fallow-deer species) perished from the earth through excess of intelligence. Even it this fate, since unparalleled in the Isle of Man, did not overtake it there at a time too remote for any tradition to have persisted into the present, such persistence would have required an unbroken continuity of population which cannot be affirmed. The Manx fragment of the tradition therefore probably reached the Island from Scotland or Ireland in the historic period, carrying with it the common term "Londhoo." It does not appear necessary to assume a folk-memory handed down from the Neolithic

Age in any part of Northern Europe where the Great Elk had its habitat. A legend of such a beast might take birth wherever its skeletons were dug up or found uncovered after terrestrial cataclasms; the zoological affinities of the bones would be recognized by their similarity to those of existing deer, and would furnish material for a mentally reconstructed image of the animal. The imposing aspect of the antlers alone would substantiate the local forms of a myth or cult held by the old Celtic-speaking races, that of a horned divinity.

Of this conception the typical representative, the Gaulish God Cernunnos, was a gigantic cross-legged figure wearing the horns of a stag; "le premier père, le dieu fondamental de la nuit et de la mort," d'Arbois calls him, and identifies him with the well-known altar-figure of Tarvos Trigaranus, the Bull with the Three Cranes, and with the bull-headed Fomorian who was father of Balar, Tethra and Bres in Irish myth.—(*Litt. Celtique*, ii., ch. xvi., sec. 6.) The various representations of the horned deity show him three-headed or three-faced, like the three-legged Mercurius Triceps and the Manx giant *Jiarg;* he is accompanied by ram-headed serpents, by the naked figure of a minor deity leaning on a club together with a robed goddess, and by an ox and a stag who look up towards him, apparently in expectation of the food he is scattering from a bag. He had usually a human figure, like Herne the Hunter with his huge ragged horns who haunted Windsor Forest.* On a silver bowl found in

* Herne was reported in the neighbourhood of Windsor in October, 1926, according to the President of the Folk-lore Society (*Folk-lore*, March, 1927.)

Northern Denmark, perhaps looted from Celts, he squats stag-antlered and grasping a horned serpent; a stag and a smaller animal attend him. Rhys, *Celtic Heathendom*, Lecture I, says of Cernunnos: "It seems probable that both the squatting posture and the horns had a mythological significance reaching back beyond the history of the Celts as a distinct branch of the Aryan family, though we may never be able to find out its precise meaning. . . . All the facts at our disposal tend to show that the chthonian deity of Celts and Teutons was held to have the form of a horned beast, such as a stag, bull, goat or ram . . . a horned god of the nether world . . . not only as the first offspring of time, but also as the first in point of order in space—that is, as the foundation and upholder of the mass of the universe. In that capacity he may have been originally pictured as a huge elk of a gigantic urus sitting quietly under the weight of the world, save when he shook himself and produced earthquakes." The horns, he suggests, may typify, among other things, the mountain-tops; and the same word, *benn*, is in fact used for both in the Gaelic tongues. Cernunnos was sometimes represented as a head only, on the strength of which Rhys compares him in three of his works with Brân the son of Llyr, who in the Mabinogi of "Branwen," after wading like a moving mountain from the Rock of Harlech to Ireland, finishes as a prophetic Head without a body. In literature, it may be added, there seems to be a visible conjunction of the two ideas, that of a great horned beast and a divine ruler; a Triad in the Red Book of Hergest

names the three elf-deer or demon-stags (*charw ellyll*), of the Isle of Britain, one of which was the spirit or phantom of Llyr Marini. The other two may have been king-divinities also, but their names are strange to me. It should be said that in quoting this Triad in his edition of the *Mabinogion* (ii., 265) Loth prefers to read *tharw*, bull, instead of *charw*, stag, with a figurative meaning of "terrible, impetuous." It happens, curiously enough, that this is also a figurative meaning of *lon*.

Footprints of the Londhoo are not lacking from Irish folk-lore, though I know of nothing therein so explicit as the Highland *sgeulaichtain* already cited. But the car of the Northern giantess Garvogue was drawn by twelve elks of a size proportionate to hers. The "Tale of King Mananaun" as related by an Achil man in Larminie's *West Irish Folk-tales* ends with a run of nonsensical words followed by "till I killed Londu . . . till I got the load of thirty horses of marrow out of the body of the King of the Wrens." Londu in the story is a king's son who is committed to the care of Mananaun to be educated. The colossal size attributed to the King of the Wrens will remind Manx readers of a similar turn of humour in the words of their Wren-boys' Song, where a cart and horses are needed to carry the wren's body away, a brewery-pan to boil it in, a rope and iron bars to manipulate it, etc. In the Achil story the association of ideas seems to be that of wren with *londubh* in its ordinary sense of blackbird. But it should be noted that in *The Lays of Finn* (Irish Texts Society)

line 19 on page 20 brings together "stag," *lon*, and "wren."

The word *lon* (probably derivable from more than one root) has various applications in Celtic folk-lore besides those assigned to it in the dictionaries and glossaries. A *Lon Chraois* (*craos*, mouth) is a Highland water-demon with seven mouths which sucks the blood of the drowning. In *Tales of the West Highlands* the same expression is rendered "toad." It is also a creature which is liable to be accidentally swallowed, in drinking or otherwise, by the unwary, like the Manx "man-creeper." "The Lon" is a name, I have been told in the Isle of Man, for a certain death-sign which manifests itself in the throats of the sick who are about to depart this life; not the "thrush" (a word related to the Norse *trausk*, a frog) or the "death-rattle," but something which is perceptible only to those who are gifted with a power of reading the secret writing in the world about them which borders upon the visionary understanding called Second Sight. This association of the ideas of the mouth, the throat, and choking, with the word *lon*, is woven into an Irish version of Ossian's hunting of the *Londubh*, told by a Tipperary farmer at the scene of the affair and retold in the *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, June 1904, page 109. In it is reflected the confusion between elk and blackbird found in some of the Scottish versions. "In Ossian's days, a great bird, so large that its shadow covered acres, was engaged in devastating the country round, during which time his dog Bran had a terrible fight with it,

which ended in his defeat. Some time after [the blind] Ossian asked the hound one day if he saw or heard anything, and on the third inquiry Bran declared that he saw something which caused so much darkness that it could be naught else save the ill-omened bird again. The aged hero gave Bran up for lost; but the faithful dog bade him take courage, as he was sure if he could only get something to throw down the bird's throat, he should kill him. Ossian accordingly provided him with a large ball, which during the struggle which ensued Bran managed to plant right in the bird's throat, killing him at once. The neighbourhood was greatly relieved." The hill where this happened was thenceforward known as the Little Hill of the Bird — *Knockannaneen*. The choking incident becomes transferred, in true folk-tale style, to poor Bran himself in yet another version; for after Ossian had blown a trumpet and caused the sky to be darkened with black-plumaged birds, Bran went mad from the poison contained in a bird he had killed, and was choked to death by the hurling of a ball of brass down his throat as he rushed at Ossian and his boy-companion.

Such lesser articles of faith as the *Lon Chraois*, the man-creeper, and the *lon* death-sign, may be fragments from the conglomerate mass of the myth, as so many small and apparently disconnected superstitions are the débris of disintegrated religious cults. To the same class of fragmentary and perverted survivals may belong the beliefs attaching in the Isle of Man and Wales to the plant popularly called "stag-horn

moss." Of what, in men's minds, the nuclear idea was a reflection, and that it was not formed there before the continents were moulded into their present shapes, who shall venture to affirm? The ancient Mexicans had their Deer-god Tlaloc, sculptured as half-risen from the ground. He upheld the heavens at their four cardinal points and in the centre. In his upland paradise all the rivers of earth had their source, and by the agency of his attendant dragons, which were horned like deer, descended the fire and water of the sky—rain and lightning. His mundane seat was a wooded ridge high above the Mexican plain, and sacrifices both animal and human were offered to him among the mountains and in his lake below, which had an underground outlet. At one of his festivals priests and laymen entered the lake and swallowed living water-snakes and frogs.—(Mackenzie, *Pre-Columbian America*, page 152.) In Chinese belief " the word Dragon comprises high grounds in general, and the water-streams which have their sources therein or wind their way through them." Like the Tlaloc dragons, gods of the earth's waters, these of China governed the cardinal points of the compass, and the element of water, at least, was under their control. One of them had deer's horns and was called " the Heavenly Stag."

To come back to my starting-point, or near it—there is always the possibility of a false foundation to the weirdest tale. Bill the Roadman, aged 50, tells me of Highland cattle planted in the Snaefell district many years ago. One was found dead among the hills

by a shepherd or under-forester. He skinned it, and to bring its hide to market in the most convenient way (and perhaps in a spirit of mischief as well) he enveloped himself in it with the horns surmounting his head. At the distant sight of him thus awfully arrayed the miners at the head of the Laxey Valley who had just finished their shift scuttled back to their workings like rabbits into their holes. This might have been the genesis of many a buggane story, if the mystery had not been cleared up afterwards by its author. But a glimpse of something very like the Londhoo in the act of scaring the Cornaa people of a hundred years ago is discoverable in some lines of William Kennish, the bard of the immediate neighbourhood. The farm-boys are telling their tales at the evening fireside (the italics are mine) :—

> "How one did pass the old thorn haunted tree,
> One stormy night, up to his knees in mire,
> And saw the ghost with eyes like blazing fire,
> In shape and form just like the shaggy stot
> That haunts poor Alice Curdal's lonely cot;—
> And when another, passing Ballaglass,
> Returning home from courting his young lass,
> *Saw a deep shadow, ghastly and immense,*
> *Standing between him and the thorny fence,*
> *Which made the blood recoil within each vein,*
> *And for a moment almost turned his brain. . . .*"
>
> *Mona's Isle*, page 43.

"Thorn haunted tree" is presumably a metrical inversion for "haunted thorn tree," a species peculiarly subject to unhallowed presences. "Alice Curdal" (the farm-name now spelt Cardle) is the "Alice Moare" of page 17 :—

"Come forth at once, and show thy ghastly face

Which thou put'st on to frighten Alice Moare,
Poor helpless body! in her lonely cot,
Poking thy uncouth horns within her door
As if thou wert a reckless mountain stot."

The reference here, Kennish says in a footnote, is to the *Buggane Gob ny Scuit*. That demon of the waste is supposed to have taken the form of a monster partly resembling a cat rather than a bullock, but the place called Gob ny Scuit was further haunted by a bovine spectre popularly associated with the arch-witch Berrey Dhone.

Finally, and most vaguely of all, something horned and dreadful once caused a panic by looking in at the window of the schoolroom at Lezayre Churchtown during the progress of an evening entertainment. Whether this too belonged to the super-animal kingdom, or was temporarily promoted to it by a suddenly alarmed fancy, who now shall say? When we feel tempted to assign a religious origin to such fragmentary visions and beliefs as I have here placed, merely for comparison, alongside earlier recorded fragments and alongside certain authentic particulars of paganism, these words of the late Professor Anwyl are worth bearing in mind: "Modern folk-lore should be used with care in the search for primitive pagan ideas as to religion, since it is not always easy to distinguish what is pure imagination from that which originally had a very earnest and practical bearing upon life."

Creg ny Mult, "Rock of the Wethers," which overlooks the East side of the high road near Magher y Kew,

was one of the chief meeting-places of the leading spirits among the witches of the parish.

> "*Crag na Mult,*
> Being the most important post
> Of all Kirk Maughold's warlock coast" [qu. host ?]

is Kennish's description of it in his "Old May Eve."

The Rheeast, "The Waste," Ballagorry, once marshy but now drained, was in its former condition a notorious haunt of the glashtyn or water-horse.

Clagh Hoit, "Fixed or Set-up Stone," *soit,* is the name of the conspicuous hill adjacent to Booilley-velt and Magher y Breck, and quarried on the side facing Ballaberna. Its name implies the former presence of a monolith, or possibly a cairn, and may be compared with that of the *Claghyn Daa Hoit* in Rushen. Kelly's Dictionary says: "many of these are to be found in the Isle of Man"; but most of them have now either suffered destruction or have lost their names. At the summit is a circular cavity about eighteen inches in diameter, filled with loose pebbles and soil. If three farm-boundaries met here, which I think is not the case, it would be a typical "fairy-hole." If not a tentative boring by a prospector, it might have been the socket of a pillar-stone, which again would suggest a boundary; in that case, the stone must have had a rounded base. No such stone is now remembered, but the following legend relates to the hill which bears its name.

In the old days Magher y Breck and Booilley-velt belonged to the same family. When the heir of the two farms brought home his bride to Magher y Breck

she was stolen by the fairies of Clagh Hoit on the night of the wedding. As soon as she was missed everybody guessed what had happened to her, and the bridegroom went to the hill and demanded her from the fairy-man, who was walking about outside it. He refused to give her up, and retiring into his stronghold shut the door in the bridegroom's face. The latter vowed that he would get her out next morning if he had to dig down to the roots of Clagh Hoit itself. He gathered all the men he could find, armed them with picks and spades, and set them to work. After they had been digging awhile the fairy-man appeared and promised to yield her up if the bridegroom and his party would go away so as not to see where and how she came out. She returned home the same day, but did not know she had been away at all.

Whenever and however this tale reached Maughold, it is circumstantially the same as "Ethna the Bride" in Lady Wilde's *Ancient Legends of Ireland*, except that in the latter story only the bride's soul goes into the fairy hill, while her body remains at home in a trance. The fairy-man in this case is Finvarra of Knockmaa in Galway, King of the Connaught fairies. In the *Proceedings of the Ossianic Society*, vol. ii., page 173, there is a similar story of the digging down of a fairy stronghold by the Fianna, which causes the emergence of its owner, whose name is Cuillean; but here the excavations have a different motive, and there is no stolen bride. To the same cycle belongs the stealing of Finn and Bran by the fairy-woman Grinn,

who when threatened with disinterment says, "Spare my hill and I will restore them." The archetype of all these and other variants is probably the ancient legend of the fairy king Midir's abduction of Eochaidh Airemh's queen, Edain, from Tara to Bri Leith in Longford, from which hillock, with the aid of a druid, she was afterwards reclaimed by arduous spadework. O'Curry, *Manners and Customs*, iii., 192, ventures to date the event to the first century B.C. It was, by his account of it, written down before A.D. 430. Whether this was so or not, I do not doubt that it was typical of actual occurrences in Ireland and in other countries. A Danish tradition runs to the effect that the Trolls lie in wait by their hillocks until a wedding-party passes, when they pounce upon the bride and drag her in. Places where this has happened are called "Bride-mounds," and are avoided by marrying couples on their way to and from church. In one story of this type (*Northern Mythology*, ii., 138) the bride wanders away during the wedding festivities and sees that an elf-mound has been levered up (as North Barrule was "jacked up" by Berrey Dhone's neophytes and Gob ny Garvain by an unknown hand) and is standing upon red pillars, as was customary about Christmas time. She enters, drinks the proffered wine and joins in the dance, to return home a hundred years later unconscious of the lapse of time.

Another Clagh Height (as it is spelt on the Ordnance map, where it is marked as an ancient cairn) stood among the mountains at the junction of Maughold with Lonan and Lezayre. It marked also the boundary

of the sheadings of Garff and Ayre. According to a man aged about 75 at the time of our conversation some four years ago, who well remembered it, it was a large white boulder which "would have filled the breadth of Parliament Street in Ramsey, and stood nearly as high as the houses." At any rate it was a big boulder, and was accordingly broken up to help to make a section of the new road, now part of the mountain road between Douglas and Ramsey. Small fragments can still be seen lying about the turf where it stood. There are no other stones near the spot, and it was evidently an erratic mass of quartz such as are common farther South, and not a stone artificially set up. It is now replaced by an Ordnance Survey cairn. My informant's estimate of "fifty years ago" as the date when he frequently saw it would doubtless be only approximate.

Mount Carran, "Cairn Hill," is a conspicuous eminence near Ballasaig, behind the former parish school and the tumulus from which it derives its name.

Close Sam, "Sam's Enclosure," was formerly a house and croft of three fields near the Hibernian Inn, amounting to but three acres in all. Whether Sam possessed the proverbial cow in addition or not, he must have found it necessary to follow the usual custom of small crofters (now a nearly extinct class), and either work for the bigger farmers or go to the fishing. In the same neighbourhood was

Croit Woods, "Woods' Croft," another estate of similar magnitude.

Struan y Breck, "Stream of the Slope," or "of the Trout," which joins the Cornaa river, receives from the vicinity of the Hibernian a small tributary which used to be called

Struan yn Nhiee, "Stream of the Washing," because in the old days the women would be taking the clothes down to a spot beside it known as

Boayl yn Nhiee, "Place of the Washing," and laundering them there; an unusual way of doing it in the Isle of Man, though common enough in Brittany to-day. In Cornwall "outdoor washing" was practised at well-sides with the aid of a boiler and a fire of furze up to about 70 years ago, according to a reminiscence in *Old Cornwall*, No. 7, page 42.

Cronk Dhoo, "Dark Hill," forms the Northern extremity of Slieu Lewaigue. It has the remains of a diminutive stone circle and traces of small tumuli.

Cronk Stole, "Stowell's Hill," is the upper part of Ballastole.

Rinkyn-Naaie, "*Rinkyn*, things separated or scattered from the main body"—Cregeen; *faaie*, a burial-ground. This may or may not be a correct rendering of the name, which I have only heard spoken, not seen written. Probably, like most of these unmapped names, it never has been written. It was given to me as applying to the site of Keeill Woirrey, near Ballure Chapel.

Cooill ny Feeyney, Clenaigue, on the outskirts of Ramsey, if it may be taken at its face-value, "Corner or Hiding-place of the Wine," may be presumed to date as a name from the days of the smugglers.

The Fairy Hill is a mound in a field opposite the Crescent, on Ballastole.

The Lickney is a modern corruption of *Leagherny* (*-nagh*) " Rushy-place," applied to the crossing of the now nearly dry bed of the Struan ny Crawe at the Western entrance to Ramsey ; it lies on the boundary between Maughold and Lezayre. At the time of the Ordnance Survey (1869) it was tidal.

The Parish of Michael.

Michael of the Bishops has that dignity, and a history of former Tynwald Courts to boot. Her name hints of the Danes, and the black-haired among her people speak silently of the Dubh-Gall. From her hills to her coast is but a strip, green and narrow and furrowed with many rivers.

Little London (O.S. map) on the border of German, was *Lunnon* (Feltham and others), a common name in Scotland in various forms, with the normal sense of " marshy place " ; see Watson and MacBain. The latter says it is Pictish.

Glen Cannell (O.S. map), half a mile South of Ballaskyr, is not likely to have taken its name from the local surname (though that may have influenced the form of it) any more than has the Highland Glen Cannell. It may be Callan metathesised, or may have some less simple derivation.

Cronk Creeney, " Brushwood Hill " is the high, gorsy knoll of gravel against which Chester farmhouse

is built. Superficially it looks like a made tumulus, but is probably of natural origin, like its much bigger namesake near Tynwald Hill, the Cronk Greinagh of the Ordnance map.

Samson's Rock, in the glen below Chester, is a remarkable pulpit-like piece of outcrop standing high above the stream, and picturesquely overgrown. It is supposed locally to have been used for preaching to the assembled multitude below, but the name of the preacher does not appear. A legend of an older type says that it was thrown here by Samson to show his strength after he was blinded, and that the marks of his fingers and thumb are imprinted on it. Samson interested the legend-makers ; there is a Samson's Stone in Bride, and a boulder bearing the same hero's name near Downpatrick. At Waltonhill in Fifeshire Samson and the Devil threw stones at each other, and two still bear their respective names.

Bannister. As a conjecture has been set afloat which associates this name of a treen and a farm with the English surname Banestor, casually occurring in Manx history in 1422, it is worth while mentioning that its devolution is retraceable thus : Bannister, Ballister, Balystere, Baly-tseyir (Gaelic *saer*, a wright, carpenter, with the usual eclipsis).

Cron y Berry, " Pointed Hill " or " Hill of the Pointed Stone," was the name of what is now known as " the Cronk," Ballagawne. Another *Cron(k) y Berry* (now Hillberry) is in Conchan parish, as is *Lag y Berry* (Lagebury, O.S. map) on the coast North of Douglas.

The Giant's Foot is a depression in the rock at the top of Glion Mooar, caused by a giant who stepped across from the Irish coast in one stride, or three. A similar legend is attached to a similar feature in Rushen, but of late years the giant there has been converted into St. Patrick. No doubt other place-names in which that saint and King Orry figure have been transferred from a pagan predecessor.

Eairy ny Gione, "Shealing at the Top or End," was near Ballanea, according to the Highway Accounts.

The Garden is a sea-name for the level patch of ground containing *the Carnane,* a small whitewashed pillar-stone at the entrance to Glion Mooar. The stone is used as one of the data of a fishing-mark, hence the whitewash. With its name may be compared the *Garey Mooar,* "Big Garden," a fishing-mark on the Southern coast of Patrick.

Glen Wyllin, "Mill Glen," like Glen Rushen and others, bears different names in its several sections. That the lowest stretch nearest the sea was in the 16th and 17th centuries known as *Bordall* or *Borodal* (Norse *borgardalr,* fort or mound valley, as in Glen Borrodale, Caithness, and Borrowdale, Cumberland) may be presumed from the mention of a "Borgdal Mill" at the foot of Glenwyllin, among the Particles of St. Michael's Parish in the Lord's Rent Books. The next reach, above what is now called Glen Wyllin, is Cooilldarragh Glen (Ordnance map), "Glen of the Oakwood Corner." From thence to the top, or thereabouts, of the main valley, is Glen Kiark (Ordnance map), "Grouse Glen." In Stanford's map,

1861, the Northernmost fork of the upper glen is *Glen na Malish*, "Glen of the Theft or Robbery"—*maarlys*.

Cronk Urleigh (O.S. map) or *Cronk Urley*, is on the opposite side of Glen Wyllin to Cooilldarragh. Whether there is any proof that Cronk Urley is the "Hill of Reneurling" at which two Courts were held in 1422 I do not know. The statement has been repeated since at least the end of the 18th century, and though it may possibly be true, no grounds for it have been shown so far as I am aware. The "tradition" which seems to be implied may, like other so-called traditions, have filtered down to the country people from the opinions of the learned, based upon the resemblance between the two names. "Reneurling," however, is recorded but once, and may easily have been distorted at some stage. If a nominal resemblance is necessary, a mile and a half on the other side of the church of Kirk Michael, and close to Bishopscourt, are the treen and farm of Rencullin; the same name on the opposite side of the Island is spelt Rynkurlyn in the Lonan Abbey-lands Boundaries. The Courts of 1422 were held at Kirk Michael obviously with the intention of overawing the Bishop and leaving him no excuse for neglecting the summons to attend and do fealty to the Earl. Rencullin lies immediately without the Bishop's demesne, but Cronk Urley is over two miles from Bishopscourt.

If, however, the site of "Reneurling" may be sought without reference to any existing place-name —as it fairly may, for not many Manx names have survived five centuries—it would be reasonable to seek

it close to the church itself, and this on the strength of the words used in the Statutes. " The Court holden at Kirk Michaell, upon the Hill of Reneurling . . . the Court of Kirk Michaell . . . the rising at Kirk Michaell . . . " ; and in the terms of the charge against the insurgents, " traiterously rose upon the Lieutenant sitting in the Court at Kirk Michaell, his men there with him being beaten and misused in the Church and Churchyard in the presence and view of the Lord's Lieutenant sitting in the Court." These words clearly imply that the Court was held in or immediately outside the churchyard, at some mound since demolished. The rival faction probably represented the ecclesiastical party. In another case of brawling in court, eight years later, " the presence of the Lieutenant " is defined as " within the space of 24 paces." Such a site would also satisfy the constitutional requirement of a church or chapel adjoining the place of the Tynwald.

Carn Vael, " Michael's Cairn," at the head of *Glion ny Maarlys,* should perhaps have had the place of honour in this short list, if—as might be argued from the legend—Michael was the first Captain of the Parish and gave it his name, for the person buried under the cairn is said to have been a giant called Michael. His tomb was not unworthy of him, for when seen by the Ordnance Surveyor it was twelve feet high and thirty-five in diameter. The well near it is *Saint* Michael's Well, so it is clear there has been some juggling with the archangelic cognomen, and it may be imagined to have taken the following course. After the giant's actual name was forgotten the saint's

was conferred upon the cairn and well (which suggests that pagan reverence was paid to them) ; the giant then retaliated by taking the name of the saint, so that now the saint controls the well under his own name and the giant continues in possession of the cairn under the saint's name ; and honour is satisfied.

The Tower embedded in the present buildings of Bishopscourt dates to the 13th century, and has the fanciful title of " King Orry's Tower," a type of name common in this part of the Island ; it has also been known as " the Tower of Refuge," probably from some idea that it was a place of sanctuary. References in print to this Tower are numerous ; though none antedates the 19th century, a good view of it is to be found in Chaloner's 17th-century treatise on the Island.

The Round Table, Glen Trunk, is described by Townley in 1789 as a ringed mound resembling King Arthur's Round Table near Penrith, but higher and of a larger circumference. He does not give it a name, but it was locally remembered as existing and being called thus in the second half of the 19th century.

Lhen y Oie (*ghuiy*), " Trench of the Goose," was a croft on Orrisdale farm.

" Heward." Old maps and charts show a bank near the North-West coast of the Island, which probably adorned the maps long after it vanished from the sea, like *Hy Brasil* on its larger scale ; but by the fact of its being marked and named, it must have been of some importance, even if not in its earlier stages a remnant of land which is now wholly submerged.

Collins's map, *circa* 1700, has it as *Heward*, "9 foot sand," off a river which enters the sea approximately at the junction of Michael and Ballaugh. It is *Heward Sand* in the map attached to Samuel Simpson's *The Agreeable History, or the Compleat English Traveller*, 1746. Here it is placed opposite the boundary between the same two parishes. In Ellis's chart of 1768, *Howard* is marked by a ring of dots in a similar position. Thwaites's *History*, page 365, says "an island named *Newan*, given in ancient maps as being on this part [Michael sheading] of the coast, has entirely disappeared."

It was such shoals as this which helped to localize the tales of enchanted islands common to most countries with a seaboard; but the nearest which survives in these parts belongs to half a dozen miles farther up the coast. Of a more substantial character, but still not an island, is "the Wart," a fishing-bank about two miles North of Peel, once productive of herring whose excellence is celebrated in a rhymed couplet, half of which is in Manx and the other half in English.

Mount Anna is mentioned in the early Jefferies' Almanacs. Where is or was this place?

The following unmapped place-names, mostly belonging to interment sites, occur at the Northern extremity of the parish:—*Creg Bane y Bill Villy*, "White Rock of Bill-Billy," the remains of a stone circle; *Cronk Coir*, probably "Hill of the Chest or Cist"—these two were described by Townley in 1789; *Cronk Ailey*, "Fire Hill"; *Cronk y Clagh Vane*,

" Hill of the White Stone " ; *Cronk ny Guiy*, " Hill of the Goose " (a natural hill, East of Ballacoyne) ; *Cronk y Killey*, " Hill of the Church," Ballacarnane Beg ; *Cronk y Sthowyr*, " Hill of the Treasure."

The Parish of Patrick.

Patrick has no town, two villages and a hamlet, a nominal railway, few roads, and few people to use them. For these shortcomings she makes up with her abundance of wild land overlooking the sea and Ulster. The ruined Cathedral on the islet of her saint is cartographically in the next parish, but the ruins of her mines unbeautifully remain to her, and her chief river is slowly recovering from their poison. She has a seaboard second in wild loveliness to that of Rushen towards which it ascends, and between it and her mountains a belt of farmland narrows Southward to vanish where they become the cliffs of the Big Bay. Her two ports are ports no longer, and the fishing industry she shared in at Peel is a recent addition to the list of her ruins.

COAST-NAMES.

The magazine *Mannin* for May, 1915, records a number of coast-names as far North as the Niarbyl, and the Ordnance map is more copious than usual from Glen May to Peel ; though the names in the latter section must have been well known at the time of the Survey, 1870, some of them are now forgotten. It would be interesting, for example, to learn something

about the name Ellan ny Maughol, and to hear it pronounced ; Dreem Long, too, might help to explain the Dreem Lang of the inland parish of Marown. The first place on my list, however, though so remote and unvisited by practical-minded people (or perhaps for that reason) has kept its Manx name and its reputation for sanctity through a considerable number of centuries.

Lag ny Keeilley (Ordnance map), "Hollow of the Churchyard"—*keeillagh*—is the traditional burial-place of King Orry, or of the entire Orry line ; "of the Danish kings," was how Dr. Oliver heard it sixty years ago. Several other spots in the Island compete for this honour, and I have faithfully registered their claims under their respective headings. Perhaps this place is even more ancient as a cemetery than as a chapel ; at any rate the cemetery seems to have been deemed the more important feature, for the local lore relates largely to burials. It is also linked therein, in various ways, with Ireland towards which it looks, and which it sees across the waters in clear weather. "The Irish used to come over to be buried there, thinking they'd get to heaven quicker." "A monk came there from Ireland, and he was preaching and reading prayers to the people, and converting them." "A persecuted monk used to live there and take offerings from the people." "People used to worship there because it was safe and out of sight." (Do these beliefs, volunteered by separate individuals, refer to the dissolution of the Irish monasteries ? There was no religious persecution in Man at the time of the

Reformation, and such traditions, however perverted from the truth they may be, can hardly reach back to the influx of Scandinavian paganism.) Interments have been made at Lag ny Keeilley without prejudice on the score of race or sex. A mermaid which was found dead on the shore below was buried here. An unchristened baby buried here haunted the spot with a light in its hand until the ghost was sprinkled with sea-water and given a name. (According to Miss Sophia Morrison the ceremony was performed near Gob yn Ushtey a mile away, and not, as would have been more convenient had fresh water sufficed, at *Chibber y Vashtee*, the Well of Baptism, close to the keeill.) A woman who died at Eairy Cushlin (the nearest dwelling-place) was buried at Lag ny Keeilley half a century ago or more ; the bier was carried by the bearers along the narrow and difficult path, and was rested according to custom on a certain rock which those who know the path will recall as almost barring the way at one point. I have not been fortunate enough to hear the name of this rock, but trust someone will rescue it in time. When the brig Wilhelmina was wrecked on the Calf, some of the bodies, which had drifted Northward, were buried here ; a place was levelled outside the keeill, and they were " put under without any stones at them." And so on. Strange lights which are seen from the sea to be moving about the cliffs of this part of the coast, especially in bad weather, are vaguely connected with its interments. There is also a tendency to associate St. Patrick with the spot, as with others along the

South-West coast ; I am not sure that he is not hiding behind the " monk " in some of the foregoing scraps of tradition. There are patriotic enthusiasts among antiquaries who hold that he did indeed visit the Isle of Man in person, and it is to be hoped that evidence will arise someday to vindicate their faith ; in the meantime I have been assured in the parish which bears his name that he came to the Island twice. The first time he came he found it all in darkness, which he dispelled. On his second visit he drove out all the reptiles and monsters. He will come again for the third and last time, and then he will send away all the mud. (In Cornwall the last-named service is to be performed by the cuckoo, which similarly in the Sussex folk-song " picks up the dirt in the spring of the year.")

A more circumstantial legend than any of these strikes me as being the queerest of them all, in its way. My informant had it from his grandfather, who often spoke of the affair. About eighty years ago, when one Phil Moore (who seems to have left his name on a small branch of Glen Rushen) lived in Eairy Cushlin, two strangers carrying knapsacks came up to him one day as he was working in the fields ; they told him they were Irishmen, and had come a long distance to see the spot where the Irish kings were buried. He guided them along the cliff-track to Lag ny Keeilley. On the way thither they offered him their flask, telling him not to spare it, for there was plenty more where that came from. He was not a man who was teetotal. When they got to the keeill the two strangers began digging with the little shovels they had brought with

them, but Phil, whether the liquor was naturally potent or had been drugged, fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke he saw they were still digging, and, so far as he could make out in his drowsy state, were putting something into their two satchels from time to time. When they noticed he was awake they gave him more drink, which sent him to sleep again for the rest of the day ; but before it quite overpowered him he saw them going away, and both their satchels were bulging full. Moore's nephew, who saw the old man go off with the strangers and return late in the evening, added to this story the information, relevant or otherwise, that there was a stone (about two feet long by nine inches wide, according to my informant) " with letters on the flat of it, both sides, which no person could read." It used to lie about the fields near the house, and may be there still, overgrown with turf. The marks were shaped like letters, not like ogams or runes (which I figured for him) ; and the stone had come from Lag ny Keeilley.

When Sir William Boyd Dawkins dug trenches through the keeill and the surrounding ground about 50 years ago he found nothing whatever to suggest burials. Mr. P. M. C. Kermode has dated the keeill to the 6th century by tombstones found there. But whether it is due to the belief that interments did take place there or to a temporary use of the chapel itself in comparatively modern times, an unusual degree of reverence is still accorded to it. For many years a protective Bible lay in a nook of its ruined wall. A small stone or a slip of vegetation from its precincts

has at least a sentimental value for its possessor, beyond that of a mere souvenir of an arduous journey. In more than one garden in the South grow descendants of the holly-bush and the other shrubs which add a natural grace to the sacred spot.

Cring Wee, "Yellow Gorsy or Bushy place," overlooks the rocky beach at the foot of Lag ny Keeilley.

Oagh ny Ghoayr, "Cave of the Goat," is at the bottom of Glion ny Ghoayr, on Eairy Cushlin.

Creg yn Eeym, "Rock of the Butter." A friend has given me this name from a Foxdale source for a rock in Niarbyl Bay, together with a tradition that butter was placed on top of it for the benefit of someone or something which came out of the sea. The name is not known, or not acknowledged, locally; but there is a flat-topped rock with the very natural name of *Creg yn Eayn,* "Rock of the Bird," on the Cregganmooar coast, South of the Niarbyl, which is more or less busy with sea-fowl all day long.

Niarbyl (*yn Arbyl*), "The Tail," well describes this long reef jutting South-Westward like a crocodile's back above the surface of the water. Though it consists of little more than 400 yards of almost bare rock, half a dozen spots on it are distinguished by names; names too trivial and commonplace to be worth writing down, but each serving to identify a ledge or point which may be profitably fished from or an inlet where a boat may be moored. For the piece of water which this promontory shelters, considering it as the harbour which it was before certain natural changes occurred, no other name is now used but "the Niarbyl,"

or more fully *Purt ny Niarbyl* (for *Purt yn Arbyl.*) *Purt Mooar* was formerly an alternative. An old name, dimly remembered, is (phonetically) *Purt Vezhool*, with the stress on the last syllable. It is said to mean "Harbour of Refuge"—*i.e.* for fishing-boats in a North-Westerly gale. So the place undoubtedly was, but whether that is the English equivalent of "Vezhool" is not so certain. In William Cashen's *Manx Folk-lore* it is written *Purt Mashool.*

"The" Niarbyl, with its magnificent South-Westerly outlook, is a favourite resort of the few summer visitors who penetrate to that out-of-the-way spot, but the local people do not take much interest in it summer or winter, excepting on tolerably fine Good Fridays. On that day it is their custom to meet there on the shore. Nothing special happens; cakes, sweets and "pop" are consumed, perhaps shellfish—flitters and so on—are gathered, or were till recently; the people merely walk about, sit if it is warm enough, and chat; not only Dalby people, but outsiders from as far off as Peel. The habit suggests that some sort of a fair was held there once, even as Periwinkle Fair was held on the shore near Strandhall in Malew.

As befitted its romantic situation, the Niarbyl "was a great place for the fairies, and they used to be seeing a lot of mermaids coming ashore there once, or so they say." Such is the guarded testimony of a Peel man of 70, for sixty years a fisherman in these and other waters. Seals still appear occasionally at certain points up and down the Southern coast of Patrick; the last one that landed, or was stranded

accidentally, by daylight, was promptly killed ; that was during the war, a time when more unusual things than seals or even walrus were apt to be seen. So far as I am able to judge, however, I do not think the mermaid tradition in the Isle of Man originated in the visitations of seals of any species ; but it is not easy to say exactly what was understood by " mermaid " a century or so back. The term seems to have included much queerer creatures than the picturesque lady from the sea with fish-tail and tresses, mirror and comb. The following paragraph is a copy of a newspaper cutting dated 1810, on which the title of the paper unfortunately does not appear.

" Two merchildren were lately discovered by three respectable tradesmen of Douglas, Isle of Man, during an excursion on the Calf of Man, in quest of sea-fowl. Attracted by a sound somewhat resembling the cries of a young kitten, they found, on searching among the rocks, two small marine animals, exactly resembling in their form that species of creature so often described and known by the name of the merman. One of them was dead, and much ulcerated [lacerated ?] by the violence with which it had been driven on shore, during a violent gale of wind on the preceding night ; the other was, however, conveyed to Douglas, where it still remains, and seems likely to do well. It is one foot eleven inches and three quarters in length, from the crown of its head to the extremity of its tail ; five inches across the shoulders ; its skin is of a very pale brown colour, and the scales on its tail are tinged with violet ; the hair, if it may be so called, on its

head, is of a light green cast, it is attached to the crown of the head, only hanging loose about the face, about four inches in length, very gelatinous to the touch, and somewhat resembling the green seaweed commonly growing on rocks; its mouth is small, and has no appearance of teeth. It delights much in swimming about in a large tub of sea-water, and feeds chiefly on muscles and other shellfish, which it devours with avidity: it also now and then swallows small portions of milk and water, when given to it in a quill." It is regrettable that the merchild should not have delayed its appearance until the institution of a Manx museum.

The well-known legend of the child found on Eairy Cushlin shore cannot fairly be compared with this foundling of the Calf, and the nearest thing to a merman that I know of, outside Roeder's *Manx Notes and Queries*, figures in a story localized at the Niarbyl. It runs to the effect that an old man with long white hair, seated in a boat which seemed to be part of himself, so that they couldn't tell where one ended and the other began, used to be seen off the Niarbyl, coming from Fleshwick way; and he sang such beautiful music that the people used to gather on the shore to listen to him. The tune he sang, or one of his tunes, known as the *Arrane Ghelby*, "the Dalby Song," has been republished in the *Folk-song Journal*, No. 28, from the first number of the magazine *Mannin*, but the contributor to the latter, the late Miss Sophia Morrison, omitted the apparently trivial and nonsensical detail of the seeming unity of man and boat. It is

nevertheless of great interest as reproducing a deeply-rooted belief formerly held from the Shetlands down to the Southern Hebrides, as well as in Scandinavian countries, and not yet, I think, quite extinct. The late David Mac Ritchie has frequently utilized it in his attempts, by no means wholly unsuccessful, to find an ethnical basis for an important section of Scottish folk-lore. Particularly in his *Testimony of Tradition* he would explain the world-wide legend of mermen and mermaids by this belief in "Finn-men" who frequented the coasts and were supposed to have paddled their canoes across from Norway single-handed. From my copy of Wallace's *Description of the Isles of Orkney*, which is dated 1700 (Mac Ritchie says it was first published in 1693 and contains the earliest explicit reference to the subject) I quote the following (page 60): "Sometimes about this Country, are seen these men they call Finn-men. In the year 1682, one was seen in his little Boat, at the South end of the Isle of Eda, most of the people of the Isle flocked to see him, and when they adventur'd to put out a Boat with Men to see if they could apprehend him, he presently fled away most swiftly. And in the year 1684 another was seen from Westra; I must acknowledge it seems a little unaccountable, how these Finn-men should come on this coast, but they must probably be driven by Storms from home, and cannot tell when they are any way at Sea, how to make their way home again; they have this advantage, that be the Seas never so boisterous, their Boat being made of Fish Skins, are so contrived that he can never sink, but is like a Seagull

swimming on the top of the Water. His shirt he has is so fastened to the Boat that no Water can come into his Boat to do him damage."

Brand's *Brief Description of Orkney*, 1701, supplements Wallace's statements: "his Boat is made of Seal-skins, or some kind of Leather, he also hath a Coat of Leather upon him, and he sitteth in the middle of his Boat with a little Oar in his Hand, fishing with his Lines. And when in a Storm he seeth the high surge of a wave approaching, he hath a way of sinking his Boat, till the wave pass over, lest thereby he should be overturned."

Mac Ritchie in a pamphlet, *The Kayak in North-Western Europe*, finds earlier traces of these centaurs of the sea than are embodied in the above quotations, harking back even to the tradition of the Mountain Lapps that their race reached Sweden from the Continent by means of small skin-boats. Wallace's mention of "fish-skins" was, it is scarcely necessary to say, as purely a flight of fancy as the popular belief that the speed of the Finn-men's canoes was such that when they pleased they could cover nine miles at a single stroke of the paddle. The material employed to make of man and boat one water-tight self-propelled being was seal and other skins stitched cunningly together, as in the present-day Eskimo kayak, and to this extent was justified the confusing of him with seals of a supernatural sort which could doff their skins and come ashore. These again have tended to merge into the mermaid tradition; but whereas the Finn-men were disliked by the fishermen of the Northern Isles

because they heralded a scarcity of fish, the appearance of the mermaid--in the Isle of Man at least—was an omen of a good catch ; for she was not seen only in proximity to the shore. One detail in Brand's notice reappears in the legend of the sea-god Manannan, who could stay under water for the length of nine waves and come up again with the tenth, and no wet on him at all.

That there was once a race of people who lived on, in, and under the sea as ordinary beings do on land and in boats, and sometimes ventured near the shore or were driven there by the weather, is an article of faith not yet wholly abandoned in the Isle of Man, though now seldom openly acknowledged. I have heard them called " fish-people " ; they talked among themselves, sang and whistled. They are not, so far as my experience goes, associated with seals, nor do I sense a strong supernatural flavour in the belief, for it is held that " whatever there is on land is to be found in the sea too " (also a Hebrew belief, though the Jews excepted the fox) ; but I am aware that there are stories which imply the contrary, both in print and floating ungathered. To the latter class belongs one transmitted to me at second-hand from the parish of Bride ; in this a " seal-woman " used to come ashore in human form, and the men used to leave their homes to meet her in the night-time, " some hearing music and following it on their feet, and some lying quiet in their beds, but telling in the morning how they had been travelling after her all the night, and were mortal tired." This sounds very much like

a variation on Waldron's theme of " Tehi Tegi," unless both are portions of a more complete legend, dismembered before or after it reached the Isle of Man. Waldron's fragment runs that a foreign enchantress of that name so fascinated the Manxmen that they neglected their daily tasks to follow her ; she " led them into a deep river, which by her art she made seem passable ; and when they were all come a good way in it, she caused a sudden wind to rise, which driving the waters in such abundance to one place, swallowed up the poor lovers to the number of six hundred in their tumultuous waves." Having done this, she flew away in the form of a bat, and her white palfrey in the shape of a sea-hog or porpoise plunged to the bottom of the stream. The torrent which swallowed the gallant six hundred is variously said to-day to have been the Sulby river and a river in Kirk Michael. That Castletown was the charmer's headquarters is deducible from Waldron's statement that " she pretended one day to go a Progress thro' the Provinces."

The essentials of the foregoing two stories are seen to be recombined in a legend quoted by T. F. Thiselton Dyer in *The Ghost World*, page 414 : " Gayarre, in his *Louisiana*, says that mysterious music floats on the waters of the river Pascagoula, particularly on a calm moonlight night. It seems to issue from caverns or grottoes in the bed of the river, and sometimes oozes up through the water under the very keel of the boat which contains the traveller, whose ear it strikes as the distant concert of a thousand Aeolian harps. On

the banks of the river, close by the spot where the music is heard, tradition says that there existed a tribe different from the rest of the Indians. Every night when the moon was visible, they gathered round the beautifully-carved figure of a mermaid, and, with instruments of strange shape, worshipped the idol with such soul-stirring music as had never before blessed human ears. One day a priest came among them and tried to convert them from the worship of the mermaid. But on a certain night, at midnight, there came a rushing on the surface of the river, and the water seemed to be seized with a convulsive fury. The Indians and the priest rushed to the bank of the river to contemplate the supernatural spectacle. When she saw them, the mermaid turned her tones into a still more bewitching melody, and kept chanting a sort of mystic song. The Indians listened with growing ecstasy, and one of them plunged into the river to rise no more. The rest—men, women and children—followed in quick succession, moved, as it were, with the same irresistible impulse. When the last of the race disappeared, the river returned to its bed. Ever since that time is heard occasionally the distant music, which the Indians say is caused by their musical brethren, who still keep up their revels at the bottom of the river, in the palace of the mermaid."

Water, especially the moving waters of seas and rivers, provides, it seems, a partial answer to the much-argued question of the origin of folk-song. Tunes of songs and dances are caught by fiddlers and pipers from the voices in the upland streams. Mermaids

win lovers from among the landsmen by enhancing their personal attractions with marvellous music. A Lonan Lannanshee, who was almost certainly a well-woman, sang all night to a mountain-man whom she had taken a fancy to, as I have noted in my chapter on Wells. The singing of the old man in the boat, which is the essential feature of the scanty Manx legend, has no counterpart in the stories about Finn-men; but it would have pleased Mac Ritchie had he known of it, for it clearly links the canoe-man of the Niarbyl with the singing mer-folk of Northern Europe, and perhaps with the Sirens of the Mediterranean, although the latter partook of the nature of birds. The remarkable length of his hair may be compared on the one hand with that of the orthodox mermaid, which keeps her busy with comb and mirror, and on the other with the long-haired little people of the North whom Mac Ritchie would identify with the mound-dwelling "Pechts" of Scottish tradition and with the fairies, thereby bringing us back to a Finnic or Mongoloid population, from whom the Ainos of Japan and the modern Eskimos are descended. He does in fact (*Testimony*, page 25) discover representatives of this squat Ugrian race in "the Mer-women of the Isle of Man and the Hebrides," and "the Finn-women of the Northern Isles," his Manx reference being doubtless to the several notices of mermaids in Waldron. But his assumption that the Manxman's Lake near Kirkcudbright owes its name to its having been frequented by mermen from that island cannot be accepted. True, it was haunted, and nocturnally, by shy

visitors from thence, but they belonged to a different type of Manxman—smugglers to wit. As regards the matter of hairiness, *rón*, literally "seal," is used in Ireland (Joyce, i., 300) as a nickname for a hairy man.

In the following story no place or individual is named, but it pertains to the present topic, and would be more fittingly located at the Niarbyl than anywhere else except perhaps Fleshwick, which was an equally favoured rendezvous of the sea-folk. A Manx farmer had heard great talk of the beauty and charm of the mer-women, and would have no other kind of bride; so he sent a man-servant to the beach till he would catch one and bring her to him. The servant went and watched them nine times before he could get hold of one without her skin or covering, whatever it was she had. When his master took possession of her, people warned him to take care she would not get the skin back again, or he would lose her for ever. So he hid it away in a room that was kept locked and never used. But years after, when they were spring-cleaning, the story says, the covering got turned out, and she found it and put it on, and vanished into the sea. This is in its main points a type of story common in Scotland and elsewhere, but it is the only Manx one of its kind I can recall, outside the covers of Waldron's little book. The sending of a proxy to obtain the bride is an unusual feature of such anecdotes, though it occurs in a story of a different *genre*, that of the sending by Cuchulain of his charioteer to Fairyland on a similar errand. The lady he brought back was the wife of the sea-god Manannan.

It may be remarked that the Manxman's sea-born bride was not a mermaid. That creature, like the Fenoderree, always appears singly, but the servant watched *them* nine times; his captive evidently belonged to that clan of the sea who in Orkney are called "selkies," seals; and these again are by the best-instructed in those islands distinguished from "Finn-folk." That the man had to watch so many times before he could lay hold of one was doubtless because the seal-folk only transform themselves and leave the water in certain propitious circumstances of tide, weather and moon. A belief that according to the direction from which the wind is blowing the seal's coat is rough or smooth (phocine or human?) may perhaps embody part of these circumstances.

That the mermaid of convention ever had a real existence is more than I should care to assert. Half white-skinned and half rough-scaly, she is rather to be regarded as the symbolic representation of an imagined or real race of people, half marine and half terrestrial; and a voyage in search of these would call for the opening of a fresh logbook.

The Niarbyl's connexions with the Other World have not lain entirely seaward. At a cottage on the shore, where now is only a garden, the S—— family (whose name at least was represented locally in 1513, but is now extinct in the district) possessed a child who was understood to be a changeling; he had the wizened visage characteristic of his kind, kept shaking his head from side to side all day long, and when anybody took notice of him he would look up the chimney.

Though he was quite old enough to speak no person ever heard him say a word. Someone who was travelling about the roads advised his parents to burn him, and when the fairies would be hearing his screams they would take him away and bring back the child they had stolen. The family had built up the materials for the fire out of doors in front of the house, and were just taking hold of him in spite of his struggles, when some of the neighbours came out and put a stop to it.

Branching off the road from the Niarbyl up to Ballacallin village is the *Bayr Corrag*, " Broken or Dangerous Road," near the fork of which was seen by a child some fifty years ago the *Arkan Sonney* or Lucky Piggy, " a beautiful little white pig " which is believed to bring good fortune to those who see it. She tried to catch it, and called to her uncle, who had gone on ahead, to come back and help her ; but he replied that it could not be caught, and she was to leave it alone. Before he reached the spot it had disappeared. The account of the affair given me by the woman who had been favoured with a sight of the creature was quite circumstantial.

Beeal n'Oagh, " Mouth of the Cave," at Baie ny Ooig (O.S. map), " Bay of the Cave," South of Dalby Point, is the name given to the cave itself.

Creg Ushtey, " Water Rock," is a stretch of cliff or broo above the shore near the junction of Ballelby and Ballacallin farms.

Cas Struan, " Stream Foot," is the waterfall by which the Ballelby river reaches the shore.

Lhoob Mooar, "Big Bend or Inlet," is the small rock-sheltered cove at Ballelby. *Lhoob* in some instances is applied also to the curving path which often follows the line of such inlets.

Purt Veg, "Little Harbour," on Ballaquane, possesses the remains of a windlass, mooring-rings, etc., but has long been innocent of boats.

The Wine Shore (*Traie Fheeney*) on Ballaquane, is said to have got its name from the casting-up of liquor from a shipwreck; but the rocks and large cave here must have offered irresistible facilities for smuggling. Connected with the spot is a story of an old man living in a small house now a ruin on Cronk Mooar a quarter of a mile away, who found on this stretch of sand a keg full of spade-guineas. He carried his find home after dark, and said in Manx to his wife as he entered the door, "I 've done it to-day, Mistress!" When she saw the money she cautiously replied, "Maybe it 's the worst day's work thou ever did." He is said to have been so tenacious of his treasure-trove that he was able to give each of his six daughters £200 as her marriage-portion. His great wealth, however, did not mollify his character so far as to tolerate the unorthodox religious opinions of his only son, who at the age of 37 joined the newly-formed sect of "the Wesleyans" who worshipped in the little chapel which still stands by the roadside below. This building is said to have been the first Wesleyan chapel in the Isle of Man, and to have owed its inception to the preaching of John Wesley at Peel, in a house which is still in use.

Kay's Borrane is the name given to a grassy eminence

on the cliffs at the foot of Glion ny Traugh. Unlike the other two Borranes a little farther South, the Southernmost of which is so-named on the Ordnance map, this shows no trace of an earthen wall. In none of the three is there any sign of rock, which the word *borran* connotes in Irish place-names, as in "the Burren," Co. Clare, and the name here is probably a diminutive of *barr*, top, summit.

The two walled Borranes have been called promontory-forts. Without venturing to traverse expert opinion, I merely note that a possible alternative is suggested by an incident in the *Eyrbyggja Saga*, where a dead man is taken to a little headland and buried there, a high wall afterwards being built across the neck of it. Admittedly, in this case there was a special reason for burial in such a spot, for the man's ghost was causing his neighbours a good deal of trouble; in the end they had to dig him up again and burn him on the beach below.

Oagh Wooar (local pronunciation of the Ooig Wooar of the map), "Big Cave," on Raby shore, is the scene of an anecdote or two. A boat's crew passing the mouth of it one fine evening heard beautiful fiddling and singing coming out, first one tune and then another. When they lay on their oars to listen, there was great calling and whistling for them to come into the cave. This they did not venture to do, but one of them, a Patrick man, shouted a request for his favourite tune, "the Wind that Shakes the Barley," and was promptly and politely obliged.

Creg y Jaghee, "Rock of the Tithe," is a tidal rock

near Contrary Head (*Kione Roauyr*); there are several others around the coast, all of them places formerly appropriated, it is said, to the ecclesiastical tithe of fish. In old Norway it was the king who got this tithe, a state of affairs characteristically Scandinavian. "The Kings of Hálogaland have given up all fish-gifts (taxes) from all capes and all fishing-places, except that men shall give to the King five fishes."—(*Frostathing*, xvi., 2, quoted in *The Viking Age*, i., 483.) But the Manx clergy had their fingers in the pie at a quite early period, though it was not the Manxmen's fish they pulled out then, nor did they long retain their perquisite; for Bishop Thomas, who died in 1348, "was the first who exacted all strangers' tithes respecting the herring fishery from the rectors of the Island."—(*Chron. Mann.*) The first of the Manx Spiritual Laws, at the beginning of the 17th century, provided that the Bishop should have a fishing-boat working for his benefit, as the Abbot and Prior had before the Dissolution. The rocks called *Creg y Jaghee* were reserved for the tithes of the parish minister, and there should therefore be a place of the kind—not necessarily a rock—in every parish except Marown. It is still believed by some fishermen that they ought to pay a halfpenny to fish at these rocks. So late as 1740 the Lobster Tithe, then apparently in dispute, was ordered to be paid.

Gob ny Sharray (Ordnance map). Sharray (*sharragh*) is to be understood, in the many place-names in which it occurs, as meaning a cairn or boulder, not literally "foal," in the same way as *cabbyl*, literally "horse," is applied to innumerable rocks on the Southern coast.

Thistle Rock and Thistle Head (Ordnance map) suggest a verbal kinship with the rocky islet in the Sound with the obscure name which is pronounced Thusla and Tushla.

Several sea-caves about here are the subjects of anecdotes and scraps of topographical lore. One under Peel Hill is or was believed to communicate by an underground passage with the neighbourhood of the Cloven Stones near Laxey. Another on the Knockaloe shore penetrated in a South-Easterly direction as far as Castletown. Of the former a story has gained currency of two men who entered it from a boat at low tide with the intention of loading her up with the timber which had been washed in from a wreck, but an enormous hand reached out from the mouth of the cave and would have dragged one of the men inside if he had not been able to shake himself free in the nick of time.

Cronk y Caitnys, "Hill of the Waste-land," is the old Manx name of the Horse Hill on the South side of Peel Harbour, with the Horse Rock at its foot. It is now abandoned to horses, geese and visitors, but boasts the vestige of a structure which has been called a fort and attributed to General Fairfax, Governor under the Parliament from 1649 to 1660. Thwaites in his account of the Island says (page 291) that "a fort was begun in 1648 on the Horse Hill, opposite the Castle."

INLAND NAMES.

The inland places in this parish which I have to mention may conveniently be divided into those

belonging to the Glen Rushen region, those which are not classifiable geographically, and those lying on the Western border.

Glen Rushen. This long valley extending from Cronk yn Irree Lhaa to the sea at Glen May has various names in its different reaches. A popular etymology for the latter name is *Glion Mooie*, "Outer Glen" (which does certainly approximate to the older pronunciation but has little else to recommend it), the part above the fall being in contrast, on this theory, *Glion Sthie*, "Inner Glen"; but the last name has no other existence. From Glen May—more correctly Moy—to the bend at Ballacottier is Glion Mooar ("Big Glen"), as in the Ordnance map. The next section is the authentic Glion Rushen, "Brushwood Glen"; the next is *Glion y Can*, whatever *Can* may stand for. The next is Glion ny Brack, "Glen of the Trout"; this is mapped, perhaps correctly, as a small branch of the main glen. Above Dalby Bridge is *Glion ny Ghoayr*, "Glen of the Goat," which ends, or rather begins, in the marshy ground called *Chibbyr Pooyl Sallagh*, "Muddy-pool Well."

There is an old proverbial saying, "*Glion Rushen ny Sleityn, Glion Reeagh Rushen, as Glion Rushen ny Cheayn*, are the three Glen Rushens of the Isle of Man"; that is to say, Glen Rushen of the mountains, the sportive, or ruttish, Glen Rushen, and Glen Rushen of the sea. It would be hard to explain why they should thus be celebrated in a once-popular triad when so many other glens and other features of the landscape bear names in common without having passed into

proverbs. Only one Glen Rushen is now known ; did the saying refer to three different glens, or does it merely characterize the single valley now marked on the map as Glen Rushen, Glen Mooar and Glen May in its three natural sections ? My own belief is rather that *Glion Reeagh Rushen,* famous in the legend of the Fenoderree, was the higher portion of Silverdale Glen above Ballasalla, which village, or the place where it now stands, was called *Russin* in the 12th century. Edward Callow (*Legends of the Isle of Man*) writing about 50 years ago, says it was in " the Southern part of the Island, near Ballasalla," and his illustrator follows him by placing the Abbey in the background, perhaps not with topographical exactitude. Kennish, the inventor and poet, a man of intelligence and familiar with his native land, states in a note to his " Old May Eve " that it was in Kirk Christ Rushen, *i.e.*, Rushen parish, and " famed for being the resort of all kinds of supernatural beings " ; the latter part of his observation is more credible than the former, but it is clear at least that he did not think Glen Reagh Rushen was in Patrick. There is, certainly, a spot in the South side of Glen Mooar called " the Fenoderree's Hole," but whether this appellation is not due to the accepted legend may be doubted.

Cronk Fedjag (O.S. map), partly in Patrick and partly in Malew, is " Plover Hill." There is a notion abroad that its name has to do with magic or fairydom, presumably by association with *feathag*. There is another hill of the same name in German. A man digging turf on this one happened to look up from his

work and saw in the distance a great grey cloud moving swiftly towards him. As it came near it solidified into the shape of a hag (*caillagh*) with teeth as long as his forearm. "What in God's name 's this?" he cried, and at the word she melted back into the form of a cloud. She is known as the White Lady of the Cronk, and belongs to the neighbouring height of Cronk yn Irree Lhaa.

Miss E. C. Watson, relating items of Highland folk-lore in vol. v. of the *Celtic Review* (page 65) mentions *Feadog* among half a dozen names given to the Caillagh in Scotland; the term is interesting as being common to the Scottish weather-hag and the Manx Caillagh ny Fai'ag (*Faihdeag*), but there does not seem to be sufficient ground for seeing this word in "Cronk Fedjag."

Glion Maarliagh (O.S. map) is a branch of Glion Rushen. It is the "Robber's Glen," where, according to local testimony, "they used to skin the stolen sheep and hide the remains." There are other glens with names of similar import in Lezayre and Michael, and a *Lag y Vaarlee* on the Howe, Rushen.

The Gold Stone is a conspicuous quartz crag near Keeill Woirrey above the slope called the *Lhiackan* or *Laggan* at the seaward end of Glion Mooar. "Gold" was obtained from it for a few years and exported to gild china vessels. There are mounds, reputed to be burial mounds, just above this rock, and at least one lintel grave has been discovered there. In the second field up from the river in this direction, not near the keeill, is "the Churchyard," believed locally to be an ancient burial-ground.

Phil Moore's Glen is the only name now obtainable for the valley descending from Raby Mooar to the main glen. The herb *lubber-lub* or bogbean grows plentifully at the top of it, and was gathered to make a decoction for the blood, and perhaps for other purposes.

Between here and Glen May lie

Gob y Lhingan, " Point of the Little Pool," where the ground dips and the rocks overhang ;

Booilley Hoghtey, a roadside field above the first houses, evidently the intack called *Boallne Houghty* in the Compositions of 1703, and to be translated accordingly " Place of the Hill-slope," *ughtagh ;* and

Cron y Lheeaney, " Hill of the Water-meadow," which is skirted by the footpath above the plank bridge across the Glen Rushen river.

Glion Chaltun (O.S. map), " Glen of the Hazels," has been quite forgotten as a name since the time of the Survey. The *Glen Coulter* of the Composition Book, 1703, is probably the same place, with more definite reference to a holding. In a small meadow enclosed by trees there is still a vestige of a dwelling-house. The lower part of the valley is now called " The Sound." Near the top of the Sound road where it approaches Doarlish Cashen are the ruins of what was probably the last of the old Manx potteries. It was owned and worked by one Quilliam y Can, so-named perhaps from his having lived in *Glion y Can,* Glen Rushen. To his pottery the women came long distances leading horses, ponies and donkeys with straw *mullans* (fish-creels) hanging on either side of them, which were to be loaded up with the coarse-textured crocks and mugs, for

immediate use or to sell again to neighbours. Hence this track up the East side of the valley got the name of *Bayr yn Pasheder*, "Road of the Potter." The clay was dug out of the bank above the river. It must be fifty or sixty years since the manufacture ceased, and it is not likely that any specimen of it survives.

Lower down the valley, at the junction of the two streams, are the remains of the old Sound house, which, after its last agricultural tenants had quitted it, was used for a brief period as a school; an out-of-the-way corner for such an establishment, even when the surrounding hills were inhabited. The reason for the name is not clear; there is of course the Sound farm near the Sound in Rushen parish, and there is a nook of the same name in the upper part of Peel.

The narrow ravine which comes in here is

Glion Darragh, "Oakwood Glen"; under its trees, which include a line of planted firs, runs

Awin Jim Billy, "Jim-Billy's River," presumably some bygone tenant of the Sound farm; but the presence of the old Manx word *awin* suggests the possibility that the latter part of the name may be corrupt Manx. Near the Sound end of the wood the water has cut a deep and narrow channel which is called

Dubbar y Bunt ("Double-y-Bunt"), "Pool of the Butt-end," a name also given to the field adjoining it on the East side. The hill above the West side of the river is known to a few as

Slieu Darragh, "Oakwood Fell," a sheep-pasture, now pronounced "Slidherry." The lower part of the

Sound valley, where it joins the bottom of Glen Rushen, is known as

The Gut. Between the upper extremities of *Glion Darragh* and Glion Chaltun lies the rough pasture-land of

Doarlish Cashen (O.S. map), "Cashen's Gap." The owner has told me that in the title-deeds, his copy of which dates to about eighty-five years ago, the farm is called "Doarlish Cashen alias Cregganashen," to which latter farm in Glen May it therefore probably belonged as intack land. In the same way land on the hill of Arrosey, a little to the North, is called by the name of another Glen May farm, Ballakerka. Subjoined are some of the field-names on Doarlish Cashen and adjoining farms (per the owner and others) spelt as nearly as possible according to their sounds, which are much corrupted. The first seven are on Doarlish Cashen.

Shen Thalloo, "Old Land," near the mountain-gate. A house once stood here, which fact may explain the name.

Thalloo Noa, "New Land."

Lag y Loghan, "Hollow of the Little Lake."

Slot Eairy, "Shealing Cleft"—*sloc*—adjoins the road to the Sound, as does

Phund Dan. The latter term seems to be used sometimes for a steep track; the former is the English "pound."

Cronk y Vate.

Tur Veg. Tur may mean anything standing up conspicuously, such as a small mound, a clump of bushes, or a heap of stones.

Willya Wooar, Ballelby gill. Probably *Booilley Wooar*, "Big Fold," a dropped article having caused aspiration of the initial, as in the same name in North Lonan.

The Braggan. There are two fields of this name on the Ballaquane side of Ballelby gill—"the Steep Place" or something approximate, as in the similarly-named places in Lonan and Port Erin.

Some men digging here many years ago unearthed a flat stone covering a funerary urn which contained black ashes. They buried it in the hedge-bank. A long time afterwards, and not extremely long ago, a young man hunting rabbits with his dog ("Paddy," whose name, in the interests of historic accuracy, shall be placed on record), thought he saw a rabbit bolt into the hedge. He began pulling away the stones and soil, and while doing so he felt something invisible pushing him back. When this happened a second time a sudden fear took him and he ran down the hill-side till he reached his home. A white stone in the hedge still marks the spot where the urn was buried.

Unrelated to Glen Rushen and its tributary valleys a few places, mapped and unmapped, deserve notice.

Cronk Vane, "White Hill," is the summit of Barrule Veg.

Mullagh Vane, "White Summit," is a boss of rock below *Cronk Vane* and above the *Bayr Mullagh Vane*.

Cronk y King, "Hill of the Head, or Heads,"—names a mound, field and house at Lower Foxdale. Skulls are said to have been dug out of the mound.

Slieu Whallian (O.S. map). A tradition of a form of capital punishment which consisted of rolling down the side of this hill in a spiked barrel, and the consequent haunted state of the locality, has clothed itself in various and discrepant details. The more hackneyed versions may be omitted. A Guide-book to the Island printed in Warwick in 1876, and now a rarity, gives it in the following form. " Near Peel a dreadful murder was committed ; after many weeks suspense no trace to the horrible crime could be found, at last suspicion fell on one Molly McNana, she was tried, and sentenced to be placed in a barrel with sharp-pointed nails all round the inside, Molly and the barrel to be taken on the top of a mountain and rolled to the bottom. Before Molly was placed in the barrel she said she was innocent of the crime, but most willing to suffer. Her last words were, if she were innocent her voice should be heard for evermore, and true to this day the moans of Molly McNana are heard every night, at a distance of three miles from the Mountain of Torture."

William Harrison's account of the matter in *Mona Miscellany* gives the rôle of the executed person to a young man, and the old woman's moans are consequently increased to yells which are heard as far as Dalby. To be rolled down a hill in an internally-spiked barrel was an old Norse form of punishment, and such stories as these may be a survival of a feature of the Norse rule which would impress itself deeply on the minds of the Manxmen. In the version commonly current, which is to be found in most Guide-books, the journey in the barrel is dovetailed into the once-usual test for witch-

craft by ducking, and the culprit, having presumably survived the descent, sinks or floats in the Curragh Glass at the foot of the mountain.

Mount Sinai "is the name of a hill opposite Ballachrink, St. John's," according to *The Denham Tracts*. It is also referred to in Harrison's account of the spiked-barrel business and elsewhere as *Mount Sion*, and seems to be at the North end of Slieu Whallian. Is this an attempt at rendering a Manx name? *Sithean*, fairy mound, sometimes becomes "Sion" in Ireland (see Power). Other points at this extremity of the mountain are

Gob ny Beinnee, "Beak of the Mountains," used as a fishing-mark, and

Gob ny Cleigh, "Beak of the Hedge."

California is on Ballafaragher quarterland beside the Foxdale river near St. John's. I do not know whether this is a Manx word corrupted, but its owner, now deceased, told me half a dozen years back that "an old woman who died at the age of 80 twenty years ago said her father always called it by that name." A simple sum in arithmetic will show that the name, on this evidence, considerably antedates the "gold-rush" to California, U.S., which attracted a number of young Manxmen and made the word familiar in the Island. I have also heard it stated locally that the name is "over 200 years old," which is a way of saying that it has not been bestowed during the speaker's lifetime. There is another *California* in the Braddan Abbey-lands, of which I know nothing.

Mwyllin y Cleigh (O.S. map), "Mill of the Hedge or

Bank," is said to have been named from the *Cleigh Mooar*, a great earthen hedge or dyke which is believed to have crossed the Island from coast to coast and to be still visible in certain places ; a Manx version of the Roman Wall, perhaps. The old house here, with the outside staircase leading to the upper chamber in Cumbrian fashion, was once a Courthouse. This is fairly well-known, but the popular account of it adds that courts were held here before they were held on the Tynwald Hill across the valley. The courtyard or farm-yard formerly contained a " round," *i.e.*, a stone five feet high surrounded by a platform, which was used for mounting horses, but was not built for that purpose. By this stood a great tree, usually said to have been an elm ; when this fell or was felled it knocked the stone over and broke it. Parts of the whole structure were eventually built into neighbouring walls. There were also a number of smaller stones, white ones, in the round, and in front of the big stone and the tree was a sort of flower-bed. These particulars seem trivial enough, but as they were related of a place of some importance in bygone days by a man who had them from " the grandfather of a man now dead ; it may all have been a hundred years ago," they are inserted on the chance that they may have some significance. Another local informant, then aged about 76, recollected having seen the stones when he was a boy. His account differed and was fuller in its details. There were three chief stones in a row facing the entrance of the farm-yard, all about five feet high, or one a trifle higher than the others. They were

of grey granite, such as is quarried at the Granite Mountain, and were surrounded by a circle of slate slabs fixed in the ground, all from two to three feet high. He spoke vaguely of the spot having been called a Giant's Grave. The house, he said, was about 200 years old; the Court used to be held in the upstairs room. He agreed that the stones as he described them could not have been used for mounting horses. It may be added that there is a well in the middle of the yard where the tree and the upright stones stood; also that the previous farm-house stood between the Courthouse and the present comparatively new farm-house; its flooring-stones are still visible like a fragment of paving in the soil.

The Courts held here were, Moore says, the old Vicar-General's Courts; but the house, with its commodious upper chamber, was put sometimes to more genial uses. In August, 1794, after the holding of a special Tynwald Court at St. John's, "his Excellency and suite retired to Mullen-e-clee, attended by the Officers of State, etc., where an elegant dinner was provided, and the evening spent in the greatest harmony and social mirth."—(Fargher's *Annals*.)

Shuinagh, "Rushy-place," is rough land lying on the hill behind Ballaspet house. In the Bishop's Book, *circa* 1686, is an entry relating to the sale of part of the estate of "Ballaspick, commonly known by the name of Shoanar and the Broagh situated above the high-road."

Trowley-Pot or **Trowl-Pot** is a miniature gorge in the hills where the river between Eairy Bane and Ballamooar

has cut through rock for about 80 yards of its course. The greatest depth from the brink to the top of the water in summer is about 14 feet, the width from bank to bank averaging four or five feet. The name is applied particularly to the deep rounded holes in the river-channel, and generally to the locality, where a small collection of houses once stood. " Pot," the old Norse term for a rock-hole in a river, is the usual word in the North of England for such effects of a rapid swirling current of water ; the word which precedes it here seems to contain either *troll* or *thrall*, which are identical in origin and difficult to distinguish in Manx place-names. In Trollaby, Marown, the latter is the more probable, but here, and perhaps in Trelja, Patrick, the supernatural being may have had a home. *Trowley-pot*, with its rumbling torrent deeply sunk in the gloom of a narrow cleft shadowed by bushes and small trees, must have generated beliefs in lurking demons and other malign influences, but the stories of their doings have been erased from the memories of the people, perhaps by the aforesaid settlement of which only the vestiges now remain.

Returning now to the Southern extremity of Patrick, the remainder of the places I wish to speak of at present are ranged alongside the *Bayr Mooar* and *Bayr Noa*, which do not widely diverge after their first conjunction at Dalby. The course of the former has been described in the chapter on " Roads," and the *Bayr Noa* or New Road which superseded it from Dalby Northwards is marked on the maps. As they belong,

under those names, wholly to the parish of Patrick, this is a convenient opportunity to run a lens over them from their separate incomings between Barrule and the Cronk down to their joint exit into the parish of German at Glenfaba Bridge. The Round Table, which stands at the boundary-line, has been dealt with under "Malew." Three quarters of a mile farther, by means of

Dalby Bridge, the *Bayr Noa* crosses the upper part of Glen Rushen. The name illustrates the extensive application of the word "Dalby."

Narruy, or possibly *Yn Errooid,* in reference to tillage, is the name of a couple of cottages, now in the last stage of ruin, above *Droghad Ruy* and on the East side of the road. With the name compare *Narwe* in the Papal Bull to Furness Abbey, 1153—*Monumenta,* ii., 11.

Droghad Ruy, "Red Bridge"—but "ruy" is perhaps related to the foregoing name—makes a sharp and dangerous turn, gloomy with fir-trees. Here the *Bayr Noa* crosses a fork of the *Lag Mooar* which is sometimes called the Fairy Glen. The bridge formerly consisted only of a couple of "dales" (deal planks) over the gully. A woman told me she was gathering blackberries near here one afternoon, now about ten years ago, when a sudden mist came on, and she saw a shape like a man running down the upper part of the ravine towards the road who "looked as if he was coming loose, all falling to pieces." She felt he was not "right" (canny) and hurried with her half-filled basket of berries to the nearest house, a considerable distance away.

This may have been a misconception of some quite natural human figure, and due to sudden alarm ; but the course of the Bayr Noa from the mountains down to Ballacallin is undeniably shadowed by uncanny influences. Of these the following story is a comprehensive example.

A man was going home one night from Ballacallin village (now called Dalby) up the *Bayr Noa*, and when he got past where the postman's hut is (or was until a few years ago, and where an ale-house once stood) he began to feel something near him which kept pressing him into the hedge all the way up the hill. At last he got middling frightened, and turned into a house below the Mountain Gate (now only a pair of massive pillars, the scene of a vision of the Death Coach which I have described on page 343 ; the house would be the *Narruy*, where Jimmy Clery then lived) ; he was thinking that if he stopped there awhile "it" would have gone away. But when he set out again a couple of hours later it was still there, and when he got beyond the Gate he began to make out faces and forms in the darkness. One was that of a man he knew who had died not long before ; but it was not so much him he was afraid of as of those that were with him. They had come from no good place, and the man himself whose shape he recognized had not led a good life. He was so frightened that he stopped, and drew a circle on the roadway with the point of his knife and stood in it till morning. The shapes were going round and round him, but they couldn't get at him because of the circle. After daylight broke he went on to his

destination, the Slieu Mooar by Dalby Bridge near the top of Glen Rushen.

The Bayr Mooar, remarkable in its upper portion for its spaciousness, is now devoid of habitations until it it reaches the Cregganmooar on the Lag river. In the lower part of its course here it falls steeply over naked rock; but when it was in a better state one of the Gawnes of Kentraugh, Rushen (the same who afterwards haunted that neighbourhood), used to send down it, drawn by horses or mules, barrels of beer from his brewery at the Smelt to the numerous public-houses which then enlivened Dalby. This same Gawne kept a "pack of dogs" which he brought over to the Dalby side once a year or so to give the farmers "a bit of hunting." He would have his beer in a booth on the hill-side above the river, and people would be gathering from all parts and chasing the small game till some of it went over the cliffs and the dogs after it, and in this way more than one dog was lost.

Beeal Cronk yn Illioo or *Beeal Cronk Illioo*, "Mouth, or Opening, of the Hill of the Flocks," lies adjacent to the junction of the *Bayr Mooar* and the road going North to the Round Table, and is geographically part of Cronk yn Irree Lhaa, which latter name, a Manxman once told me, is the English for *Cronk yn Illioo*. Since I acquired this philological information, I notice that a *Cronk illoo* is included in Dr. Clague's list of the haunts of the Glashtyn (more probably the Fenoderree) among his folk-song manuscripts published in the *Folk-song Journal*, No. 29.

Cronk Carran, "Cairn Hill," or possibly from the

local surname Karran, lies to seaward of the *Bayr Mooar*. In Stanford's map the name is attached to a hill on the other side of the Lag.

Cronk y Vayrd (*Cronk ny Vayr*), " Hill of the Road," lies below the road and forms the upper part of the Lag.

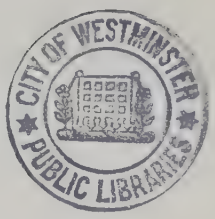
Lag Mooar, " Big Hollow," or Dalby Lag; its Northern branch is called " the Fairy Glen "—query, whether a modern name or an old one translated ?—also " the Borrane Glen " from the farm of that name. There is said to have been " an old church " on the West side of the Lag, opposite to the Borrane farm and close to a disused fold, but I have not found any trace of it. But there is certainly a curative spring in that locality, the water of which was highly prized by sick people who did not expect to recover. I have gathered the impression, without attaining positiveness, that to drink it was believed to facilitate the passage of the soul to heaven. In Stanford's map of the Island a tumulus is marked at a point approximate to the situation of the alleged church or keeill, which may account for the statement, for there is a tendency to call a field containing such remains " the church-field " or " the chapel-field."

Among the **Field-names** in Dalby Lag are the following :—

Lag y Macheayn, " Hollow of the Sea-field," *magher-cheayn,* on the Borrane farm; not actually adjoining the shore, but on the way down to it.

Magher Pherick, " Patrick's Field," next to the foregoing, and also skirting the *Bayr Mooar*.

VIEW IN DALBY, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO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Eelya Phooyl Mooar, across the road on the Cregganmooar. As I do not know what the first word is, I have spelt it as nearly as possible according to its sound.

The Rowlands, steep ferny ground, formerly cultivated, on the Borrane farm. At this unlikely-looking spot was once a shop kept by a Mrs. Kneale from the North, who used to travel to Peel with her little donkey-cart to purchase stock. The ass is now so despised that "a person would take shame to be seen using one"; yet they can be observed trotting briskly through Piccadilly. By so much is the Isle of Man in advance of London.

Garey Phundail (stressed on last syllable), "Pinfold Garden," is a small enclosure on the North side of the ford over the Lag river on the *Bayr Mooar*. Of the bridge here which was washed away only a pier remains.

Borrane. Though there are three hillocks thus named in the Dalby district, two of them at least with walled summits, nothing of the kind seems discoverable on the farm called Borrane.

The Kellya as pronounced (Ordnance map "Killey") "The Wood," whence the Kellya river and the Kellya house which formerly stood on a little wooded bluff above the meeting of the two streams. The other Kellya house, at the top of the Lag, became a fire-claim a few years ago. The lower house was at one period of its existence the scene of terrifying disturbances—flying crockery and utensils, self-shifting furniture and

unaccountable noises ; a full poltergeist programme. The cause of the manifestations was a *Scaa Olk* or spirit of a living man (literally " malevolent shadow ") which haunted the place to get possession of a chest or bag of money. The occupant nailed two pieces of iron crossways on the door, but this device was not powerful enough to keep out the intruder. Use was then made of steel in some way which was not clearly explained to me, perhaps because it was not clearly remembered or comprehended ; but seemingly it was placed about the door, the windows and the fire-place while the disturbances were going on. This made matters worse, for it prevented the *Scaa Olk* from getting out again. All night it was rushing about the house " like a great blast of wind, upsetting and smashing everything," but invisible. At daybreak—or cockcrow—it went away. The man, who I think lived there alone, was advised by a wise person whom he consulted to thrust out behind him thrice, the next time he was bothered, with some sharp-pointed steel instrument, being careful while doing so not to turn his head. The next visitation happened when he was in bed, but he had a knife ready and carried out the instructions. Silence followed. On the morrow news came of the death of a man living not far away, who had been suspected as the author of the disturbances, and there was no more trouble thenceforth. All this occurred well over half a century ago, but part of a grotesque song in Manx among Moore's *Manx Ballads* which describes the same kind of manifestation must date to a considerably earlier period :—

"What would'st thou do if the pothooks and the hanger
Should rise up together in a wild battle,
The potstick and all the dishes
Banging one against the other?

"The potstick and the round tables,
Lamp and noggin, dish and plate,
Struggling and scuffling tumultuously,
Till they would have thee struck to the floor," etc.

The song, which is entitled "*Arrane ny Ferrishyn*," the Song of the Fairies, continues with threats of the spotted Water-Bull, the Glashtin, the shambling Fenoderree, and other non-human islanders, as though these were connected with the rebelliousness of the furniture; but the trouble at the Kellya was not ascribed to fairy influence. It is believed that the spirit of a living man can be externalized unconsciously by a strong desire or passion, so that it is seen at a distance from its owner; it becomes what the gypsies call the "living mullo." Books dealing with such subjects state that by the practice of magic art its detachment can be effected at the owner's will, and this appears to be the explanation ascribed to the Kellya phenomena. Here we approach the belief in witch-hares and other animal forms assumed for unhallowed purposes. Examples of such hauntings in human shape are common to all ages and countries, from the nocturnal visit—whether voluntary or the contrary is not stated—of the anxious Curoi to his Kerry or Wexford stronghold while actually far away from Ireland, down to the appearances at their homes of Manx seafarers in moments of severe stress. If they are dripping wet, so as to leave a pool of water where they have been standing, news will follow of their death by drowning;

if dry, they are in danger but will escape. Such an apparition was seen by a relative of the man in question, leaning on his garden-gate in the upper part of the *Bayr Cronk yn Yemmel*. The original of the wraith was at the time in peril during rough weather off the North Irish coast, and no doubt wishing he were safe at home. Similar apparitions have been seen in other parts of the Island, and may be classed as one of the commonest of its visions; also as one which is so deeply rooted in time and in human psychology as to be independent of the classifications "Celtic" and "Scandinavian." In *The Viking Age*, vol. i., ch. xxvi., there is an ancient Norse version of it which differs but little from the Manx. "Thorad and his men were lost at sea; the wreck was cast ashore, but no bodies were found. During the *arvel*, or inheritance feast, they walked into the hall, all wet. A good omen, for that they had been well received by Rán" (*i.e.*, in her ante-room to the palace of her consort Aegir or Hler). Roeder, in his *Manx Notes and Queries*, pages 35 and 36, relates several stories of spirit-visitations, voluntary and involuntary.

Tom Kellya (Cain), whose house was the scene of the disturbances, lived so simple and remote a life that he kept his calendar by the Crusoe-like method which one hears of in other tales of old times, namely, by cutting daily notches on a stick. The same way of counting was practised till recently by Manx fishermen in keeping the herring-tally, and by a few among the elder generation of Downland shepherds in the South of England.

Dalby, "Dale Farm," named the two treens of Dalby and Alia Dalby in the Roll of 1513, at which date each treen contained four quarterlands. In 1703 Dalby treen consisted of Ballacreggan (now Cregganmooar), Balladha, Borrane, and Kerroodhoo; Alia Dalby treen comprised Knock Kishty (now Ballacooill) together with a croft on it called Thalloo Quislin, Kerrow Keale (absorbed into Ballacain), Carrick Lea (Creglea), and Ballacallin; still four quarterlands to each treen. In the printed version of the Lord's Composition Book, 1703, a Ballelby is included in Dalby treen, but this appears to be due to a misconception of the fact that the owner of that quarterland (Thomas Querk), which lies in the Abbeylands, owned some intack land in the treen. Through the granting of rights to the Irish abbeys of Bangor and Saul the name of the treen extending from Ballacallin to Glen May has been lost, but it seems probable that land equivalent to the present four quarterlands of Ballahutchin, Ballelby, Ballaquane and Balnylhergy belonged to an integral Dalby treen, assuming that a treen-division existed here prior to the grants to the Abbeys; the bounds of a Dalby territory may even have reached as far as Glen May, and have included the six quarterlands (seven in view of the sub-division of Ballachrink) belonging formerly to the two monasteries. The term Dalby now covers a tract enclosed by the upper part of Glen Rushen as far as Dalby Bridge and by the Northern slope of Cronk yn Irree Lhaa. Exactly how far it extends in modern usage towards Glen May is uncertain, but

probably the farms as far North as Balnylhergy inclusive would be thought of as in "the Dalby district," rather than in that of Glen May.

The word "alia" points to the partition of an original treen in the early days of the Stanleys.* As the treen of Dalby lay to the South of Alia Dalby, and the only "dale" there of any importance is the Lag Mooar, it may be supposed that that valley gave rise to the name, and that a nucleal farm called *Dalabyr* lay somewhere in the neighbourhood of the present Cregganmooar and Borrane farms. Why Ballelby, which is presumably *Balla-ghelby*, "Dalby farm," should, though situated at some distance from the Lag, be the only estate to exhibit the treen-name, is a question to which the answer is probably lost. There may have been a transference of the name for reasons connected with inheritance; that is to say, there may at one time have been two Ballelbys, in the same way that other Manx farm-names are duplicated in each other's neighbourhood.

A tradition exists that some of the men of the Loyal Manx Fencibles who were sent to Ireland in 1798 to assist in quelling the rebellion there, brought back Irish wives to Dalby. It is safe to say that the belief rests on a very slender basis of fact, if indeed it has any foundation at all. On the other hand, there are

* All the treens which have been sub-divided bear Scandinavian names, although the proportion of Scandinavian to Celtic in the whole list is about equal, and so generally do the treens containing an unusually large number of quarterlands. These would be the first to be delimited, at a time when the Island was less populous than it was later, and were, perhaps, based on personal or family holdings.

among the land-owners, tenants and cottagers in the Dalby and Glen May districts, people whose surnames correspond with the names of land-holders under the Stanleys over four hundred years ago; the modern forms of McKae, McGell, McWater and McKerron are still familiar in the South-Western part of the parish. If we come down a hundred years, we may add to these the names Quirk, Kermeen, Quane, Radcliffe and Hutchin or Hudgeon, representatives of which were then living on the farms between Ballahutchin and Ballachrink.

Besides the principal tenants, small crofters and squatters formed a considerable subsidiary element of the population, as in other parts of the Island. Some of these paid rent direct to the Lord, others to the chief tenant either in money or labour, or in a combination of the two; some were freeholders. Local memory, or a tradition not more than one generation old, reports "over seventy people living on Ballelby"—nearly a dozen households, that is—and forty or so on Ballaquane. The last representative of the class on these two adjoining farms died four or five years ago, but the names of some of the sub-divisions are not quite forgotten, and are used to identify the fields which were thus occupied. An example of which the history can be traced to some extent is

Thalloo Cuishlan, "Cosnahan's Land," the former name of a piece of ground near the shore which is now a part of Ballacooill; "a name seldom heard to-day" is the local comment. A tract of the same

name was compounded for as a separate holding in 1703, and appears among intacks as " *Tallow Quishlin*, a parcell of quarterland in the treen of Alia Dalby " in the Lord's Rents for 1722, where it is stated that it " fell in the Lord's hands, Liber Vastarum, 1646, afterwards sett to John Cown a Scotchman . . . abandoning it, it fell to the Lord again in 1651 and has lain waste ever since. Now let to Mr. Seddon and Deemster Moore. In regard of the barrenness of the land, no fine was ever paid . . . no person would take it upon the rent since 1651." The part of Ballacooill in question, however, has no particular defect except wetness, and the foregoing account better befits what is now known as Eairy Cuishlan, an inspiriting piece of scenery lying in the direction of Lag ny Killey, on which nothing has ever thriven but goats, rabbits and seagulls. It is certainly the latter tract which is alluded to in the Lord's Rent Books *circa* 1840 in an entry regarding a parcel (of intack) " lying between Tallow Question and Lagna Killey." The name *Thalloo Cuishlan* must therefore have belonged to two distinct holdings.

Ballaphurt, " Port Farm," was in the same way a croft on Ballacooil, I am told. *Balla* should imply a quarterland, but it occasionally represents other topographical terms corrupted , in this case perhaps *beeal*, approach.

Doarlish Mooar, " Big Gap," names the first cottages on the *Bayr Mooar* Northward of the Cregganmooar.

Knock Kishtey, " Hill of the Chest," later *Knock Usgey*, now Ballacooill, may perhaps have taken its

name from the great block of stone with a smaller one facing it which borders the *Bayr Mooar* near the farm-house. Squarish boulders are often thus called, and are sometimes distinguished with a story of magical treasure; *Coan ny Kishtey* in Lonan is an eminent example. The only unusual property of the *Bayr Mooar* specimen, so far as I have heard, is its ability to turn round three times when it hears the cock crow. Apart from the sly joke which depends upon the word "when," a sufficient number of turning stones could be found in the British Isles alone to compose a revolving mountain such as the one in Anglesey mentioned in the Irish *Nennius*. I do not, however, recall another in the Isle of Man. One in South-West Somerset which performs the same feat every New Year morning and is therefore called "the Cock-crow Stone" has the reputation of hiding beneath it a great crock of gold. A team of horses, it is said, has been unable to shift it, and the opinion is that it is rooted in the bottom of the hill and that the crock of gold is in safe keeping.—(*Tales of the Blackdown Borderland*, page 101.)

Ballahutchin has the distinction of harbouring in its barn a *moddhey dhoo*, which has been seen more than once in recent years, and is still regarded with respect.

Ballelby, in addition to the fine cross standing in its farm-yard, had for many years a holed stone lying in the granary, which, like the cross, had been found on the farm, but it seems to have been lost or mislaid. The threshing-mill by the stream was in use up to

about thirty years ago, but with others of its kind has been superseded by the travelling steam-mills. At the South end of Ballelby Bridge (which is hardly more than a culvert) stood—though there is no trace of it now—a smithy on the bank of the stream. The site of the former Ballelby house, now marked only by a rectangle of trees, was " a fairy place," like many other abandoned scenes of human activity. Also it was haunted by a humming sound resembling that of a big wheel, the *queeyl mooar* which was worked by treadles for weaving, and for twisting the *jeebyn* of the nets, a much bigger machine than the ordinary domestic spinning-wheel. Such a wheel was used in the old house by the family which owned the farm for many generations until quite recently.

The recollection of this implement reminded my informant—who must be held responsible for the digression—of a sound she heard one Sunday morning in a Laxey house where she was visiting about forty years ago. She thought it was a spinning-wheel in action, and when she came downstairs to breakfast she asked with surprise whether they had been spinning on a Sunday ; but what she had heard was a kind of bellows which her hosts said was worked by turning a handle. They promised to show it to her, but it got forgotten. The description fits a bellows with a revolving crank at the side which I have seen in a house at Scravorley, Patrick, though that seemed to be a copy in miniature of the old type of *bolg-shidey* rather than a practicable utensil, and was kept as a curiosity. These old Manx bellows were made by the local smiths, but they have

given place to the ordinary shop-article. A Dalby fisherman has described to me something of the same kind which he saw in his youth at Kinsale or Berehaven, but that, he said, blew air through a long pipe into the grate sideways.

Well-hidden in the depth of Ballelby gill is

Spooyt Vane, "White Waterfall." The part of the highway lying between Ballelby gill and Ballaquane, known as the

Mullagh Wooar, "Big Summit," not being a hill itself has evidently got its name from the knob of rough ground above it. The persistence of a name for which there is now no necessity suggests that it formerly belonged to the roadside houses of which the foundations remain.

Ballaquane. The field-names on the part of the farm which lies below the road are not of interest, nor are many of them Manx. The only high ground inland from the cliffs is called *Cronk Ree;* the latter word, as pronounced by those who have no Manx, cannot be rendered into English with any certainty. In this case, "smooth" would suit the nature of the ground. Up the Doarlish Cashen road and overlooking the top of Glion Chaltun is "the Church Field" containing a low mound with a few large stones grouped on it. Local people call the spot a "church," but it appears to have been a cairn or similar memorial of interment, judging by the plentiful fragments of white spar visible around it after ploughing. It is only in the last half dozen years that it has been touched by the plough. This mound seems to have been attributed

hitherto by archaeologists to the adjoining farm of Ballelby, if I do not mistake their references.

At the farm-gates lies what has been called a hut-circle. Modern road-making has almost covered it up, but when the surface becomes sufficiently worn away the top of a section of what might be a circle of small stones appears to view. A woman living not far away, my informant, was when a child shown by her elder sister a stone here, nearly in the middle of the road but a little towards the upper hedge, and told that people used to worship it. The road was then less frequently macadamized, if it ever was.

Vestiges of the dwellings of the old type of cottars are numerous in this vicinity. In one which faced the road a couple of hundred yards South of the " circle " lived old Chalse y Creen and Jinny Pherick his wife. When the weather was fine enough Chalse used to sit in his garden in his home-made chair with its seat of interwoven straw and briar, making straw thatches for the bee-skeps which he sold for half-a-crown the pair. His old-fashioned, very tall hat rose above the hedge-top like a landmark and irresistibly tempted the boys to throw stones and sods at it, as is well-remembered by the local historians. Here also dwelt, I believe, the actual Illiam Kodhere of testamentary fame in the drama of the Island.

Manx field-names have a natural tendency to repeat themselves, but there is one on the upper part of Ballaquane which I do not recall having met with elsewhere in the Island ; written according to sound it is

Cronk Eurin, and is locally given its literal meaning, "Hell Hill." Joyce says this epithet, *ifrionn*, is sometimes bestowed in Ireland on land hard to work or infertile; and Rhys, *Celtic Folklore*, page 205, mentions "a pretty hollow running inland from the railway station at Bangor," called Nant Uffern, the "Hollow of Hell," adding the question, "can it be that there was a supposed entrance to the fairy world somewhere there?" Kelly's Manx Dictionary has "*Eurin*, a goat of two years old," which, though it does not seem to be known now, may possibly be the word here in question. The lower part of the hill, adjoining the Doarlish Cashen road, contains old foundations, a well, a cup-marked boulder, and other large stones which may have belonged to buildings.

Kay's Bridge crosses the high road at the upper Balnylhergey farm-entrance. It is, or was, haunted by a white fairy or ghost a little smaller than human size, who followed people along the road, as I have mentioned in a previous chapter. The next rise in the road, "Caesar Gill's Top," is similarly named from some bygone owner or tenant.

Crosh Pharlane or *Vallane*, "Parlane's (or Mary Magdalen's) Cross"—*Parlane* is said to be equivalent to Bartholomew, and is at any rate the Irish *Partholan*—is a name now belonging to two contiguous fields on Ballachrink and Cronk Mooar. The foundation of the keeill from which the name originated was rooted up many years ago and the stones placed in a wall. A portion of the land here, below the roadway, passed by purchase from Ballachrink West to Q—— of Cronk

Mooar, hence the sharing of the name by the two farms.

Claghyn Baney, " White Stones," is an overshadowed bend at Ballachrink ; the stones, whatever they may have been, are no longer visible. In one of the ruined cottages under the trees the children here had the good fortune four or five years ago to see fairies climbing in and out of the windows, " little men in tail-coats and little hats " which seemed to be of the cocked or three-cornered variety. The spot is also haunted by a *moddey dhoo* of the usual description, which opinion connects with something of the same kind " taking " in the sunless chamber below, into which the river falls from a height of many feet. The *moddey dhoo* is far from extinct in the rural districts ; in fact, I saw one myself at the *Claghyn Baney* on a dark night by the light of a bicycle lamp. I have no doubt he was purely canine ; but it is such accidental coincidences that help to maintain the reputations of haunted spots.

It is said that the Insular Lunatic Asylum at the Strang owes its foundation to the confinement of a mad person in an outhouse of which the wall at least remains at the side of the road nearly opposite here. A man possessing a good deal of public influence as well as public spirit happened in passing the spot to hear the outcries of the unfortunate prisoner, and was stirred into removing the evil of private confinement of such patients.

On the lower part of Ballachrink farm close by, as in many other places in the Island, flax was formerly

grown for weaving linen, and was steeped in a pool near the farm-house.

The Fairy Broo—its Manx name has been forgotten, if it ever had one—is a steep, narrow field, wet like most fairy haunts, which slopes to the river from the Glen Rushen road at Glen May.

Glen May, in the 15th century and till recently *Glen Moy*, has, as a name, provoked a good deal of speculation, but there does not seem to be any reason for looking further than the obvious *magh*, cultivable land, not necessarily level or plain-like, a word extremely common in a secondary form as *magher*, a field. Though many maghers have lapsed into pasture or waste, their name shows that at one period they have been ploughland. In this example the reason for the name is clear to anyone coming down, or looking down, from the heights which border Glen Rushen, barren on the South side and grassland on the Northern or Arrosey side.

On the South bank of the river begins the land formerly belonging to the great monastic foundation of the Ards on the opposite coast. To what extent the Abbey of Sabal shared it with Bangor is not clear in the absence of records, but the Sabal influence was probably the lesser of the two. Their territory, whether held jointly—as the two abbacies were occasionally united in one man—or whether consisting of two separate portions, began with Ballachrink and included what are now the quarterlands of Cronk Mooar, Balnylhergy, Ballaquane, Ballelby and Ballahutchin, the first-named farm being divided

into Ballachrink East and West; but all these would probably not exist as quarterlands at the time the grant was made to the abbeys, nor would the names of those existing, if any, correspond with their present names. The headquarters of the monastic representative or representatives were probably at Glen May.

Comparatively little is recorded of Bangor's foreign missions from its foundation by St. Comgall between 550 and 560, probably for the use of a Pictish community. It suffered the inevitable ravages by Vikings, began to decline in the 11th century, and in the 12th lay for a long time waste. At a Tynwald Court of 1422 the Abbot was summoned, together with the Abbot of Sabal, to appear and justify their title to the Barony within forty days. There is no record of their having complied, but the Abbot of Bangor may have acknowledged the supremacy of the Stanleys in person or otherwise, for a document in the English Record Office, endorsed "Spiritual lande in the Ards and Clandeboye," and dated 1487, details "the some off the religious houses in the ards. Fyrste the abay of Bangor hath belonginge to yt temporally and spiritually *lxx* plowelands item *lxx* granges belonging to the same . . . item *i* grange in yle aman, item *i* grange Scotland. . . ." About 1541 also "according to several inquisitions, William O'Dornan, the Abbot, held in the 32nd year of Henry viii a townland in the Isle of Man called Clenanoy [*sic* for *Glenmoy* as in Durham's map, 1595] on condition that he should attend the King of that Island at certain times."—(O'Laverty, *Diocese of Down and*

Connor, ii., 70.) The townland in question, if the term is to be taken in its literal and restricted sense, must have been what is now Ballachrink; to this may be added perhaps the chief mill of Glen May, since we find mention of "the Baron[y] Mill-race." At the Dissolution Bangor possessed, according to Reeves, only 34 townlands and the tithes of nine rectories or chapels, a striking diminution of its pristine power.

Lanigan, *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*, 2nd edn., ii., 128, says that Saul (Sabal) was not reckoned among the Cistercian monasteries, but seems to have belonged to the Canons Regular of St. Augustine after it was erected and repaired by St. Malachy. Malachy was Abbot of Bangor also; there are other instances of a tendency towards unification, and as the two foundations appear to have been closely associated in Ireland they may have held their Manx property in common.

Though Glen May has forgotten the days when half of her belonged to Ireland, she has a rich fund of memories of a less historical nature. Some of these have found their way into other chapters of this miscellany, but my mention of the mill called Cringle's Mill or the Big Mill—"the Great Mill in Glenmoy" in 1703—reminds me that the ruined house just above it, once an inn or ale-house, was the scene of a murder early in the 19th century, so nearly as the date can be fixed. Owing to the steepness of the river-bank the offices at the rear of the house were situated

underneath the floor of the front part. Just outside them a man living in the village was struck or knifed and pushed over the brink on the rocks or the water below, by a stranger from the North who had come into the neighbourhood to trade. The two sisters of the victim, at home a quarter of a mile away, heard and recognized his death-shriek (by a kind of supernatural audition, it seems to be thought) and cried out in the presence of witnesses, *e annim, e annim!* "his soul!" So their words are reported, but the once-common ejaculation *my annim* sounds more probable. Blood is said to be visible still on the remains of the back door.

Two men sleeping in the loft of a house, now razed, behind the present forge at the top of the village, woke and saw a light shining through the chinks of the flooring. One got up to find out what it was, although the other advised him not to. He went to the top of the stairs or ladder and saw below him an old man and an old woman, human size or rather bigger, sitting one each side of the remains of the fire, and a young girl standing between them and cooking something over it in a pot. The man who was looking at them called out some phrase like "Lord save us!" or "in God's name!" (probably in Manx, though the words were given to me in English) and the light and the figures suddenly vanished. This anecdote may be compared with one related of the Lhergy Veg, Lonan, in the present chapter, but the most remarkable feature of the latter is lacking, for it is not stated that the intruders wore anything unusual on their heads.

About five years ago a number of strange reddish lights were seen, two and sometimes three at once, moving about a man's garden adjoining the Claddagh, "as big as the rear lamp of a trap." Sometimes they floated up over the roofs of the row of houses. They caused a good deal of uneasiness to the people living there, and were anxiously discussed in the village. On making enquiries, I found that someone had been moving stones out of the bed of the river, which at that point is rather shallow and sluggish, and is bordered with gravelly soil.

Such "lights" are believed to be omens of death, except when they are attributed to those who are already dead. A woman in Kirk Patrick village looked out of her "skylid" one moonlight night and saw three lights like little stars go up in succession out of the ground of the old churchyard. Next morning she heard of the death of a young child in a house close by, who was afterwards buried at the exact spot from which the "stars" had risen.

The following story only has its termination in Glen May, for it is attached to the *Bayr Mullagh Vane*, "the Road of the White Summit," which leads in from Barrule Quarries. A quarryman living near the Cross Vein had occasion to murder his wife with a pickaxe, and buried, or concealed, the body under a heap of stones or slag not far from his house. A short time afterwards a Glen May man on his way home from the quarries noticed, when he was a little way past the spot, that he had been overtaken by the figure of a woman, whose features, for some reason,

he was unable to discern. As she uttered no word in response to his greeting, and her feet made no sound on the road as she walked beside him, he concluded there was something " not right " about her, and quickened his pace in order to shake her off, until he was fairly at a run. She nevertheless kept up with him without difficulty until he crossed the river at the footbridge by the old pottery to gain the back door of his house. She then vanished. For some time afterwards he was not his usual self at all, either in body or in mind.

To another tale of which the scene lies just outside the village the teller added the comment, " that 's the oldest tale of all, a thousand years old." A man who was walking home from Peel late one night, and alone, saw a horse standing under the shadow of the trees at the foot of Raby hill. Thinking he might as well finish his journey by riding, he swung himself on the creature's back. Away it went at a gallop, but as the man leaned forward on its neck to avoid being scraped off by low branches, he was startled to see that its ears, instead of being a horse's, were human ears. Knowing by this that there was something wrong, he threw himself off in the nick of time, for the horse leapt the hedge and bolted down towards the river. Its rider escaped drowning or worse at the cost of, I think, a broken leg. This *cabbyl ushtey*, whose aural peculiarity I have not met with elsewhere than in this anecdote, is a perfect converse of the Brythonic King March—the Arthurian Mark—whose name means in English " riding-horse," and of the sailor-king of Leinster, Labhraid Lorc, two

legendary monarchs the secret of whose equine ears was so miraculously made public. They were men with the ears of a horse, the Glen May creature was a horse with the ears of a man. It might therefore be used in support of Rhys's surmise (*Celtic Folklore*, page 435) that the water-horse conception explains the tradition of such fabulous personages as March and Labhraidh ; but it would be necessary to carry the explanation back to an early Hellenic age, to account for the ass's ears of King Midas. Personally, I should prefer to find the nearest resemblance to all these royal throw-backs in the God Pan with his fauns and satyrs, distinguished as to their heads by the ears of goats. Rhys indeed mentions a Serbian version of the myth where the ears are those of a goat. But there is much which is obscure in the whole extensive subject of the exchanging and the commingling of human and animal forms. It seems that when transformation occurs in either direction, or when a being which is neither animal nor human takes one of these forms, the disguise is never perfectly flawless and impenetrable ; some physical detail or other betrays the masquerader's true nature. The Devil shows his cloven hoof, his sprouting horns or his barbed tail—sometimes he flies the whole set of warning signals ; seal-people when they doff their skins and come ashore keep the webs between their fingers and a horny place in their palms ; a bird-man has little feathers among the hairs of his head ; when a witch takes an animal shape she cannot alter the human expression of her eyes. (Conversely, a hare-lip is thought to be a vestige

of the hare-shape assumed voluntarily or through bewitchment, either in the owner's lifetime or in that of a parent.) I have heard the phrase used in the Isle of Man, " that dog has a fairy eye," which brings a third species into the question ; but the ears are the most usual signs of a fairy nature, as of an animal nature. Fairy cattle have red ears ; so had Bran, Finn's fairy hound, in addition to her ability to speak Irish ; the Welsh " dogs of Annwn," which are broadly equivalent to the Manx fairy dogs, are white, with red ears ; the Manx water-bull has something queer about his ears which comes out again in the calves resulting from his visits to the cows of the farm ; the Manx fairy lamb is white, with red ears ; the fairy pig has been described to me as wearing a little red hat, a description which may have been due to a hasty and imperfect observation of a pair of red ears, albeit the Twrch Trwyth carried more unlikely articles between his ears than a hat.

Rhys, in discussing further the unkingly excrescences of March, Labhraidh and Midas (page 575), says truly that " they raise a variety of profoundly difficult and interesting questions," and that " nobody has found a sure key to their meaning." As our water-horse transposes some of the data of the problem, I shall content myself with an observation not too remotely connected with these mysteries ; it is the physiological commonplace that malformation of the ear is one of the surest signs of human degeneracy or atavism, just as, in another direction, abnormally large or small ears accompany imbecility and mania respectively.

In my next tale of the *cabbyl-ushtey* of Glen May—a tale which is widely dispersed with slight variations—his form is understood to be human; but it is likely that he had the hoofs or ears of a horse, though I have not heard this stated.

Spooyt Wooar, "Big Waterfall," is a cauldron of mystery and "deep blue gloom divine" between the village and the shore; it was spoilt fifty years ago, in the opinion of T. E. Brown. The Buggane who lives here has been seen by many people in time past, and not very long past; he was usually shaped like a big black calf, which sometimes crossed the road and jumped down into the pool with a sound as of chains being shaken. In a more human form he came to a house at the Glen May end of Glen Rushen, picked up a girl who was working near it, slung her over his back, and carried her down to his place under the dub into which the spooyt falls. But just as they were coming to it, she, having a sharp knife in her hand with which she had been slicing up turnips, managed to cut the string of her apron and get free. This is a favourite story in the district, as well as in other parts of the kingdom, Scotland especially.

Trelja farm (which has been spelt in innumerable ways) supplies a brook to the Glen May river a little distance below the *Spooyt Wooar*, and it would be pleasing to be able to connect the two by translating the name as "Troll's River"; but it is more probably "Thrall's River," a term which is seen in a mixed Celtic and Scandinavian form as *Abhainn Thraill* in West Ross-shire, and in its pure form as *Trelde* in Denmark.

Ballakerka. "Ballakirkley," the map-form, which would mean either "Round Farm" or "Farm of the Circle," seems to have been in fashion in the 19th century; it occurs in various documents, and in the Ordnance Survey Name Books is vouched for by Captain R. Quirk, Wm. Watterson and Jas. Bridson, responsible persons at that time. Nevertheless it was written *Ballacarkey* in 1703, and the true etymon is probably *kiark*, not in its modern sense of a barndoor fowl, but some bird or other of the gallinaceous order; as there are two *Struan ny Kiarkey* as well as a *Glion ny Kiark* in the Island, the word must have been used sometimes to denote a waterside bird. In Scotland and Ireland it often means "grouse."

Raby. The Manx **Field-names** on the principal Raby farm, as verbally communicated by the kindness of the owner, are:—

Cowan Mooar, "Big Hollow."

North Rheeast, South Rheeast, "Waste."

Magher Rhullick, "Graveyard Field," which contains the keeill, the well which was once reputed curative, and the cemetery. Cists are still being uncovered in ploughing. One I inspected struck me as not appearing very ancient. It is said that at least one person — a woman — belonging to the neighbourhood was buried here within the last half-century or thereabouts.

Creg ny Veeagh, "Rock of the Ravens."

Magher Conney, "Gorse Field"; this was formerly four fields.

Croit Thalleyr, "Tailor's Field." The Tailor family held 1½ quarterlands on Raby treen in 1515, which may explain the name; or it may be simply that of a tradesman.

Lheakerrow Mooar and *Veg*, "Big and Little Grey Ploughland."

Traie Vollachs, "Shore-of-the-Road (Field)." The track to the shore passes through it.

Magher ny Dubberyn, "Field of the Little Pools," is still true to its name in rainy weather. The form taken by the plural is interesting.

Naaie Haul, "The Distant Pasture."

The Cronk and *Cronk Bedn* are on the steep ground East of the high road; *Cronk Bedn* (*bane*, white) when ploughed is particularly conspicuous from across the road on account of its light-coloured clay soil.

The Rocky Lhergy of four acres has a flat rock on it where it was customary to winnow the corn by shaking it in a sailcloth when the wind was blowing. This field was also called

Magher ny Fasnee, "Field of the Winnowing."

Bwoailley Carmane or *Camane*. Nicholas McKemayn, who is put down for one tenement and the sixth part of a quarterland (4s.) on Raby treen, in the Manorial Roll, may have belonged to the family which stamped its name on this fold and the field containing it.

Lag Eevl (as pronounced), Gordon. If this is not a mangled word, which is much to hope for, the English

meaning is probably "Pleasant Hollow" — Gaelic *aoibheal, aoibheann.* The adjective has not survived in Manx, but the favourite feminine name Eunice, though not included among Woulfe's Irish Christian names, may represent the noun *aoibhneas* from the same stem, rather than the Greek word. Aoibheal, the fairy queen whose name remains on a number of places near Killaloe in Munster, derived her epithet from the same source. If we meet with her here it is her only appearance in the Isle of Man, unless she changed herself into the sea-lady Teeval in order to get across.

The spot called *Lag Eevl* is a rough wooded corrie on the West side of Slieu Whallian, with a pool in it; a trial boring for a mine goes a little way into the hill. When Themselves made their Grand Tour of the Island which is celebrated in the "Song of the Travelling Fairies"—I have not heard a Manx title, but the Manx words as well as the air were once well-known in Peel—they spent a night in each of the following places: *Rumsaa* ("*Ee uss Rumsaa,*" etc.), *Doolish, Ballachashtal, Port le Murra* and *Purt Iron.* Thence hope and hunger urged them swiftly over the mountains into the cornucopian parish of Patrick and down to Gourden, where they rested contentedly under the overhanging rock of *Lag Eevl*, enjoying the haggish which the hospitable *benainshtyr* of Gourden cooked for them. The Gourden ones knew well how such guests should be treated, for did they not often give shelter to the Fenoderree himself in the little wood by their house? And from Gourden the tourists went on to Ballabennoo

in Foxdale, where again they got good feeding of all kinds of bread and cakes, *arran corkey* and *arran oarn* and *arran curnaght* and *arran praase* and *berreen* and *bonnag* and everything they liked best, as might have been expected at a place called the Farm of the Blessing, and there was a man's greatest blessing in it, a good housewife, to do the baking for them. Then from Ballabennoo they wandered on happily to *Purt ny Hinshey*, and what they did there I do not know, but in the end they all went to earth again at the spot where they started, well pleased with their trip round the Island.

Gordon (O.S. map). To the better-known feats of the Fenoderree attached to this farm a couple of trifles may be added. When John G—— left his stooks out with rain threatening, against his wife's advice and his own better judgment, the Fenoderree came in the night-time and gathered in the whole crop and stacked it for him. When lazy John went up next morning in the rain he could hardly believe his eyes. Another man expressed a wish that he could find time to white-wash his little house (which still stands by the roadside near Gordon) and behold ye, during the night it was done, and well done too; and who else could have done it only the Fenoderree?

Creeloch, "Shaking-ground," is a field on the East side of the road at Gordon, now fairly dry, and sedgy. The name is not common, but it is attached to an intack in Andreas (Lord's Rent Book) and to a field on Baljean, Lonan. Joyce, ii., 367, gives an example of it in the Queen's County.

The Creggans is the ridge of rock which runs seaward at the South end of Knockaloe Mooar from the main road, on which it names the Creggans Hill. A story belonging to this part of the road has been published in the brochure *Manx Tales*, but as it contains points of resemblance to one of the *cabbyl ushtey* tales from Glen May, I will summarize it here for the sake of comparison. A Wesleyan local preacher, after holding a revival service at the Shore Road chapel in Peel (the building in which Wesley himself made so many converts) took what he supposed in a bad light to be his old white mare out of the stall to ride home to the other side of Glen May. At the foot of the Creggans the mare surprised him by her unwonted restiveness, and after leaving the top of the hill she took the bit between her teeth and made a savage plunge through the bushes in the direction of the cliffs. The old man thought the Devil had entered his steed, and cried aloud, " Lord help me ! " At these words the animal swerved so violently that he was thrown on the grass unhurt, while she disappeared over the cliffs into the sea. When he reached home he found his own mare standing quietly in her stable, for the groom had forgotten to bring her to town. Though the story does not specify exactly where the preacher's queer mount began to run away with him, the conservative habits which prevail in the Other World make it likely that their difference of opinion arose just short of Ballacallin ; for that is where the modern road first diverges from the old *Bayr Mooar*, which inclines more towards the coast. The point of separation is now hardly noticeable.

Gob ny Creg or *Gob ny Creggan*, "Beak of the Rock," is the termination of the before-mentioned *Creggans*. The buggane who lurked about here is no longer seen, and nothing very definite seems to be remembered of his nature and doings.

Gob Breck, "Speckled Beak," is a spur of the rocky ridge on Knockaloe Beg.

Glion Keeill Croagh, taking its name from the vanished keeill at Droghad Keeill Croagh, joins the Neb a little distance above the reputed ford at the Raggatt. Up it, according to local tradition, fled the vanquished in the Santwat battle between the North and the South.

The Raggatt. Here a disused road, forking as it approaches the bank, goes straight down to the river from the present road, which turns sharply towards Glenfaba Bridge. The past state of affairs at this spot is not easy to understand. There is presumptive evidence of the former existence of a ford connecting the road from Glen May, Dalby and Rushen with Peel, but of any continuation on the North bank of the river there is no trace, although the ground has not been cultivated. It may also be inferred that a track continued from the present bridge to Peel Castle, otherwise it would have been necessary to cross the stream twice. Of this there appears to be no vestige either, but the presence of a house and its surrounding grounds makes it impossible to speak positively. The ford and stepping-stones which existed a short distance above high-water mark, near where the lower bridge now stands, are approached

by a road, but it comes from the direction of the Castle, and was no doubt used partly as an alternative to crossing the mouth of the harbour. In some support of the theory of a ford across the Neb, there is the tradition, just referred to, that the domestic battle of Santwat was fought in the vicinity of Glenfaba and the Raggatt ; the opposed leaders are recognizable, by their names recorded in *Chronicon Manniae* at 1098, as representing respectively the Anglo-Celtic interests of the South and the more Scandinavian Northside element. The question of the distance to which the tide formerly penetrated, whether it reached, in historic times, so far as the narrow gully at Glenfaba Bridge, rendering the river navigable for small boats up to the inland lake or marsh which existed until comparatively recently, must be handed over to the geologists ; the answer might shed much light on the history of the locality.

In following another line of inquiry it is possible to attain greater exactitude. Just above a new house which stands beside the road there is a streamlet inside a gateway, more or less concealed by bushes. Here it was that a boy of twelve who was being driven from Dalby to Peel was delighted by the sight of a strange-looking little white pig wearing a red hat. One of his adult companions remarked to the other in Manx, " that's one of Themselves," and touched up the horse, telling the boy to take no notice of what he had seen ; meaning doubtless that he was not to chatter about it, or try to catch it if he should ever see it again. For this was the *Arkan Sonney*, the little Fairy

Pig, an omen of great good fortune, if the seer is content with seeing.

Glenfaba Bridge, Mill, and House (O.S. map). The first-named was at one time called Camerill's Bridge, from an occupant of the house. Much ingenuity has been exercised upon the word *faba* without any satisfactory result being reached hitherto. Part of the difficulty lies in the uncertainty as to the position of the true Glenfaba. Present-day local opinion gives the name to the shallow fold in the ground which conducts the Ballaterson stream into the main river at the mill, and this was the information supplied to the Ordnance Surveyor sixty years ago. Local opinion in such matters deserves great respect, but it is undeniable that names can and do wander from their birthplaces. Not only does the Glenfaba of the map fall short of the Manx and the general notion of what a glen should be, but it presents no features which might explain how its name came to be conferred upon the sheading in which it stands, and that the premier sheading of the six, containing the Tynwald Hill and Peel Island with its appurtenances, any of which was more likely, one would imagine, to entitle the sheading. As regards the objection that Glenfaba does not fulfill the definition of a glen, it is possible that *glion* may have been used to denote the little stream itself. Otherwise, the strath which at its Eastern end narrows near the Union Mills, opposite Glenfaba Mill contracts to a gully of a few dozen feet in width and does not broaden greatly until it reaches the top of the harbour; and if this steep-sided narrow valley, much more deserving of the term

" glen," is the original locus of the name, we may perhaps point to a ford at the head of it (referred to under the Raggatt), as a river-crossing of the first importance in bygone days, a vital link between the South-West and Peel. Even if the existence of the ford can not be proved, the cutting or gully over which the bridge has been thrown is at the least a critical point of the boundary between the natural halves of the sheading as it was constituted before the inclusion of Marown. This gully, though now altered to carry the bridge, and the railway beneath it, is, together with the ravine which begins here, still remarkable enough to suggest that it gave the locality its name, in which case the Gaelic *fadhbh*, a cutting, may be the stem required. Its modern pronunciation, of course, does not enter into the question. Power, *Place-names of Decies*, gives nearly a dozen examples in the South-East of Ireland of *fadhbhair*, which he explains as " a natural water-worn trench," a definition which alternatively and on a smaller scale would not be wholly unsuited to the stream-bed of the accepted Glenfaba. There is only one departure, so far as I am aware, from the spelling *faba*, and that occurs in a document dated 1379, preserved at Knowsley Hall near Liverpool and catalogued by A. W. Moore in *I.O.M. Nat. Hist. and Antiqn. Soc. Transactions*, 1898. Here the name of the sheading is spelt *Glanfaban*, a form which, if correctly transcribed, is the earliest on record.

Knock na Heary la (*Knock ny hIrree Lhaa*, " Hill of the Day-rise ") in John Corris's plan of Peel, 1784,

is a name attached to the side of Peel Hill opposite the Herring-houses. *Irree* is always made a feminine noun in this rather common place-name. As the hill-side faces due East and overlooks the town it catches the first light of morning. Besides this, the citizens had another natural clock; a perpendicular white band about ten feet long and a foot broad, painted at the main entrance to the Castle, served as a time-indicator (when the sun shone) by the incidence of the shadow of the gateway. The "White Line" is still visible, or was a few years ago.

The Parish of Rushen.

Rushen's outward and visible glory is her cliffs. Of lowland she has the narrowest strip of any parish, and much of that is an invasion of her neighbour Arbory across the Colby river. In her, the extreme parish, the Island comes up out of the sea by stages, reluctantly; first a sea-rock, then an islet, then a peninsula from which the mainland broadens. On the stones of Rushen are the first writings in the Island's language, and one of her villages is its last refuge. Off her coast is sunk that Other Island, the immaterial counterpart of the one we see.

There is evidence to show that Rushen, like Jurby, German and Braddan — and, I suspect, Patrick in bygone times—has her island of *Hy Brasil*, and it is much more precisely located than any of theirs. Accounts of it do not differ from each other in essentials. That which follows was related to me by a retired

fisherman who had it from his parents, and they from theirs. What is now a fishing-bank beginning about 16 miles S.S.W. of the Chickens and lying about 40 fathoms under water—normally—was Mannan mac y Lear's island, where the three-legged race lived who used to make raids on the Isle of Man, and when they were chased by the Manxmen in their boats, they used to hide their island under a mist ; for in those days it stood above the surface of the sea like the island we're living on. But some person on Man got a stronger spell than any Mannan had and drove him out, and he took a flying leap off Spanish Head or else off the Burroo Ned, and went away home along the top of the sea, rolling like a wheel. My friend said he and others had often seen the mist hanging over the place or round about it, when he would be coming from Dublin Bay to Peel, and it looked for all the world like land, with bays and capes and mountains and all.

This account differs from others in that both islands are above water at the same time ; also, the cloak of mist seen between the Calf and Ireland was of a revealing rather than a concealing nature. These variations have their value, for they show, among other things, that the legend was widely spread and frequently recounted. The notion of "raids" is singular. It almost seems that some prehistoric actuality has been grafted here on the more usual form of the myth ; there are traces of Manannan and his people on the Hill of Howth as well as farther down the Irish coast. The more orthodox belief has been that when one island is up the other is down, with

long lapses of time between the alternations ; in modern times the hidden island can only be seen momentarily by those who have the right sort of eyes and to whom it is made visible by favour. From this it might be inferred, perhaps too logically, that the present island has its moments of submergence, likewise to be seen, or felt, only by a gifted few ; but that this is so, and that they are the same moments as those in which the Other Island is to be glimpsed, I have not been definitely told.

The mist which my friend saw more than once hanging above the water is easily accounted for by its comparative shallowness over a considerable area. The "bank," I have been assured, is about 20 miles long and about 15 miles in breadth ; the Admiralty Chart may not corroborate the definition, but an extensive elevation of the floor undoubtedly exists. So do many others elsewhere—notably in the North Sea, where they were once land. It may be wisest to leave the matter unargued, and to keep one foot on land and one on sea, ready for anything that may turn up ; for whether the lost island be far or near, below the surface or coincident with the tangible Isle of Man, both of them belong to the lesser globe called the mind, whose oceans have neither been plumbed nor fully charted. Perhaps what seems to be two is but one, differently known, and the inner mode of knowledge or state of consciousness is what is called, properly and reasonably, the rule of Manannan, or Manannan's Kingdom.

From another source comes the idea that the remains of dwellings still lie about the sea-floor which was

once a green island and is now the aforesaid fishing-bank; the substance called *scrablag*, big lumps of cohering pebbles, gravel, and the like, resembling building material to a casual eye, which is brought up by the trawl-men, to their disgust, has no doubt done its share in sustaining the fabric of this vision. Fragments of crockery and scrap-iron, together with queer fossils and other oddities, also come up in the nets, it is said; it may be that the currents collect such submarine refuse and dump it here, and that the presence of the broken crockery, for instance, could be explained by the stewards of the big liners.

Rushen is the only parish-name which has not been satisfactorily explained. Most of them commemorate saints, though the saint is not in every case identifiable with certainty; but Rushen—correctly "Kirk Christ in Rushen"—owes, like Lezayre—"Kirk Christ in the Ayre"—her title to the sheading to which she belongs. The use of the sheading-name alone in these two instances is evidently for the sake of distinguishing between the two churches bearing the Norseman's dedication to Christ. The sheading again must have been named from the region lying about Castletown and Ballasalla, where the pre-existing place-name *Russin* was applied to the Abbey and the Castle together with its adjacent buildings at an early period. The word occurs also in Knock Rushen near Castletown, *Cronk Rushen* near Kirk Christ Rushen, Glen Rushen in Patrick and *Lough Rushinagh* in Andreas; and, without the suffix, in Pulrose (*Pooylroish*) in Braddan, *Ross Vedn* and *Ross y Reema* in Maughold, and in *Rass*

ny Muck (possibly for *Rassan ny Muck*) in the Mull peninsula. In Ireland it is equally prevalent; the sense attached to it in the South has not changed since the compilation of Cormac's Glossary. Joyce gives over a dozen current examples, some of which are identical in form with the Manx word, while others are spelt Rossan as in Scotland. In Pembrokeshire it is Rhossan, with the meaning, slightly differing from the Gaelic, of "heath-land." The force of the diminutive -en, etc., seems to have operated in two ways, denoting sometimes a wood of small extent and sometimes a wood of low growth, *i.e.*, brushwood, undergrowth or shrubby trees. The latter has probably been the original signification in most of the Manx instances.

COAST-NAMES.

Many of the unmapped coastal names of the parish have been recorded by Roeder (see Chapter ii.). Others doubtless remain to be gleaned by residents; among the few I subjoin I have included two or three familiar names for the sake of other points of interest.

Mwyllin ny Craue, "Mill of the Bone," is close to the Shore Hotel. The bones were ground for fertilizing the fields. Most of the building, including the wheel, has perished.

Bunroor, "Wide End or Bottom"—*roauyr;* "the Smelting-house, near Port St. Mary, at Bunroor," Feltham, page 247. The name seems to have become obsolete.

Chapel Gate, Port St. Mary, should have been included

in my chapter on Roads, since "gate" here means road. The "chapel" was the vanished one near the Lady's Well on the promenade. Rhys, *Manx Phonology*, page 34, says that the site of St. Mary's Chapel is on the path which leads downward to the promenade, and that the second cottage on the left going down preserves in its walls some of the stones which were contained in the chapel. "The inscribed side of the tombstones is said to be mostly undermost; in any case there is no doubt about the burial-ground, seeing that plenty of men still living remember the bones exposed on the declivity." This was written before 1894.

Bow Lhiack, "Flagstone Rock," lies between Callie Point and Perwick. *Bow* (Norse *boe*), though not in the dictionaries, is a common term for a submerged rock.

Towl Foggy, "Flitter Hole"—*feoghaig*, a flitter or periwinkle, is a cave at Perwick. On the headland just to the South of it, once "locally known as Castle Rushen," the first castle of that name is fabled to have been built by King Orry, otherwise by Magnus Barefoot, but it was abandoned for lack of fresh water. The remains of a promontory-fort, similar to the two Borranes near Dalby, existed there until something else was erected on the site.

Kione y Ghoggan (O.S. map), "Headland of the Clefts." In one of the caves or waterways which undermine this promontory a young man of the district intercepted and captured a mermaid, and took her home with him. In time he grew tired of her and

deserted her for a girl of the land, whereupon the mermaid left him and returned to the sea at the spot in which he had found her. Overcome with remorse, the man flung himself from the cliff "almost at her feet," a phrase which suggests that she had not resumed her mermaid form.

Cronk Carron, "Cairn Hill," on the West side of the Chasms, has evidently been named from a small stone circle lying part of the way down the cliff. Only the vestiges now remain.

Cregneish. The popular etymology is "Rock of Rest," as though it were *Creg yn Aash,* but the earliest known form, *Croknesse,* 1510, points to the Norse for "Raven Headland." "The parish of Cregneish" is an unwarranted but interesting phrase sometimes heard in the district.

Kione Spainey or Spanish Head is said to have been so-called because Spain is, or once was, visible from it, as it also was from Langness, and as Wales is more justifiably held to be visible from several points on the South coast. In Ireland a similar tradition of the nearness and visibility of Spain existed from early times, but it must have been handed down to recent generations by habit rather than in conscious belief, like the corresponding Manx fiction. It appears to be a reflex—logical but taken too literally—of a legend embodied in that passage of the *Leabhar Gabhála* where Breoghan is led to the discovery of Ireland from Spain by his vision of a mirage or shadowy semblance—a phantom island of sea or sky projected Southward. In other parts of the same work the two countries are quite reasonably

said to be the distance of nine days' sail from each other.

The neighbourhood of Spanish Head has evidently been rich in traces of the mermaid, one anecdote of whom here I have related under the heading of " Peel."

The Sound, *Yn Keelis,* is or once was believed to conceal at its Eastern end the entrance to an undersea passage which led to the country of Manannan Beg, a country identical with the submerged island to the South-West which makes brief phantasmal reappearances above the surface. The Burroo Ned headland with its vestiges of primitive dwellings, which marks the Eastern extremity of the Sound, has a corresponding legend of Manannan, that he left the Isle of Man for the last time by rolling off its cliffs in his *Trie Cassyn* form. A small *pooyl-sluggey* or whirlpool which certain conditions create off the Calf opposite the Burroo Ned seems to have contributed its ingurgitating power—which is mostly theoretical—to the same obsolescent group of ideas.

Bow Faagee is a rock inside *Burroo Faagee* on the Calf, and therefore in *Goll ny Vurroo* also, to be precise. The sense of the last name is " the course which is to be steered to pass inside the Burroo " ; *Bow Faagee,* " Submerged-rock of Departure." The Norse original of *bow, bodhi*—literally " the warner "—refers to the broken water.

Magher y Wyllin, " Field of the Mill," lies above Rarick, on the Calf.

The Kellagh, " the Cock," is a fishermen's name for the Calf Island. Scottish seafarers seem to know it

by a somewhat similar name. Dr. Watson in his *Celtic Place-names*, page 96, quotes a Gaelic proverbial saying from the West coast, to the effect that to see the Hen of Lewis (Chicken Head), the Cock of Arran, and the Pullet of Man (*an Eirag Mhanannach*) in one day was reckoned good sailing. By the last member of the triad he understands the Calf, and that certainly compares best with the other two headlands; but the Chicken Rocks, with their conspicuous lighthouse, lie very near.

Creg yn Dhorys, "Rock of the Door," at the Chickens, is connected by its name with a belief that here began a passage under the Calf Island which issued at the Kitterland Rock in the middle of the Sound, a rock which possesses a folk-tale of a Norse cast, already published. Possibly the passage was thought of more as leading in the opposite and seaward direction; anyhow, that was the lie of it, and the word is not used with any invidious intent. *Creg yn Dhorys* and the passage are related, I think, in a way which has now grown obscure, to the mythical Fairy Island in the seas beyond.

Geaylin ny Cholloo, "Shoulder of the Calf (Island)," is a mark for a well-known fishing-bank lying to the South-West of it.

Slieu Ynnyd ny Cassyn (O.S. map), which may be translated either "Moor of the Print of the Feet" or "of the Place of the Feet," has been noticed on page 93. In the same connexion may be read the following remarks in Shearman's *Loca Patriciana*, page 125, which I lift from the footnote in which

he appropriately placed them. "Foot-prints and other marks on rocks in connexion with St. Patrick, are to be found in many localities; as, for instance, on the seashore South of the Skerries, county Dublin, where St. Patrick landed; and at Sceric, or Skerries, in the county Antrim, near Slieve-mis, marks which were believed to be the footprints of the angel who appeared to St. Patrick, are visible on a rock there. It is possibly to Cnoc Patraic St. Fiacc's hymn on St. Patrick alludes, where he says: "He pressed his foot on the stone; its traces remain; it wears not." In Ossory two localities are noted as possessing foot-marks, etc., with which St. Patrick's name is connected. The story of his miraculously impressing these marks arose from his converts wishing to identify the spot where "his feet have stood," they sculptured these footprints which subsequent tradition set forth as being miraculously impressed by the saint; other such marks may be mere natural indentations."

Field-names at **Spaldrick**, the Manx from the manuscript of C. Roeder:—

Faaie Liauyr, "Long Grassplot."

Faaie ny Lieenagh, "Green of the Linen or Flax place."

Faaie Root, query *chruit*, mound? I do not know the place.

Caasey Slappad (Roeder's spelling), "Brackish Drinking-place" for animals; Gaelic *slapach*.

Caasey Laagagh, "Muddy Drinking-place."

Bing Vradda, "Bradda Peak," is the highest part of Bradda Hill and headland.

Corran Hill is a fishermen's name for Bradda Head, or part of it as seen from the sea and used as a bearing for a fishing-spot.

Surby Bow — Norse *bodhi*, a sunken rock — lies immediately South of Fleshwick, under the cliffs of Surby mountain.

Speekeen Pherick, "(St.) Patrick's Little Spike or Peak," is the highest point of Lhiattee ny Beinnee. The saint is supposed to have travelled along this ridge after landing farther South with such *empressement* that he left his footprints in the rock at Slieu Ynnyd ny Cassyn, though by other accounts these were made by a giant likewise landing there from Ireland. *Speekeen* is accepted in the district as a general term for a rocky eminence, but it is doubtful whether it would be so understood in any other parish.

Creg Ghoo, "Dark Rock"—*dhoo*—is prominent at the North-East end of the Carnanes, above Fleshwick.

Fleshwick (O.S. map). The Danish *flask*, "used in place-names of a creek with shallow water, swampy or low-lying stretches of grass-land" (*Chief Elements in Eng. Place-names*) exactly describes this *vik* or cove. Shut in between steep ling-covered heights and little used by humanity, it has been a favourite port of call for the different kinds of sea-people. From here the music-making canoe-man visited Dalby. An ancestor of a present member of the House of Keys caught a mermaid here, and on condition of his releasing her she promised him that no woman of his family should die in child-birth; this, says his descendant, has held good to the present day. Similar stories are told of Pooylvaash

and Port Erin, a different family being the beneficiaries. In the island of Pabaidh (Pabbay) off Barra a fairy woman announced to a certain family which gave her food that none of its members should ever die in childbirth ; and her spell proved as effectual as the promise of the Manx mermaid.—(*Tales of the West Highlands*, ii., 51.)

Bald Joe or *Ball Joe* is the fishermen's name for a small beach, and the fishing-ground off it, to the North of Fleshwick.

Joe Vollagh is also on the Northern coast of Rushen ; what it is, beyond being some sort of a road coming down to the sea, or exactly where, I do not know, and mention it only for comparison with the previous name and with *Butt y Joe* in German.

Sloc, " Pit." Here the axial hill-range which throughout its length converges with the Western coast and begins to form sea-cliffs half a mile South of Niarbyl, plunges finally into the water, where its ghost is occasionally beheld from afar in the likeness of a phantom island. Its landward side continues as a high, narrow ridge falling sheer to the sea as far South as Bradda Head. Between the part of this ridge called Lhiattee ny Beinnee and the last spur of Cronk yn Irree Lhaa is the huge fissure known as Sloc or the Sloc—" y Slogh " on the Ordnance map. At the bottom of this lay, in comparatively recent years, a practicable landing-place from which a cliff-path ascended, but the disruption of the cliffs has obliterated both. Under the lee of a crag at the top, where the ground begins to slope inland, is a collocation of small

standing stones and circular pits or " hut-foundations " ; Mr. P. M. C. Kermode has stated that there is a paved causeway above these. On the South side of the Sloc, almost at the edge of the cliff, stood a stone circle until it was tipped piecemeal over the brink by sportive youths. Half-way down the rock-littered track to the shore rests an enormous boulder called *the Cabbyl*, " the Horse," which by its light colour is conspicuous from Niarbyl three miles off, and from a long way out at sea ; it has been seen unaccountably lighted up from within about dusk. Wandering lights, sometimes in clusters, are often seen about the cliffs here as at Lag ny Keeilley, both from the sea and from other points of the coast, especially, but not exclusively, during bad weather. With a Westerly wind the warm sea-air can sometimes be observed, from farther up the coast, condensing at this spot into mist as it touches the land, and flowing down through the gap into the lower ground Southward. This phenomenon was presumably the actuating cause at different times of two startling visions, two perfectly independent accounts of which have been given to me by witnesses, one of them an Englishman ; from about the same point of the road above in each case, the sea was seen to gather itself up and pour inland over the barrier presented by the Sloc, and in one case a rushing or roaring sound was heard, or imagined. The configuration of the cliffs also admits wind from the sea in sudden blasts which tend to take a circular motion ; they have been noted by Charles Roeder under their Manx name of *Gaarderyn ny Sloc* (*guairdean*, a whirlwind, O'Reilly's

Dictionary). Rhys, *The Welsh People*, page 101, says the Sloc is locally known as "Great Mouth of the Wind," which I have never heard, though it would be an apt name, and the Manx of it, *Beeal Mooar ny Geay*, would pair with Beeal Feayn ny Geay, "Wide Mouth, or Entrance, of the Wind," a steep rocky gully half a mile to the North-East.

Claghyn Daa Hoit or *Clagh yn Daa Hoit* is the name of the stones, or of one of them, described in the foregoing item as standing almost at the brink of the Sloc. An abbreviated local version of it, "Clagh Daa Hit," is rendered "Stone of the Two Meetings," because "two parties of soldiers used to come opposite ways and meet here," in the course of keeping Watch and Ward. One party is said to have come from Cronk yn Irree Lhaa and the other from the South. My informant tells me he had this from his great grandmother, whom he remembers, and she had it from her mother. The women-folk, he added, used to take milk and bonnag (flour-cake) baked in the (turf) ashes up the hill to the soldiers, who would be up there looking out for the enemy nearly every day, or so he was told. Their family then lived near Bradda. He thought there were two or three stones called by the name.

A similar custom or duty of providing food is traditionally ascribed to families who lived at the foot of South Barrule. These folk-memories of "soldiers" are genuine traditions, but it may be doubted whether they have not been misappropriated in this case to account for the name of the stones as pronounced by the deponent, for "hit" is evidently *heet* (*cheet*),

" coming." At any rate, it need hardly be said that this was not the object of their erection. A much older informant, a woman of nearly 90, using the correct pronunciation *Claghyn Daa Hoit*, tells me " they used to play some sort of games there."

The earliest notice of the spot is contained in the *First Report of the Archaeological Commissioners*, 1878, which states (page 15): " The existing remains, composed of numerous hut-circles and a few scattered upright stones fixed in the ground, are named by the peasantry *Clagh y daa hoit*, stone of the two settings." The word *hoit* heard by the Commissioners occurs in the North of the Island, also in conjunction with *clagh*, and has been commented on in the section of this chapter devoted to Maughold parish. The remarks there extracted from Kelly's Dictionary (which, having been compiled at the end of the 18th century, contains many obsolete words and phrases) may be repeated more fully: " *Clagh Hoit*, a pillar, a memorial pillar. Many of these are to be found in the Isle of Man, and are supposed by some to be the remains of Druidical temples, by others to have been erected as memorials of some great action or battle won or fought upon the spot; by others again, to have been the monuments of heroes slain in battle. . . ." The sense of *hoit*, mutated from *soit*, " seated, placed, fixed, planted," is applicable in the two Northern instances. Clagh Height (Hoit) near Snaefell could not have been set up by human hands, but as a drift boulder it was well suited by its name; even in the Anglo-Manx idiom a coat which has been left lying on a hedge is

said to be " sitting " on it. The Maughold Clagh Hoit almost certainly stood on the summit of the hill which now bears its name, and may be presumed to have been artificially placed there. The Claghyn Daa Hoit were obviously set up by human agency, whether at the same time as the adjacent pits were hollowed out is a separate question. The difficulty with their name is that if *daa* is to have its usual meaning of " two," a noun or present participle is required to follow it, and *hoit* must here be taken as a corruption of *hoiagh* from the same verb, not an impossible change. Thus an identical and very natural idea is expressed in all three names, and there is no occasion for calling in the military or for deriving the *hoit* recorded by the Commissioners from an independent source. The difference between *hoit* and *heet* need only be regarded as a local variation of the one word ; the diphthongs of the North tend to become single vowels in the South (*oie*, night, is a good example for present comparison) and it is a difference which does not appear to be of long standing.

The Gaelic *dá* in place-names has been the subject of a good deal of discussion without its bearing in many cases having been clearly established, so far as I know. Joyce covered several pages of his *Irish Names of Places* in an attempt to elucidate it, but was evidently not content with the result. Whitley Stokes had doubts of its meaning " two " in personal names, and in his translation of " Dá Derg's Hostel " (*Revue Celtique*, vol. 22) he hazarded the surmise that it might be related to *Davus*, the stock name for a slave in Roman

drama. Is it feasible that *dá* is not always the numeral but is sometimes to be understood as "good" in a superstitious sense, that is to say, "lucky," "of good omen," or merely "significant"? The importance of birds and animals in Celtic augury, taken together with the frequency with which their names occur after *dá* in Irish place-names, may favour this explanation. In Manx place-names one at least of the few examples found besides that under notice can be satisfactorily rendered as "two"; Gob y Daa Slieu in Lonan lies in a pass between two hill-sides. Moore has a *Crot y Daa Fiag*, which, if the last word is to be understood, with him, as *feeagh*, raven, compares with a number of Irish names where various kinds of birds are qualified by *dá*. In *Edremony* (now Rowany) his interpolation of *daa* is unnecessary; "Amid the Turbary" satisfies the requirements of the word and of the situation. In the case of *Struan Daa Billey*, Lezayre, a doubt arises from the presence of *billey*, a word formerly used of single trees of a more or less venerated character. Such a character was of course equally proper to a boundary stone or memorial stones of any kind.

Shen Phayl, "Old Fold," is a formless litter of stones, which may once have constituted a circle, near the brink of the cliff just North of the Sloc.

Creggyn Oillan, "Gull Rocks," lie under the cliff called Ny Pheastul in the Ordnance map.

Creg ny Gabbyl "Rock of (like) the Horse," is a slanted fragment having the appearance, from a little distance, of a partly-dislodged logan-stone. I believe it lies just within the limit of Rushen, but the utter

wildness of the landscape here makes a mock of human demarcations. When the body of a drowned man was washed ashore at the foot of this stretch of cliff some years ago, it was thought advisable to summon the Captain of the parish of Patrick to decide by inspection of the spot which parish was to remove and bury the corpse.

INLAND NAMES.

Magher y Clagh Ard, " Field of the Tall Stone," at the Four Roads, was the site of the monolith which now stands at the cross-roads.

Cronk Glion Chass, " Hill of the Sedge-glen "—Gaelic *seast*—or " Dry Glen "—Manx *shiast*—overlooking the valley of that name, was an old fairy stronghold ; for details see Roeder's *Notes and Queries*.

Cronk Aash, " Rest Hill," now built upon, stands on the landward side of the Ballaphurt road, Port Erin. The name may have been *Cronk Aashen,* " Gorse Hill," originally.

The Fairy Hill near Kirk Christ Rushen has so many names in Manx that its English title, first recorded by Feltham in 1797, shall be used for the caption (though it does not translate any of the Manx ones) and a separate list made of the latter. The earliest detailed description of this mound seems to be that in Haining's *Isle of Man Guide,* of which my edition, the third, is dated 1835 ; but the intack called *Leany Howemoar* in 1703 incorporates in its name one of the Manx names of the hillock, and *Knockhau* (if not to be read as *Knockhan,* which is less likely) in a Court Roll of 1417–18

may exhibit the original combination of Gaelic and Scandinavian elements. Roeder gives the following Manx names of the surrounding fields, which make sufficiently clear the physical characteristics of the region in which the hillock stands: *Craggan Conney* ("Rocky Gorse-land"), *Magher Guilcaugh* ("Broom-field"), *Curragh* ("Marsh"), and—the most significant in a folk-lore connexion—*Lheeaney Rhunt* ("Round Meadow"). *Curragh* is probably the *Curragh how*, and *Lheeaney Rhunt* the place of the same name, in the Composition Book of 1703, both being intacks, like *Leany Howemoar*.

The names of the mound given below all have some degree of authenticity, printed, manuscript or oral; many, so far as can be judged, have been contemporaneously in use, and they offer a good example of the plasticity of small place-names. The majority appears to consist of variations on one original.

Cronk Howe Mooar.	Cronk le Mooar.
Cronk Howe ny Mooar.	Cronk Alley Mooar.
Cronk Hom Mooar.	Cronk Halley Mooar.
Cronk y Mooar.	Cronk Olley Mooar.
Cronk ny Mooar.	Cronk Russein (Rushen).

? Knockhau.

If it were obligatory to say which of these names is the most correct, I should choose *Cronk Howe Mooar*, as being *Knockhau* plus the adjective, and as giving rise to all the others except the last two on the list. If this be the true state of the case, it is the addition of *mooar* which has occasioned the various corruptions

by lifting the stress from *howe* and reducing it to a semblance of the article *y*, which again has become *ny* and *le*, and developed from *le* into *alley* and *ollee*. Hence the English is " Big Mound Hill." From this standard form, evidently, the resident proprietor, Hom Mooar, received his title, like many another Manx landowner since the first whose name has been recorded. In this case the transfer would be facilitated by the fact that " Hom " is the Manx equivalent of " Tom." Hom Mooar was the fairy fiddler—I understand that was his instrument—who lured music-lovers into his hill by the magical power of his playing ; it is said they went in dancing but seldom came out at all. Though classed as a Glashtyn, it is likely that he grew out of the original ghost of the *haugr*, if we may presume it to have been a burial-mound. A song beginning " *Va Oie ayns Cronk Ollee Mooar* " is thought to have celebrated his travels about the Island ; very little of his itinerary is remembered, but doubtless it was planned on similar lines to that of the fairy host, which I have outlined under *Lag Eevl*, Patrick. Knock Aloe in that parish also claims to be represented in the song, and it is easy to imagine that place-names occurring in popular songs and ballads were, like those in folk-tales and fairy-tales, often modified to get local colour. In another old song is an allusion to a *Cronk yn Ollee Beg*, " Little Hill of the Cattle." *Cronk Russein* as a name for the hill appears in the Revd. W. Fitzsimmons's manuscript history of the Isle of Man compiled about half a century ago ; a friend tells me it is still occasionally called *Cronk Rushen*.

Though the mound has been examined—not very thoroughly perhaps — and pronounced a natural accumulation of gravel without any interment, its aspect cannot be better summarized than by calling it a miniature Silbury. A good deal of folk-lore concerning it has been published, notably by Charles Roeder in the pages of the *I.O.M. N.H. and Antiqn. Soc. Transactions*, 1896. The theme of the principal story is that of the stolen fairy cup which is afterwards given to the church. Roeder's suggestion that the light-fingered hero may, on the strength of his name, have been an Irishman, will not pass, for "Donachadh" was a fairly common forename in the Island up to the 18th century. A point of greater interest is the injunction given to Donachadh by the fairies, or in some accounts by a bystander, to run in the water and not on the stepping-stones. In a Swedish version (Thorpe, ii., 90) the fugitive from justice "galloped straight over rough and smooth." In a Danish one (Thorpe, ii., 144) the trolls find a difficulty in traversing the furrows, and keep crying, "Ride on the rough and not on the smooth"; when the man is obliged to use the level road in approaching his home they begin to catch him up. In another Danish account of the affair (Thorpe, ii., 146) the advice comes from a rival clan of trolls, "Ride off the hard upon the fallow, and you will escape them." So he rides into a ploughed field and gets away with the cup, "the little Trolls being unable to follow him over the furrows."

It is true that certain classes of uncanny beings, witches especially, cannot cross running water, but the

reference in the Manx story must be to the marsh surrounding the Fairy Hill; moreover, water in its several states is the second home, when it is not the primary one, of the greater part of Celtic-speaking fairydom. Even the mound-dwellers, children of earth, chose to build their homes beside it. The Manx tellings are upheld by other Danish variants, and by a 12th-century one from the East Riding, in which running water saves the man from his pursuers. But I think the ploughed field is the more authentic obstacle; the fairies or the trolls can only move in a direction parallel with such formidable barriers as ridges and furrows, be they straight or curved. This disability is in truth part of a far-reaching prohibition which may be reduced to the axiom that supernatural kinetic energies must follow the line of least resistance. An excellent illustration of the working of the principle is the Chinese doctrine of *feng shui*, with its theory of spirit-paths which must be left unobstructed. In Kennedy's *Fireside Stories of Ireland* the same idea is embodied in the tale of "The Fairies' Pass," page 142. "It is known that the hill-folk, in their nightly excursions, and in the visits of one tribe to another, go in a straight line, gliding as it were within a short distance of the ground; and if they meet any strange obstacles in their track, they bend their course above them or at one side, but always with much displeasure"; and they afflict a farmer who builds across their pass or path.

Mullagh yn Abbey is given as the site of *Chibber Balthane*, overlooking Bradda Mooar, in Dr. Clague's *Manx Reminiscences*.

Glion Gawne is mentioned in George Borrow's diary of his Manx walking-tour; the context shows that it is in the parish of Rushen, and although the name is not at all well-known now, I have been told that the glen lies on the right of the road going up to Scard.

Scard, which had the same spelling in 1418, is pronounced "Scaird," just as *ard* is often heard as "aird," and *art*, a point of the compass, as *airt* in the Scottish manner. Scard is usually explained as Norse, meaning a gap or pass, but perhaps the Gaelic *scéird*, a bleak hill, as in Skeard, Co. Kilkenny (Joyce, iii.), suits the locality better. Scard is printed "Scara" on the Ordnance map and some of its derivatives.

Cronk Greenagh, or **Sunny Mount,** was the name bestowed by that famous — or notorious — Southside bard Tom the Dipper — "Dipper" because nominally a Mormon—to his "cottage in the heather" which he built with his own hands, and his wife's, at the age of 78, on the edge of the mountain-land above Ballakillowey; the remnants of it still lie about the ling. By profession Tom was a rag-gatherer, or as he would perhaps have preferred to call it, a cloth-merchant; his garments advertised his business, and his rhymes and metres were no less ragged. He was a bit of a free-booter and lived as he might, not unsuccessfully from a picaresque point of view, and anecdotes of his amusing rogueries still travel the country hand in hand with scraps of his verses; but when he started shebeening in a Douglas attic almost over the noses of the police he attempted a work which proved beyond his powers, and was severely handled by the critics on the bench.

Rhymes flowed out of Tom as freely as the jough flowed into him ; rough and ready, they suited the Manx folk of his day, and his crudely-printed broadsheets had their public ; indeed, the name of Tom Shimmin still evokes a ready and smiling response from many who have scarcely heard of Tom Brown. Some of his pieces which are partially remembered by the elder generation may never have appeared in print ; it is hard to say, for no bibliographer has yet interested himself in Tom. " The Loss of the Brig Lily " was reckoned his masterpiece, but as that is well-known and has even been set to music I offer an extract from his last work :—

The Pride and Boast of " Mannin Veg.

A New Song by our Metropolitan Poet, T.S., aged 78.

(Air—" The Jolly Ploughboy.")

Kind Gentlemen of honour and Ladies of renown,
Pray listen to a Manxman born in famous Castletown :
For three-score years and more I loved its rocky shore,
And now as age is creeping on I love it more and more.

Chorus.

Now to pick-nick let us go, my boys,
To yonder Sunny Mount,
We'll dine in old Tom's parlour
And then we'll sport about.

. . . . .

Without one shilling in their purse when first they formed the plan
Of building for themselves a hut on the Southern hills of Man.

. . . . .

At " Sunny Mount " they will receive from Tom and Ellen too
A kindly welcome one and all, and have a splendid view.

. . . .

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Harold Wheeler.

LHEEANTYN VEGGEY, THE LITTLE MEADOWS

This will suffice to illustrate Tom's literary style. Yet there may have been some blind blundering towards the light which ought to be respected. To the song and its paraphrase in prose, dated June, 1879, Tom's wife adds a postscript: "Since my poor Tom penned the foregoing lines he has taken farewell of his poor Ellen and his 'cottage in the heather,' and I have good reason to hope, that although he lies in a pauper's grave, his soul has gone to his Father's House."

Beeal Faaie ny Hink or *ny Nink*—I have heard both —"Entrance to the Greensward of the (?)Folds or Pounds," adjoins the *Crellin Road* above the Sloc and under *Creg Dhoo*. There is, or was some years ago, a remarkable echo here. The ambiguity of the pronunciation makes the meaning doubtful in part. Perhaps wrongly, I take *fank* to be the singular of the last term in the name; though not included in either of the two Manx dictionaries or in the Vocabulary, it occurs both in the North and the South, sometimes with an English plural, in places where fine-textured turf is used as grazing-ground. That it is no newcomer into the language is clear from its appearance as *Fanc* among the place-names mentioned in the delineation of the Abbey Boundaries in Malew, which may date to the 14th century.

Lheeantyn Veggey, "Little Meadows," on Lhingague at the head of the Colby river below the Sloc, are named thus in the Lord's Rent Book of 1643, and as *Leandan Vegga* in the Composition Book, 1703, being intack land where, it is still remembered, there was a small settlement in bygone days. Divisions of fields

are still discernible, but no vestiges of dwellings. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that when this was cultivated land the " hut circles " at *Claghyn Daa Hoit* above were used as a *saetr* or summer camping-ground. " The Big Fields " at Colby Mill lower down the river is a name worth registering in case a connexion may be discoverable with these " Little Fields," which must have been a rather remarkable oasis in the desert.

Cronk yn Irree Lhaa, " Hill of the Day-rise " ; Cronk ny Arrey Lhaa on the Ordnance map and Cronk ny Irree Lhaa in popular usage. (In view of the constant employment of the feminine article in this name one must plead guilty to preferring the masculine to which the noun is strictly entitled in its literal signification, though when used metaphorically it is feminine, according to Cregeen). Hills, both as reflectors and as interceptors of light, must have been humanity's first clocks, and many were certainly so used, as well as other natural objects, in the Isle of Man until not very long ago. But there has been some confusion with regard to the similarly sounding names of a number of eminences of widely varying heights. They may be classified according to their meanings as follows :—

(i.) Hills named from their use as outlook posts giving an extensive view of the coast-line. To these belong Cronk ny Arrey Lhaa, Jurby and Cronk ny Harrey, Cregneish, both names deriving from *arrey*, a watch ; and Cronk y Watch, Pooylvaash.

(ii.) Hills named from their use as time-markers in three ways:—

(*a*) By catching the first light of morning. To these belong Cronk yn Irree Lhaa, Rushen, and Knock ny Heary Lhaa, Peel, both names meaning "Hill of the Day-rise"; and Break o' Day Hill, Barrule farm.

(*b*) By the appearance of the earliest light above their crests. To this definition Cronk yn Irree Lhaa, Rushen, answers also, by virtue of its alternative name *Cronk ny Brishey Lhaa*, "Hill of the Daybreak," given by fishermen in the Big Bay for whom the night greyed to Eastward above the black bulk of the mountain;* Cronk ny Irree Lhaa, Bride, now called Break o' Day Hill, was probably used as a time-teller from two contrary aspects like its Rushen namesake, but inversely because of its position on the opposite coast.

(*c*) By the interception of sunshine towards midwinter, or towards nightfall. To this division belongs *November Crag* in Glen Aldyn, according to the popular explanation of its name; and I recall that the dwellers in a farmhouse lower down the same glen reckoned the beginning of winter from the sun's ceasing to shine at midday into their kitchen from over the ridge of Dreem Gill. A century ago

* A little later a similar contrast of light and shade closer to hand told them it was time to haul in the nets; this was done when the skipper was able to distinguish the black rims of his finger-nails from the paler part.

the poet Kennish wrote, " The shadow of Snaefell is the true time-keeper of the inhabitants of the mountainous parts of the Island, and of the lowland plain." He spoke of course for the Northern parts to which he belonged.

In addition to these horological place-names we have *Billey Shiaght ny Clagh*, " Seven o'clock Tree," in Glen Aldyn, and *Chibber Mean Lhaa*, " Midday Well," in Maughold parish ; and many another must have lapsed with the diffusion of more exact methods of time-keeping. Between these natural gnomons and the familiar little stone contrivances seen on walls and pillars (there is an interesting specimen on the wall of Kirk Patrick churchyard) comes the shadow-line on the side of Peel Castle, which told the hour to the good people of the town, or city as they would prefer to say.

Cronk ny Irree Lhaa is the only height of any magnitude to which *cronk*, the Manx perversion of *cnoc*, is applied, and it might have been expected to rank as a *slieu*. In Ireland, however, some of the highest mountains are called *cnoc* in an enlarged sense of the word ; the radical meaning seems to be a small protuberance, hence a tumulus, as it is of the Welsh *crug*. *Slieu* (*sliabh*) distinguished the side of a hill rather than its summit ; but these shades of meaning have long been forgotten, unless it is true, as has been suggested, that we may expect to find traces of a heroic or fairy legend at the top of a *cnoc*.

The "White Lady" of Cronk yn Irree Lhaa has been introduced to the reader on the adjoining piece of moorland called Cronk Fedjag, in the parish of Patrick, since that was where she first came to my notice. Perhaps it is an effect of her stringent guardianship that the big Cronk differs in spirit from the rest of the Manx hills. Most of them, be they grey-green with sedge and rushes or swarthy with ling, are smoothly placid creatures, unresentful of man's footfall. The Cronk watches him mistrustfully; on its seaward side it is capable of giving the climber a sly push, or of gripping him in a dilemma which will repeat itself in his dreams.

The Parish of Santon.

Santon has no mountains, a pretty coast-line, and more trees and fewer summer visitors than many of her sisters. A sea-glen and an inland glen, a choked port and a winding gorge, are among her beauties. Her people live by the soil, and "the richest land and the finest horses" are proverbially credited to her. Being the smallest parish but one, and the most thoroughly tamed of any South of the Northern Plain, she offers comparatively little in the way of folk-lore; yet here, as elsewhere, there must still remain some to be collected.

Glen Grenaugh (O.S. map), now locally called "the Grenya," was *Grenwyk* (treen) in 1510, and the full Norse name *Grœnvikdal*, "Green-inlet-valley," appears in a modified form in the later name of the same treen, *Crenicle*.

The Court lies near the old school-house at Port Greenaugh. The same name occurs in Rushen (twice), Malew and German, without any conclusive evidence of its fitness. (See page 184.)

Cass ny Hawin (O.S. map), " Foot of the Stream," is more commonly known among the country people as " Jackdaw Harbour," from the numerous birds of that clan which build in its ivy-covered cliffs. In them also is the " Jackdaw Cave." The little inlet has the further alias of *Purt y Kinnish,* from the name of a former resident in this now deserted spot.

Cashtal Rhunt, " Round Castle," is the Manx name for the earthen " fort " on the Southern headland of Jackdaw Harbour. It is haunted by the diminutive figure of a man.

Dub ny Carraghyn, " Pool of the Rocks," is the picturesque site of the abandoned remnant of a small mill on the Santon river between Arragon Veg and Ballawoods, well away from any road. The little house, burnt down about six years ago in tragic circumstances, is marked " Tuck Mill " on the Ordnance map. According to the Name Books it was at one time a corn-mill. It appears to be the " Wood's Tuck Miln " of the Composition Book, 1703, and the " Mool ny Canicka " of George Borrow's Manx diary in 1855. One of the most striking features of Borrow's walking-tour was his flair for out-of-the-way spots worth knowing. The " Carragher Road " runs down in that direction, and this, with Borrow's mis-heard or mis-transcribed " Canicka," suggests that *Carrickey* may be the correct form of the word.

Cronk Lheemen (so pronounced), and **Cronk Aashen** with its menhir, lie to the North of Kirk Santon. The former name is the modern version of the treen-name *Knokslemyn* (1510), later *Knockshemegg*. With the last name may be compared Cronk Sumark (*Knockshemerick*) in Lezayre—" Clover Hill." *Slemyn*, notwithstanding its lengthened first vowel, would appear to be related to the Gaelic root which has produced *sleamhain, sleimhne, sliomaim*, etc., all containing the radical idea of smoothness, slipperiness. *Cronk Aashen* is " Gorse Hill."

Cronk Glass, " Green Hill," is, or rather was, the old name of Mount Murray.

Croga or **Crogga Well.** To the remarks on this well at page 30 may be added the following. Train's *Isle of Man*, 184, page 31, gives its name as " the Gout Well." The reason for this appears in a footnote in Elizabeth Cookson's *Poems from Manxland*, 1868, page 34. " A favourite resort of the fairies. Some 40 years since the trees about Crogga Well were gay with offerings left for the little people. Money also was often left for them. The latter quickly disappeared. Symson says :—' A piper once stole the offering of money left at the well, and spent it in ale ; but, as he was quaffing the last drop, he was seized with the gout, which never left him till he refunded the cash to the Spirit of the Well.' " The quatrain to which this note relates runs as follows :—

" Then we 'll away to Portel baye
And praye the fairye-elves
To sound the bell at Crogga Well,
And take him to themselves."

"Him" was, by the context, Sir Thomas Stanley; Portel baye is Chapel Bay, Port St. Mary. The allusion to a bell, the connexion between Port St. Mary and Crogga, and the other circumstances of the ballad, may be intelligible to some of its readers, but not to me. At all events, the Stanley was changed into a fairy, and gave instructions for his reclamation in terms which are reminiscent of the well-known story of the enchanted horses in Ballaleece barn, which I had occasion to summarize under the heading of *Lhergy Veg*, Lonan.

Jenkinson, though a guide-writer, is sometimes worth quoting for his thoroughness and carefulness. On page 75 he says of Crogga Well, "to this spot the natives used to resort to drink the water, and it was the custom to leave a small piece of silver, or such articles as pins and buttons, as a payment to the fairies. There are people still living [1874] who remember the observance of this custom."

Current opinion agrees that it was rather a wishing or divining well than a cure well.

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA

Pages 12–14.—Though in medieval and modern folk-lore well-water benefits the eyes, a contrary effect is noticeable in Northern mythologies. Odin sacrificed an eye at Mimir's Well in payment for a drink of its water; Finn MacCumhail lost one of his eyes at a well; the fount of Sidh Nechtain, the source of the Boyne (now "Trinity Well"), had power to destroy the sight of whosoever looked into it. Both the curative and the destructive effects are related survivals from some primary association of springs and the sight.

Page 18, foot.—A trace of the custom of Well-dressing may perhaps be found in the account of *Chibbert y Chiarn* on page 85.

Pages 21, 22.—There is a Gold Well at Peterchurch in Herefordshire.

Page 43.—The explanation of "Inch"—Gaelic *fionns*, a spring—was accidentally omitted.

Page 45.—The threefold spring issuing from the three-rooted tree Yggdrasil may be adduced from Norse myth as an indication that the later reverence for such sources is not necessarily due to the Christian conception of the Trinity.

Page 76, *Chibbert y Wirra*.—Faith in wells is not yet dead in England either. In February, 1929, I saw a white rag at the end of a bough overhanging the water-supply of a Somerset village.

Page 78.—According to latest advices, the offerings which now adorn *Chibber y Woirrey*, the Holy Well of the Virgin Mary, near St. Olave's Parsonage, consist of old

tin-cans, broken jam-pots, and other refuse overflowing from the Town Commissioners' adjacent dump.

Page 99.—The suggested derivation of Reckley or Raclay must be taken as strictly conjectural.

Page 126, line 5.—Not all the bridges in use in 1739 were wooden structures, for Waldron specifies three which were of stone, besides those which we know to have been so, *viz.*, the Crossag, Laxey, and Douglas Bridges.

Page 173.—To the names of animals used alone as place-names, as well as for comparison with "Calf" for a subordinate piece of land, should be added "the Heifers" (O.S. map) on the coast of Rushen. This is no doubt a translation of the Manx *gownagh*, which appears as "the Gownies" in the name of two rocks South of the mouth of Dhoon Glen. "The Tongue" in Douglas Harbour is probably the Norse *tunga*, a spit of sand.

Page 191.—The substitution by the Water-horse of a changeling for an unchristened or unbaptized human babe appeared to me to be distinct from the belief, common to Celtic-speaking countries, in his fondness for abducting (*without* compensation) women and adolescent girls. But the former practice, though prevalent chiefly in Teutonic regions, has some affinity to the now nearly forgotten fairy custom of bathing their stolen children in certain springs (page 16), as well as—more usually—of washing them, or their own offspring, in farm-kitchens after the household has retired to bed. And an article in vol. xviii. of *Folk-Lore* by Dr. M'Kenzie, entitled "Children and Wells," brings together many interesting examples of a mid-European—mostly German—association of wells with new-born and unborn infants. On the one hand, childish curiosity on the subject is allayed by reviving the details of a myth or allegory to the effect that the babies come out of wells; on the other hand, the German Wasserman or Wasserweib (Waterman or Woman—Aubrey's Nickard) steals babies and leaves

changelings, as do the Nixies of Bavaria and Brandenburg. Dr. M'Kenzie relates the whole body of lore to the wish to liberate infants from a taboo which accompanies them into this world. (Prior to the dissipation of this other-world atmosphere, analogous perhaps to Wordsworth's "clouds of glory," they are, as is well-known to the instructed, liable to recall by their ghostly progenitors.) The author further quotes from a German writer an Irish belief that the souls of infants who have died before baptism go into a great field shrouded in mist, in the middle of which is a well; here they play a game of sprinkling each other from little jugs.

Page 297, line 2 from foot.—Respecting the "fairy-holes" (not in reality very large) underneath the Lhergy Veg house, it should have been mentioned that offerings of food were placed in these by the tenants, in addition to offerings left outside the dwelling. The emergence of the wearers of a strange head-dress from below the hearth-stone is to be connected with these cavities rather than with the "tunnels" outside, as surmised in the second paragraph of page 300.

Pages 350, 407, 409 and 412.—The young Cailleach's antediluvian herds of deer, the giant elks of Garvogue ("the Young Rough 'un" another name for the Cailleach), the Mexican and Chinese horned rain-dragons, and the three-headed, stag-horned Cernunnos, seem to be epitomized in the Highland tradition of certain *fomhor*, giants or monsters, who were the offspring of the Cailleach Bera, bringer of rains and floods. These *fomhor* were many-headed and had horns resembling those of deer.

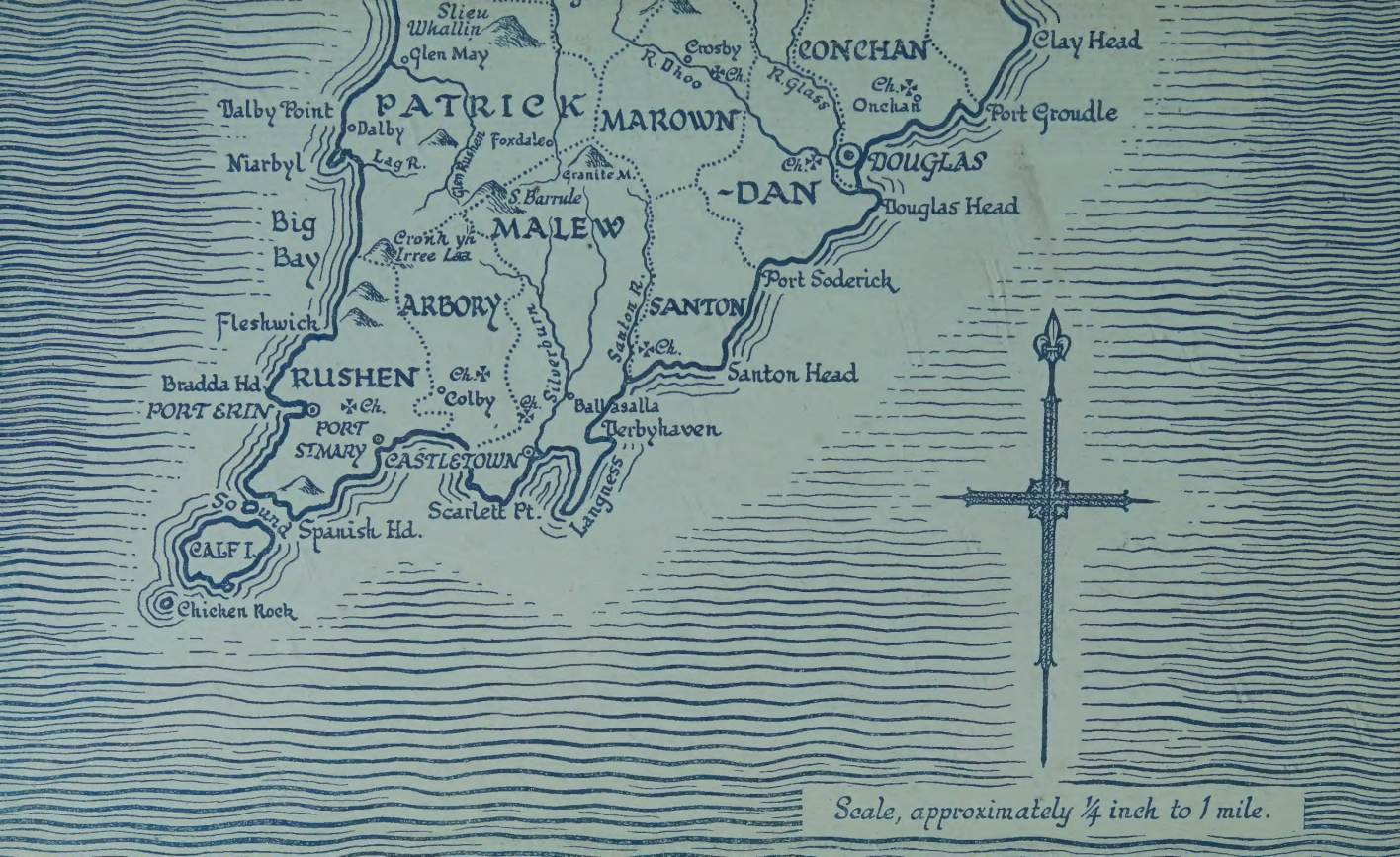
Page 410; page 412, line 15.—The tangle of ideas is further complicated by many English superstitions. Examples from two widely-separated districts will suffice. An old Cornish remedy for the throat-ailment called "thrush" partly consisted in putting the head of a frog or toad into the sufferer's mouth. In Lincolnshire the complaint is called also "the frog," and is similarly treated.

Per contra, a live frog is believed to rise into the throat of a patient who is afflicted by a choking sensation. In that county "the thrush" in an adult is taken as a death-omen.—(*County Folk-lore, Lincs.*, pages 106, 107). In farriery a diseased state of the frog of a horse's hoof is known as "thrush."

Page 498, line 4.—The account of the enchanted island is given as heard. The figure of 40 fathoms obviously connotes a deep area and not a shoal or bank. Without prejudice it may be remarked that a tract of that depth shown on charts in the position described closely resembles in its outline that of the 10-fathom line surrounding the Isle of Man. This can be seen most easily, by reason of the colouring, in Plate 1 of Bartholomew's *Survey Atlas of England and Wales*, 1903.

*** An Index will be contained in the concluding volume.

Quocunque Jeceris Stabit
A Sketch Map of the
ISLE OF MAN
..... indicates Boundaries of Parishes
Point of Ayre
Rue Point
Cass y Lhane
ANDREAS
Ch.
BRIDE
Jurby Head
JURBY
Ch.
Curragh
BAL-
Sulby
Sulby R.
RAMSEY
Ch.
Port y Vullin
Orrisdale Head
LEZAYRE
N. Barrule
Maughold Head
LAUGH
Ballaugh
Kirk Michael
Sulby Glen
MAUGHOLD
Port Mooar
Cornaa R.
MICHAEL
Port Cornaa
St. Dhoo
Snaefell



Scale, approximately ¼ inch to 1 mile.